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9-1780
LETTERS

FROM

ITALY.

VOL. II.

X

LETTERS



FROM

ITALY,

DESCRIBING THE

Manners, Customs, Antiquities, Paintings,
&c. of that Country,

In the Years MDCCLXX and MDCCLXXI,

TO

A FRIEND residing in FRANCE,

By an ENGLISH WOMAN.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR EDWARD AND CHARLES DILLY.

MDCCLXXVI.



LETTER XXV.

Bologna, Dec. 3d, 1776.

I SEIZE the first opportunity to continue the description of Bologna. You will easily account for my silence for some days past by my last letter, in which I told you of the large society we are in. Although nothing can be more agreeable than our manner of living here, yet the frequent interruptions we necessarily meet with, are considerable impediments to our seeing the pictures, &c. of which there are a prodigious number, as well as of other curiosities in this town, and which will oblige us to stay three or four days longer here than we at first proposed. Dining abroad breaks in upon our mornings; for it is impossible to visit some of the palaces but at fixed hours. The days

Vol. II. B being

being short, there is no seeing the churches early; the evenings and most part of the nights pass away between the opera and private assemblies; the afternoon is soon gone, so that we enjoy scarce any repose. We are determined, both at Rome and Naples, to make it a rule neither to dine out, or have company at home at that meal, but to employ our mornings entirely in seeing and taking notes, to dine alone at whatever hour happens to be most convenient, and dedicate the evenings to amusements and to the society of our friends; for if there is too much to see at Bologna, what must be our situation at Rome and Naples.

Although I do not mean to give you a catalogue of all the valuable paintings that adorn the Italian palaces and churches, yet I shall so manage my time, as to notice those which pleased me most. To begin; the *Palazzo Publico* is a very large old building, and answers to what is called in France *l'Hôtel de Ville*. In this palace the
cardinal

cardinal legate and gonfalonier * are lodged commodiously with all the officers and domestics of their households; here are also offices for public notaries, &c. guard-rooms for the Swiss halberdiers attendant upon the legate: in short, there is no end of the people who inhabit this palace. To render it convenient to its inhabitants, the great staircase is so contrived, that loaded mules may easily ascend and descend. It is paved with brick, scarce any risers, but what there are, are very broad, and slope considerably. I am persuaded it is more troublesome to human creatures to mount this staircase than to that obstinate proud brute a mule. The whole building is of brick, and by no means remarkable in point of architecture. There are some good pictures in this palace; the principal as follows: a large picture painted on silk by Guido; Guido. it was intended for a church-banner at the time of the plague in 1630; its subject,

* Or great standard-bearer.

the Virgin seated upon the rainbow, under which are all the tutelar saints of Bologna, praying to her to remove the distemper; the colouring is in his pale clear manner (but not greenish); it is not as highly finished as many of his paintings; however, the heads are peculiarly graceful, the faces expressive, and finely designed. Another picture by the same, representing Sampson, who finding himself thirsty after the slaughter of the Philistines, is drinking copiously out of the jaw-bone of an ass; his figure is not sufficiently colossal for the feats he has performed, and his left leg is so far stretched out on one side, that his outline forms strongly the Roman figure for the number ten; yet the colouring of this picture is fine and glowing, and the shadows well disposed.

Raffaello.

A St. John the Baptist, by Raffaello; he is young and in the desert; this is a most beautiful picture, and appears to be a duplicate of that in the *Palais-royal* at Paris, which

which I am sure you must remember; it seems to be in the best conservation of the two: there is a colouring and an animation in the figure that is worthy the greatest admiration.

A St. Jerome, reading, by Simon Pefaro; his attention is expressed so naturally, that one can scarce believe the picture does not think: we saw with regret, that it is become darker than it ought to be. A singular picture * by Leonardo da Vinci, representing a child in a little bed; the infant's body does not appear, the bed-clothes covering every part but the face and neck. It is thought to be a portrait. Round the neck is a double row of large pearls; the drapery of the bed is muslin, ornamented with a great quantity of fine lace wonderfully well imitated: the bed is like a chest with the cover off, and beautifully fineered with several sorts of woods. This

Simon
Pefaro,

Leonardo
da Vinci.

* This is in a small room, and is not generally shewn.

picture, though it makes no great figure in description, is finely executed; and what is very surprising, the colours made use of are but two, a brown, and a yellow white; which does not strike one at first, as the want of the other tints is by no means apparent. This brought to my mind the famous antique painter, Apelles, whom Pliny mentions to have made use of but four colours, black, white, red, and yellow. If Apelles made as good use of his four as this painter did of two, I should easily believe the magick force of Apelles's colouring.

Raffaello.

In the same room is a head of Raffaello, supposed to be done by himself, but we could not be of this opinion.

Donato
Creti.

Two pictures by Donato Creti, a modern painter, who died but a few years past; the subjects, the head of Argus presented to Juno, and the judgment of Paris; they are but indifferent performances; gaudy, fluttering figures, and the rules of perspective so ill observed, that the personages stick

to the sky. The blue is fine; but a shell of ultramarine is a finer blue. There is nothing either striking or magnificent in the furniture of the grand apartments of this palace. In a great saloon, called that of Farnese, upon the second floor, are painted in fresco representations of several memorable events in the history of Bologna. Without side is a cistern for water, over which is an arcade of elegant architecture; its proportion is twice the breadth for the perpendicular height, exclusive of a balustrade which surrounds the cistern; it is a small thing, but very correct. Belonging to this palace is a tower where Entius King of Sardinia was imprisoned in the year 1242, and where he died.

The palace Caprea is worth seeing; the apartments are noble, but contain few pictures worthy of observation. Here is a great gallery ornamented with Turkish spoils, the warlike trophies of a famous general, an ancestor of the present family. They

Palazzo
Caprea,

consist of bucklers, sabres, bows and arrows; the bucklers are lined with human skin dressed like leather; (I found means to bring away a morsel of this skin;) they told us it was that of the backs of Christian prisoners taken in battle; and the Turks esteem a buckler lined with it to be a particular security against the impression of an arrow or the stroke of a sabre. A curious service of Turkish plate, crystal goblets, turbans, ornaments of great value set with precious stones; the scabbards of the sabres, &c. richly adorned with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, &c.; here are several turquoises as large as an old Windsor-bean, and perfect in their kind; but I saw no precious stones of the size and lustre of those which formerly used to dazzle my fancy in the Arabian Nights Entertainments. Here are also some pretty Indian cabinets and small pictures very proper to ornament a lady's dressing-room.

This

This palace does not contain a collection of fine pictures; here are but few, yet it is one of the first at Bologna in respect to its furniture, neatness, and elegance, and the most habitable palace I have yet seen. Here is a fine saloon coved; the compartments painted in fresco, by Stephano Orlandi, the figures by Vittorio Bigari: the colouring is too yellow, yet, upon the whole, the ceiling is striking, and you may observe some ingenious thoughts in the grouping and composition. The best pictures in oil are these: a Jupiter under the form of a Satyr, stealing a bow from Antiope, who appears to be in a profound sleep; a Cupid sleeping by her. The great merit of this picture consists in its expression; the colouring and drapery are also very good: it is by Pasinello. A Head of John the Baptist in a green porcelaine dish, by Leonardo da Vinci; extremely well done. All the works of this old painter are in such high estimation

Palazzio
Aldrovandi.

Stephano
Orlandi.
Vittorio
Bigari.

Pasinello.

Leonardo
da Vinci.

with the *connoisseurs*, that I am not surprised at the great prices given for them, although they are far short of many other pictures; failing continually in keeping and the *clair obscure*; yet there is a finish and a colouring which produces the effect of what the Italians call *soave*, that I cannot well define to you. A Head by Rembrandt; fine, and one of the best I have seen by that painter. Here is a gallery ornamented with several antique bustos: one of the best of which represents one of those women called *præficæ*, who were hired to howl and shriek at funerals; so horribly ugly is this beldame, that I could not banish her countenance from my mind for a considerable time after.

Rem-
brandt.

Palazzo
Bovi.

In the *Palazzo Bovi* are some fine pictures: the principal, in my opinion, are the following; two large paintings by Al-

Albonefe.

bonefe; their subjects Sampson and Dalila, Hercules and Iole: the first represents Sampson asleep, with a truth seldom expressed

pressed by the greatest painters: Dalila is beautiful in point of face, limbs, and colouring, but does not please like Iole. The second has as much merit as the first; and I think is a more agreeable picture, on account of its subject: an innocent theft, by way of *badinage*, being an amiable subject; the other, a cruel piece of treachery. Hercules is sleeping, as is Sampson, and Iole is stealing away on tiptoe, fearing to wake him, having possessed herself of the lion's skin and his massive club. She is an elegant figure.

A capital picture by Guercino; but the Guercino.
subject is dreadful; much too shocking to be represented on canvas, and contemplated by people who are not void of all feeling: it is the martyrdom of St. Bartholomew; he is bound to a pillar of wood, the executioners are flaying the skin off his breast, arms, and shoulders; the sinews and muscles are laid bare; the blood, &c. is represented so exactly, and seems close to one;
so

so that there is no bearing the sight. The cruel insulting faces of the bloody butchers that surround him, certainly help to contrast his countenance, which expresses the most perfect resignation and heavenly patience. There are many other horrible circumstances in this picture; but I will not detail representations of such monstrous cruelty. It is my opinion, that in a well-governed Republic, painters whose pictures excite horror and rage, and poets whose tragedies inspire the same, instead of terror and pity, ought to be severely punished. But to return to the picture, suffice it to say, that this capital cruelty of Guercino's is perfectly well executed in point of anatomy, colouring, &c. &c.

Raffaello. A portrait of a Duke of Urbino, by Raffaello. I can no better describe to you the merits of this picture, than by the lines the sight of it brought to my mind.

The

The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye. That close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much troubled breast.

A Holy Family, by Parmegianino. Fine in his style. Parmegianino.

The Palace Sampieri. A fine ceiling, by Luigi Carracci: a hardy composition, and executed in the manner the Italians call *terribile*, namely, with great boldness and force: it represents Hercules and Jupiter. Another ceiling by Annibal Carracci, is quite as fine as the first. The subject is, Virtue opening the Heavens to receive Hercules. Pallazzo Sampieri.
Luigi Carracci.

Annibal Carracci.

An admirable portrait by the same master.

The Angel Gabriel, half-length, by Guido. Guido.
A most amiable picture. Cupids dancing round a tree, others forming different sports, and in the sky Venus appears with her son. This picture is on copper, and is highly finished; in respect of neatness, colouring, variety, grouping, and elegance,

gance, it is perfect. Its pendant does not represent the rape of Proserpine, as Cochin asserts; nor is it on copper, but on canvas: the subject is a triumph of Venus. A very wretched picture. Both are ascribed to Albano, but the second is certainly not by him: as to the first, there is no question of its being worthy of the greatest painter.

Albano.

The Woman taken in Adultery: a good picture, but the colouring too dead; by Agostino Carracci. The Canaanite, by Luigi Carracci: there is grace and finer colouring in this picture than is generally to be seen in the works of this painter. The Samaritan, by Annibal Carracci. This picture is well known in England by the engravings from it: the drawing is admirable, and the colours beautifully blended. Five Apostles together, by Guido, in his strong manner: the shadows are very dark, and the demi-tints yellowish.

Agostino
Carracci.

Annibal
Carracci.

Guido.

Over

Over a chimney is a very fine drawing, rather than a painting, by Luigi Carracci: Luigi Carracci. it represents one of the Titans under a vast fragment of a rock, which he is struggling to sustain, in order to save himself from being crushed to death. There is great merit in this piece, and but few strokes, but not one at random; the touches are those of a great master.

The famous picture of St. Peter weeping, Guido. which by pre-eminence is covered with a fine silk curtain, did not quite answer my expectation: I allow that the colouring, the drawing, and the anatomy are all as perfect as possible; but what I sought for I could not find, expression. Had I seen this picture, without any person's announcing it to me, I should have supposed it might represent Socrates, Pythagoras, or Epictetus, moralizing in a desert-place, and one of their disciples attending to, and profiting by the precepts of the philosopher; but the keys, which are sufficiently conspicuous,

conspicuous, would soon have convinced me of my error.

This young man, who is introduced by the painter, is supposed to be one of the disciples of Jesus Christ, who seeing St. Peter go out, struck with remorse, follows him in order to comfort and console him.

St. Peter's countenance is not expressive of any one feeling I should look for, upon the occasion of the regret and shame he must have felt in consequence of his base conduct: therefore I think I may with reason say, it fails in a very principal point; but both Cochin and all Bologna are against me; so that I hardly dare venture my private sentiments. This *quadrofamoso* is by Guido.

Guercino. A beautiful ceiling by Guercino; Hercules suffocating Anteus: the fore-shortening is wonderfully ingenious; the *clair obscure* dark, yet distinct in the shadow, and bright and fresh in the demi-tints.

A picture

A picture, by the same, of the dismissal of Hagar. One would really think Guercino had copied it from the originals themselves; there cannot be a more natural and lively picture. The noble character of Abraham, as described in the Bible, is perfectly well expressed in his figure and countenance: Hagar is exactly what one should suppose her to have been; and the little Ishmael, who is weeping bitterly, has both characters blended in his features.

Here is a very fine Crucifix in sculpture, but too well done in my opinion to be placed where it is. It should decorate a chapel, or oratory; though you know my principles are far removed from popery, yet I think there ought to be a sort of decency and respect shewn to sacred subjects, both in painting and sculpture. Was I possessed of a representation of our blessed Saviour's sufferings, or the martyrdoms of his Apostles, I should place them in a room by themselves; for I think it very shocking

to see a Flagellation, a Pieta, &c. forming a pendant to a riotous debauch of wanton Satyrs, or to the absurd and ridiculous amours of a Jupiter.

Palma.

A St. Jerome, by Palma Vecchio; this is a curious old picture, but the colouring is too yellow.

There are several more pictures in this palace; I said before that I do not mean to furnish you with catalogues, so have only mentioned those that pleased me most. For fear of errors, I take my notes upon the spot, which I assure you is often very troublesome, as I am frequently obliged to write in my pocket-book standing, and at times placing it on the pedestal of a statue, or the moulding of a surbase; these shewing apartments in the Bologna palaces being generally void of tables, or any convenience to render them habitable: nor do their owners frequently occupy them; having always a private apartment for themselves, unornamented by pictures, statues, vases,

&c. but plainly fitted up, and if not with that taste and elegance sometimes met with elsewhere, yet tolerably well furnished, and clean.

Pallazzo Monti: a beautiful Madona and Infant Jesus, by Giuseppe del Sole.

Pallazzo
Monti.
Giuseppe
del Sole.

Lot and his Daughters: the daughters very handsome, the drawing good, and the manner firm and decisive; by Simon da Pesaro.

Simon de
Pesaro.

A picture by Elizabeth Sirani, the scholar and mistress of Guido. She died at twenty-six years of age. The subject is a woman throwing a soldier into a well; it has merit, and much of Guido's manner.

A Saint Sebastian dead; an old woman in appearance his mother, is endeavouring to extract the arrows. Another woman is seen in the back-ground, and angels descending, bearing palms and crowns. It is a very interesting picture; by Lucca Giordano. I have reason to think that Cochin never saw the pictures in this

Elizabeth
Sirani.

Lucca
Giordano.

palace, from the absurdities of some of his criticisms.

Carlo
Chigni-
ani.

A Rape of Helen ; she is not handsome ; the most interesting part of the picture is an episode the painter has introduced, of an old woman struggling and screaming to the utmost of her power, in defence of a casket which a soldier is wresting from her ; this is by Carlo Chigniani. The casket is open and full of jewels ; his countenance expresses more of humour than cruelty ; her face is as well done as possible ; her rage and exertions nature itself.

Guido.

A famous picture, well known in England, under the description of Generosity and Modesty, by Guido. They here pretend that a picture in the possession of the late H. F. Esq; is a copy from this. As I never saw the former, I can give no opinion ; but this at Bologna certainly carries with it strong marks of originality. There is a melioration in the colours

lours that time only can give, and an artful blending of them, with that native grace that so distinguishes the women by this painter from all others. It is in his grey and greenish manner. Their two characters are charming; Generosity is a more spirited and lively beauty than Modesty; who has rather too much of the *Agnes* about her. I hear Mr. Strange, a famous English artist, has engraved a fine print from this picture,

A very pretty picture of a Cupid shooting at a mark; other Cupids drawing lots out of a vase; by a scholar of Raffaello.

Scholar
of Raf-
faello.

A Judith and Holofernes; she is an ugly, wicked-looking, vulgar woman; but the circumstance of Holofernes's blood spitting upon the pillow is so well done, as to be exceedingly shocking; by Cavadone.

Cavadone.

Two pictures, by Salvator Rosa; one the martyrdom of St. Stephen, the other of the Innocents; both good, but the last has most merit.

Salvator
Rosa.

Franceschini.

Four beautiful Sybils, by Franceschini.
The blue Sybil is my favourite.

Espagnoletto.

An old Harper after the life, by Espagnoletto ; extremely well done.

Lanardino.

A picture, by one Lanardino ; it represents the inside of a cottage, with all its furniture, an old woman is fallen asleep at her spinning-wheel, down whose bosom a boy of a most arch and mischievous countenance is conducting a mouse : the little animal hangs suspended by a string tied to its leg ; whilst another boy is boring a hole through the cover of a pot of sweet-meats, and appears under great apprehensions lest the beldame should wake. This picture has all the merit of the Flemish paintings ; the most minute articles of the cottage-utenfils have not been forgot.

In my next letter you shall have the remainder of the palaces, and, I hope, all the churches ; for we mean to visit only those the Bolognese themselves esteem most
for

for their paintings, &c. therefore adieu; it is not without industry that we can see two palaces a-day. I shall not write till some days hence. This I mention, lest you should be uneasy at not hearing from me as soon again as usual.

LETTER XXVI.

Bologna, Dec. 11th, 1770.

HERE is a great packet for you. A cold and a slight sore throat attacked me yesterday, and obliges me to keep house to-day. I have dedicated the whole of it to your service and to the arrangement of my notes. I sincerely regret my not being able to write short-hand; it would save me a great deal of time. So much still remains to be said of Bologna, that I believe you will be heartily glad when we quit this place; but as you assure me so constantly, in all your kind letters, that you do not yet find me tedious nor tiresome, I shall continue

to describe what I have seen to the best of my judgment; though I fear I am too circumstantial, and that your friendship prejudices you in my favour. * * * * * Your approbation is an encouragement that surmounts any fatigue, so make yourself perfectly easy on that account.

We have visited what remains of the palaces best worth seeing, most of the churches, and the *istituto*, &c.

Pallazzo
Zambecari,

The *Pallazzo Zambecari* is esteemed the largest in Bologna, and is one of the most remarkable for its fine gallery of pictures, amongst which the following are the best, in our opinion.

Flaminia-
tore.
Guido.

A St. John, full of zeal and fire; he seems to be saying avant, "Ye generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come," &c. This is by a scholar of Guido's, one Flaminiatore. A fine Cleopatra, by Guido. Two of the most

Simon di
Pefaro,

beautiful Cupids I have yet seen, by Simon di Pefaro. The whole history of Esther

and

and Ahasuerus, on wood, in three pieces, by Lucc D'Olanda. Although the rules of perspective were quite unknown to this old painter, yet he has given so much expression to his personages, that one may overlook, in a great measure, the want of keeping. In the third pannel, which represents the disgrace of Haman, the King and the favourite are incomparably well done; particularly their faces. A Holy Family; a fine picture, by Guastello. A Head of St. Francis, by Dominichino. Herodias's Daughter, by Lionel Spada. A Virgin and Infant Jesus, who is stroaking a lion; the Virgin seems greatly apprehensive of the wild beast: it is an interesting picture, by Palma Vecchio. A laughing Cupid, by Franceschini. A Hercules spinning, Iole wondering at his awkward manner: the Hercules is too delicate, and there are great faults in the anatomy of both their figures; by Geffi. Two charming pictures in a case, placed back to back,

Lucco
Olanda.

Guastello.

Dominichino.
Lionel
Spada.

Palma
Vecchio.
Franceschini.

Geffi.

back, with a sliding-board over them: one is a Cleopatra, the other a Lucretia. They are perfectly beautiful in every respect, yet quite different in character and features; by Ludovico Carguarfi. Two herd-drivers; the woman's figure is perfectly graceful and natural, but not out of character; my opinion is, that grace is not confined to rank, any more than taste; the grace of a shepherdes should not be that of a princess, yet may they both be graceful, but in different ways. I must quit the subject instantly, for I have not time to say all I think upon grace and taste.

Carlo
Cigniani.
Alessan-
dro Chia-
rini.

A Sampson and Dalilah, by Carlo Cigniani. A picture, by Alessandro Chiarini; the subject is the denial of our Saviour by St. Peter. The picture is divided so as to represent on the fore-ground a kind of anti-chamber thro' which you see the judgment-hall of Pilate, and our Saviour before him; the moment taken by the painter is from this text; "And the Lord turned and looked up-
on

on Peter, and Peter remembered the word of the Lord," &c. All the figures are full of expression; St. Peter is admirable, and the personages as different, each from the other, as if done by different painters. How often do we see a picture consisting of from ten to thirty figures, with a strong family-likeness throughout, so that you may trace all the ties of consanguinity, from the grandfather and grandmother, down to their grandchildren's second-cousins, &c.

A Judith in the act of cutting off Holofernes's head. This picture is too well done; it struck me directly, that it must have been taken from the life. The idea threw me into a trembling, and made me very sick; producing the same effects upon me, that perhaps I might have experienced from the presence of a real execution: the separation of the neck, the force she uses, the spouting of the blood from the divided arteries, and her countenance, whilst she turns away her face
from

from the dreadful work she is about, and which nevertheless expresses a fierceness and a sort of courage little befitting a woman, joined with the writhing convulsions of the body of Holofernes, make it a picture quite improper for the inspection of those who have any degree of feeling: it is by Michael Angelo da Caravagio. There were several other capital pictures in this palace when Cochin saw it; which have been since sold to Mr. Strange, an English artist, whom I mentioned before, and are supposed to have been purchased for his Britannick Majesty.

M. Angelo da Caravagio.

Pallazzo Tanaro.

Guercino.

Pallazzo Tanaro: Guercino has painted upon the walls Hercules in combat with the Hydra, which forms a fine point of view to one of the porticoes; it is done in shades of grey, what the French call *grisaille*. An Assumption of the Virgin, by the same, large as the life, consisting of fifteen figures; and said to be in the style of the Saint Petronella of Rome: the composition is fine,
the

the grouping ingenious, the head and hands correct, the manner large, and the colouring strong ; but the dark shadows are rather too black. The Martyrdom of St. Lorenzo by night ; the only light is that which proceeds from flambeaux : this is not a very fine picture, though it is striking ; it is attributed to Tiziano, but is certainly not worthy of him. A Madona suckling the Infant Jesus, larger than life : the Madona cannot be too much admired ; the demi-tints are executed with the greatest justness : there is a striking propriety in the whole of this picture ; it is by Guido. A Saint Agostino, by Guercino ; too red, otherwise a good picture. The famous picture of Solomon, where one of his concubines takes the crown from his head in play, has been sold out of this collection to the King of Poland for fifteen hundred sequins.

A fine copy of the Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew ; the original is at Rome.

A Ma-

A Madona of the most regular beauty;
 Guido. by Guido. A fine drawing in chalks, of
 Ludovico Carracci. St. Roch; by Ludovico Carracci. A St.
 Carracci. Antonio, though grown very black, yet
 has still great merit; by the same.

A Saint Cecilia; the face handsome; by
 Franceschini. A pretty picture of the Bath
 of Diana; the painter unknown. A Sy-
 bil; the character grand and noble; by
 Ludovico Carracci. A Sleeping Venus; by
 Carracci. Annibal Carracci; it is become too black. A
 Carracci. good portrait of a woman, by the same. A
 beautiful miniature in water-colours, by

Albani. Albani; representing a Madona and the
 Infant Jesus. A Boy singing, and ac-
 companying his chaunt with a lute; it
 is very natural, but not beautiful; being
 the sort of vagabond one sees every day

playing about the streets; by Annibal Car-
 racci. A portrait of St. Charles Baromeo;

by Carlo Dolci. In the gallery of drawings,
 all well done, and with great spirit: A Cle-
 opatra; by Guido. An Old Man; by the
 same.

same. Two Children rolling a Barrel; by Guercino. An Ecce Homo; by Ludovico Carracci. A Marriage of Cana in Galilee, in which are introduced forty-two figures, with a beautiful view in perspective: the drawing is only fifteen inches wide, and five and a half high; the author unknown, but worthy of the greatest master in its style. There are several other very good drawings, in this little gallery, but those I have mentioned are the most striking.

Palazzo di Buono Figliuoli. A singular picture of a Holy Family sailing in a bark to Egypt, piloted by an angel; of Ludovico Carracci. A Sufannah and Elders; her aversion to the old men strong and natural; the old men equally well characterised; by Cavadone. Sampson sleeping on the lap of Dalilah, two Philistines behind her; she is delicate and beautiful; the Philistines shew great apprehension lest Sampson should wake; it is well done, and as interesting

Guercino.
Ludovico
Carracci.

Palazzo
di Buono
Figliuoli.

Ludovico
Carracci.

Cava-
done.

Lionello
Spada.

teresting as the subject admits of; by Lionello Spada. Mary Magdalen purchasing the precious ointment from a merchant; the former expresses great generosity and ardour to conclude the bargain, the latter has the air and manner of an old covetous

Guercino.

smouse; by Guercino: I think I never met with this subject before. A capital picture

Chiarini.

of the Resurrection of Lazarus; by Chiarini, a scholar of the Carraccis. A fine Cruci-

M. Angelo
Buona-
rotti.
Raffaello.

fixion (small) by Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. A beautiful picture by Raffaello; the subject is the Marriage of Saint Catherine; the force of the glowing colours and beautiful *chiara oscuro* dulls all the pictures in its vicinity. The great powers of this Prince of Painters can never be sufficiently admired by the *virtuosi*, nor studied and copied by all artists who are ambitious to excell. A Battle of Pilgrims, Beggars, and Market-women, in the most risible attitudes; amongst many odd groups is an old woman in a violent passion, who

having

having thrown down a sturdy beggar, is beating him unmercifully with his own crutch. This strange scene of disorder and confusion is by Brughel.

Brughel.

A picture of the Murder of the Innocents, though by no means a capital one, gives one female figure highly expressive of extreme distress, both her arms being held from saving her child, she in an agony of rage bites the arm of one of the soldiers, who is about to murder her infant; it is by Massani.

Massani.

A *Noli me tangere*, finely done, author unknown. A Philosopher; by Guercini.

Guercini.

The Incredulity of St. Thomas, a most interesting picture, the keeping admirable; by Guercini. A Cleopatra; by the same.

A St. Gierolimo; by Annibal Carracci. A dreadful picture of the putting out Sampson's eyes; too shocking for contemplation; the cruel pleasure of Dalilah is quite infernal: we should hope that so barbarous a woman had never existed; by Piarini.

Annibal Carracci.

Piarini.

other horrible subject, of Jael driving a nail into the head of Sisera: the circumstances in this picture are too affecting for description; I shall only say, that it is perfectly well executed; by a painter unknown.

Guido. A Sybill, by Guido, and a Cupid of equal merit, by the same. A Marriage of St. Catherine (small) the heads remarkably fine; by Dionisio Fiamingo. The same large; by Ludovico Carracci. A *Notto di Natale*; by Gessi.

Dionisio
Fiamingo.
Ludovico
Carracci.
Gessi.

Eliz. Sirani. Two Children, by Elizabeth Sirani, in the manner of Guido. Another *Natale*, by Caravagio, a beautiful simple style of painting. A frieze in fresco, by the Carracci, represents the history of Brutus and Cæsar, the conspiracy, &c. A ceiling divided into small compartments painted in the old manner, with several devices; amongst many others are two, which I particularly remember: a thunderbolt falling into the ground, produces a Laurel-tree; its

Cara-
vagio.
Carracci.

its motto *de fulmine Laurus*: the other, a fire blown by the wind; motto, *Crescit in Adversis*. I should not mention these trifles, but from my partiality to the quaint conceits of former times: by the way, I have increased my collection of mottoes for fun-dials.

In this palace is a small cabinet furnished with some good drawings by Guercino and the Carraccis; one particularly of a procession, composed of a multiplicity of figures.

Guercino.
Carracci.

The *Palazzo Pepoli* is richly furnished: there are some good fresco paintings on the ceilings and cornices, &c. by Columna di Catuti, Donato Creti, and Graziani; also some ærian perspective, by Spaniroli. The most remarkable object here is a clock of perpetual motion; the ball runs over a picture of Cupids, by Albani. This picture is placed horizontally upon the top of the inside of the clock, a looking-glass in a sloping inclination reflects

Palazzo
Pepoli.

Columna
di Catuti.
Donato
Creti.
Graziani.
Spaniroli.

Albani.

it, and the Cupids appear in the glass playing at ball.

Palazzo
Ranuzzi.

Palazzo Ranuzzi; containing the largest collection I have yet seen of bad pictures; the most tolerable amongst them are a Joseph and Potiphar's Wife; it is a copy from Guido, by Sementi. A Rape of Helen, and a Rape of Proserpine, by Lucca Giordano.

Sementi.

Lucca
Giordano.

St. Francis, and an angel playing on the fiddle; by Guercino. St. Gieralimo listening to the trumpet of the last judgment; by Annibal Carracci.

Annibal
Carracci.

Agostino
Mitelli.

A piece of perspective, well enough; by Agostino Mitelli. With regard to the merits of this collection, I am so unfortunate as to differ widely from Cochin, who I shrewdly suspect never saw them, as he mentions several pieces unknown here. The front of this palace is in a good stile of architecture, the design Palladio's; and the staircase, which is ascended by two flights,

Palladio.

inge-

ingeniously contrived and well proportioned; but upon the whole, the palaces of Bologna are not comparable in respect to architecture, furniture, and magnificence to those of Genoa: they are much out of repair, and contain a prodigious number of bad pictures, which ought to be banished their collections; for of what use can such miserable trash be to posterity, unless merely to serve instead of silk, tapestry, or paper, to cover the walls; and I think any of the three preferable to old, rotten, ill-daubed canvas.

I am now come to the churches.

In the sacristie of La Madonna di Galiera is an old portrait of a monk of the order of St. Phillipe de Neri, by himself, but so well done, that there is no antique painter except Raffaello who can excel it, in my opinion; it has all the merit a portrait can boast, except that peculiarity of colouring I have so often mentioned in Raffaello's pictures.

Madonna
di Galiera.
A Monk.

Jeffi. A very agreeable picture of a Holy Family, with a concert of angels; by Jeffi.

Guido. A beautiful Madonna; by Guido. Several miniatures by Cavadonne and Albani, and two of the finest paintings of the An-

Annibal Carracci, nunciation I have yet seen, by Annibal Carracci: it is wonderful how well and how ill this painter has worked. In the

first chapel to the left on entering the church, is a picture of St. Philip in ex-

Guercino. tacy; by Guercino. In the second, a good

Albani. picture by Albani; the subject an Infant Jesus standing between the Virgin and St. Joseph, to whom the angel presents *Gli strumenti della passione* in the presence of God the Father; the heads are graceful: if there is any fault, the glory appears too confused, though well illuminated.

Adam and Eve, and other fresco pictures in the same chapel, are in so bad a light, there is no forming any judgment of their merits. In the third chapel is a St. Thomas touching the wounds of

our

our Saviour in presence of the other apostles; the drawing is fine, the colouring too grey; by Theresa Muratore Moneta. Theresa Muratore Moneta.
 In a chapel detached from the church is a painting on the wall, by Ludovico Carracci; Ludovico Carracci.
 representing an *Ecce Uomo*, and Pilate, washing his hands: it is finely composed, the colouring strong and vigorous.

The church of Giesu and Maria; in the first chapel, a picture of St. William on his knees before a crucifix; above is a glory, with a Virgin, St. Magdalene, and several little children; in the back ground are two little devils creeping into the earth; the glory is the striking part of the picture; they are well grouped; the heads are graceful; but the St. William fails in character; by Albani. Albani.
 Over the great altar is a capital picture of the Circumcision; by Guercino. This subject is admirably executed, and worthy the inspection of all strangers, Guercino having exerted all his powers in the completion of this excellent

Bonefacio Socchi. The architect of this church was Bonefacio Socchi; it is small, but elegant, and its decorations are of the Composite Order.

Mondicants di Dentro Church. The *Mendicants di Dentro*, a well proportioned church, contains several capital paintings. In the first chapel, to the right, is a most interesting picture, by Alessandro Tiarini; St. Joseph brought by angels on his knees to the Virgin, to beg pardon for his unjust suspicions. The colouring is strong, and the drawing correct: the Virgin is not as graceful as she ought to be, and the air of her head is too ignoble. However, she pardons St. Joseph with an air of great condescension, raising him up with one hand, and pointing to heaven with the other. In the fourth chapel, to the right, is a picture of Cavadone; here St. Alo and St. Petronio are on their knees, adoring the Infant Jesus, who appears in a Glory with the Virgin: there is a verity in the composition, *clair obscure*, and

and the stuffs that form the drapery truly admirable, although that of the Virgin, by way of giving it *relief*, has been too much blackened in some places.

The large picture of Guido, placed over the great altar, is more esteemed at Bologna than I think it deserves. Another chapel contains six small pictures of angels, finely coloured, by Bertozio, a scholar of Ludovico Carracci. In the chapel is a charming picture, by Guido; the subject St. Giobbe replaced on his throne, and receiving magnificent offerings. Amongst many other graceful figures is an elegant nymph, who bears a white dish full of jewels, and a boy carrying a precious vase, of the last beauty: there is something wonderfully striking in his figure and face. We lament that the object of all this homage appears an insipid, stupid-looking personage, I mean St. Giobbe. Though there are several figures, they are free from confusion; the painting is thin and delicate

to

to a great degree, the complexions transparent, the drapery light, and the plaits numerous and distinct; the *clair obscure* is beautifully blended, and the out-lines melt into air, so as to give a beautiful softness and union as in nature. We gave a good half-hour to the consideration of this picture. The vault of the chapel is painted

Cavadone. by Cavadone. There is a very extraordinary picture in this church, which neither Lalande nor Cochin have noticed; it represents our Saviour sitting in a carver's shop, dressed in a purple robe lined with blue fatten, and scarlet silk stockings; he is carving a sort of TERM, which has a woman's head and a bird's beak and wings: an old beggar-man seems to have bought a wooden goblet, and offers to pay for it, but his money is refused. Behind the man is an old woman, well done; in the back-ground St. Joseph is planing a board; above all is a glory, in
which

which appears the Virgin and two angels descending, one bearing a mitre, the other a crozier; by Tiarini.

Tiarini.

Corpus Domini, a church belonging to the convent of nuns of the order called in France *Claristes*. It is a very elegant church, and finely decorated with columns of the Composite order: the vaulted roof is painted, and the ornaments are in a good taste. Over the fourth altar, to the right, are two pictures, by Ludovico Carracci; one represents the Apparition of our Saviour; the other, an Assumption of the Virgin, and the apostles seeking the body of Jesus in the tomb; they are both good pictures, but of a dead and lead-coloured tint. Over the fourth altar, to the left, is a fine painting, by Annibal Carracci, of the Resurrection: the foreshortening is ingenious, the drawing is fine, but fails in respect to the colouring; a defect rarely found in this master.

Corpus
Domini
Church.

Ludovico
Carracci.

Annibal
Carracci.

St.

St. Agnese
Church.

Domini-
chini.

St. Agnese; in this church, over the great altar, is a charming picture of the Martyrdom of St. Agnese; she appears about thirteen years old; and is expiring from the stroke of a dagger just plunged into her bosom. Imagination cannot paint a more innocent beauty, with such angelic dignity and meekness; she is robed in white, and her amiable figure is finely contrasted by an old wicked wretch, who having just stabbed her, seems transported with superstitious zeal and fantastic cruelty. Some young girls, apparently her acquaintance, express their grief and terror in the most natural manner: on the fore-ground is her mother and sister; the former is fainted away, and the latter weeps bitterly, hiding her head in her mother's lap to avoid seeing the dreadful catastrophe. At the feet of St. Agnese is a lamb she had brought up; this poor animal heightens the distress; he appears to be bleating, and looks up to his mistress with a most expressive sorrow. At
the

the top of the picture is a glory of angels playing on various instruments of music; an angel receives the palm for St. Agnese from God the Father. The drawing and colouring is fine, and full of expression: it is certainly a most capital picture; but as there is nothing absolutely faultless in the works of art, so the *connoisseurs* object to the glory, alleging that it forms as it were a second picture, being placed too low, &c. This I do not deny, but suppose that Dominichini could not have a church built on purpose for his picture, but was obliged to confine himself to the space allotted him, in which case he is blameless; for had he lessened the glory, to make it appear higher up, and fore-shortened his angels, they could not have been distinguished the one from the other.

Saint Dominico: in the fifth chapel is the famous Massacre of the Innocents, by Guido: it is a very fine picture, but a dreadful

St. Dominico
Church.

Guido.

ful

Ludovico
Carracci.
Bartholomeo Cesi.
Ludovico
Carracci.

ful subject to contemplate. A much admired little Cupola, painted in fresco by the the same. The Apparition of the Virgin to St. Giacinto, who is about to celebrate the mass, by Ludovico Carracci. The Adoration of the Magi, by Bartholomeo Cesi. St. Raymond walking on the sea, by Ludovico Carracci.

Silver
Bouquets,
Bologna
famous
for making.

Carlo Cigniani.

The chapel of the Rosary contains a quantity of plate, received in presents from various persons, and given upon condition of never being melted down for the profit of the community: here are a great many silver bouquets, which are remarkably well wrought at Bologna. Under the portico which surrounds this church are many fresco paintings, representing miracles performed by St. Benizio the First; the best of these fresco's is by Carlo Cigniani; it represents a dead child lying at the foot of the Saint's monument, and a blind man who touches the tomb. In the church, and
over

over the seventh altar, is a picture called *la Madonna del Mondo*, by Tiarini; a fine picture, though it has suffered by time.

Tiarini.

A Crucifixion, by Elizabeth Sirani. A picture which represents the Presentation

Elizabeth Sirani.

of the Virgin when a child in the temple, with St. Anne and St. Joachim: the colouring, drawing, and the heads are fine; by

Tiarini. A fine picture, fresh and highly finished, by Albani: its subject the Ap-

Tiarini.

parition of our Saviour to Mary Magdalen. The Church of St. Georgio in Monte; a

Albani.

celebrated picture, by Raffaello. In the seventh chapel, to the left, St. Cecilia ap-

St. Georgio in Monte Church. Raffaello.

pears with St. Paul and other Saints; their two figures are worthy of Raffaello; having so said, it is needless to add more, than that it is esteemed one of his most capital performances.

The Birth of the Virgin, a beautiful picture: the two women who embrace each other are of amiable and graceful characters; by Arcetusi.

Arcetusi.

In

Domini-
chino,

In a chapel, I think the eighth to the right, you see a very large picture, by Dominichino; it is confused, the lights and shadows broad in an extreme, and the declination from light to darkness too sudden; the subject is called the Virgin of the Rosary; the draping is finely executed. This is the last church, and I dare say you are not sorry for it; I mean it is the last I have seen, for there are many more in Bologna, which we do not mean to visit. I must reserve the theatre and the *istituto* for my next letter; therefore adieu, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

Bologna, Dec. 13, 1770.

I AM in high spirits, having received three letters at once from you. [As the first part of this letter consists of family-occurrences, entirely uninteresting to the public,

public, the Editor has omitted them, and proceeds to the farther description of Bologna.]

The *Instituto* is a vast palace, which formerly belonged to the Cellefi family; the architect Pelegrino Tibaldi. The Senate of Bologna purchased this palace in the year 1714, for the reception of a great collection of curiosities, which the famous Marfigli bequeathed to his countrymen. This extensive building is divided into several apartments, classed according to their contents; somewhat in the manner of the British Musæum. Here is an academy for the sciences, a library, an observatory, a great collection of natural history, a hall for chemistry, a second for anatomy, and one for painting and sculpture; here are also professors for every art and science, who, though upon small appointments, yet by their knowledge and exact attention to their different departments, do honour to their country. The

Instituto.

Pelegrino
Tibaldi.

whole of their salaries does not exceed two thousand scudi. This fine establishment is under the direction of six senators. The *Instituto* is distinct from the University, which is the most celebrated in Italy, and where is chiefly studied grammar, rhetoric, philosophy, physic, and jurisprudence; they trace the antiquity of its establishment up to the Emperor Theodosius. The Academy of Sciences makes part of the *Instituto*, and was begun in the year 1690, by a young man aged sixteen years only, one Eustatio Manfredi; he formed a little society, who met together at stated times to confer upon ingenious subjects. The Count Marfigli invited them to assemble in his palace, and set on foot a little academy of painting. Some years after, he obtained the concurrence and encouragement of the Senate to extend the plan he had so happily begun; professors, &c. were then appointed. This took place about the year 1714, as I have said above, and has continued ever since to flourish

flourish and augment under their auspices, and its present state is not unworthy to be compared with the Societies of Arts and Sciences of London, Paris, and Berlin. The observatory called here the *Specola*, is a high tower, well furnished with astronomical and mathematical instruments.

The Library contains one hundred and fifteen thousand volumes (you will readily believe we did not count them). This collection is open for the inspection of the public for several hours every morning, except Wednesdays, and is much frequented. The stair-case and antichamber contain many curious inscriptions. They conserve in the library, with the greatest care, four hundred manuscript volumes, fourteen of which consist of figures of plants and animals, with their descriptions. This vast work was the labour of one man, the celebrated Aldrovandi. There are also manuscripts of Pope Benizio and the Count Marfigli. The library is adorned with the portraits

Library.

of all the illustrious personages who have been benefactors or protectors of this collection.

Here is a hall for the study of midwifery, which has been of great service to the Bolognese, containing about seventy different models in wax, &c. &c. Before this art had been properly taught and lectured upon in the *Instituto*, many wretched women fell sacrifices to the ignorance of the Bolognese midwives.

Natural
History.

The collection of Natural History is extremely curious; here is a fine Egyptian mummy, and several rare animals; amongst others, is a toad whose young ones seem to proceed from her back. In the hall for experimental philosophy are curious instruments for electricity; for experiments respecting light, fire, solids, and fluids, the properties of air, thermometers, barometers, &c. &c.

Here is a Hall containing curious models of civil, and another of military architecture,

chitecture, with plans in fortification, esteemed very valuable, presented to the Society by the King of Sardinia: another for the marine, furnished with models of ships and other naval matters.

In the Hall of Antiques, which particularly attracted our curiosity and attention, are several idols; and amongst the instruments of sacrifice is a Patera, on which is represented the birth of Minerva, one of the rarest curiosities in the collection; also several fine Etruscan vases, sepulchral lamps, Roman urns, and many culinary utensils; together with a fine collection of medals; but our time did not admit of examining them; they consist of a series of fifteen hundred, beginning with Pompey and Julius Cæsar, and ending with Heraclitus; besides many others equally curious. Also a collection of false medals, resembling the true, for the instruction of those who apply themselves to that study, and to enable them to distinguish the true from the false.

Hall of
Antiques.

Medals.

Gallery
of Statues.

In the Gallery of Statues are several originals, and fine copies or models from some of the most famous at Rome; as the Laocoon of the Belvidere, the Hercules and Flora of Farnese, the Mars, with the Aria and Poetus of the villa Ludovisi. The Prince Piombino caused this to be made, but had the mould broke and destroyed immediately after, to prevent any other copies being taken. The Meleager of Piccini, the Arrotino of Florence, &c.

Pellegrino
Tibaldi.

Carlo
Cigniani.

The gallery of paintings was begun by a Bolognese of the house of Zambeccari, who bought several pictures of value, but nothing great; and presented them to the society. The academy of painting gives premiums to young proficients, as in England. Here is a ceiling well painted, by Pellegrino Tibaldi; it represents several events taken from the Odyfsey. The figures are curiously foreshortened, and correctly designed; Carlo Cigniani was the chief painter who belonged to this academy; here he lived, worked, and died.

Here

They have also a Botanic Garden, which we wished to examine, but the weather being cold, and many of the plants out of season, I satisfied myself with knowing there was a garden, but did not go into it. We were told it contains some very curious plants, such as the Papyrus of Sicily, l'Indigefera, the Petiveria, the Pforalea, the Accacia without thorns, &c. *

Botanic
Garden.

In the Hall for Physics are some good frescos, by Nicolo Abati.

Nicolo
Abati.

The great Theatre † is new and extremely commodious; the passages being wide, and the whole of the building is of stone, even the stair-case, so that a fire could not do it much damage. The boxes contain six or seven people each, and are so

Theatre.

* The ingenious Signior Buffi has published a dissertation on a new genus of plants.

† It was built in 1760, where the ancient palace of the Bentivoglio's stood. This palace had been demolished in 1505, by the order of Pope Julio the Second, who feared the greatness of the Bentivoglios, the ancient rivals of the Holy See in the Sovereignty of Bologna.

well contrived, that those behind can see the stage as well as those in front.

The little Theatre, in which they perform operas at present, is very pretty, and would be esteemed fine and capacious, was it not that there is still a better. The boxes of the little Theatre are furnished according to the different tastes of their owners; they all belonging to particulars: some are hung with rich Lyons-silks, brocaded with gold or silver, others with plain damasks with gold fringe. The box of the *Senatrice Aldrovandi* is lined with blue and silver, and has a very pretty effect. The boxes are lighted by wax-candles in silver branches, behind which are placed looking-glasses, which have a brilliant effect when lighted up. I think the opera charming, and the dances, which are in the grotesque taste, extremely diverting; but we understand that this opera is by no means approved

of by the Bolognese, who say they have seldom one so indifferent, either in respect of music or dancing : but these good people are over-nice ; and I am very sure, was the whole choir of singers and dancers to be transported to London, they would meet with universal approbation ; for there are no bad voices nor bad dancers amongst them. All the operas I have seen in London could seldom boast above one good voice, and rarely more than two tolerable dancers ; the others being frequently ridiculously bad. No song can be repeated until the Cardinal Legate gives his sanction, by holding up his hand. It surprised me much to see an Abbé, in the proper dress, introduced as a grotesque character, who appears to be a true *Tartuffe* ; I should have thought this piece of wit would have been esteemed impertinent by their Em—n—ces, but they applauded as loudly as the populace. The [Bologna ladies have frequently card-parties in their
boxes.

boxes. This custom answers a good end, you must acknowledge; for as the opera lasts enormously long, and they never give the least degree of attention to more than two or three favourite songs, and as many dancers, *ennui* seizes them, and is apt to become epidemical; the card-table is welcome: games of chance are what they generally play, so that their attention is not entirely devoted to their cards; thus they partake of two amusements at the same time. I naturally pass from the Theatre to the Assemblies; which are sufficiently numerous to be agreeable; the ladies in turn open their houses once or twice a week, where you are sure to meet a select company of the first people of Bologna. None are admitted but those who are acquainted with each other, excepting strangers, invited through their recommendations. The only objection to this custom, if it can be objected to, is, that the society is the same every night, transferred to different houses.

Assem-
blies.

Those

Those who for the sake of variety wish to meet improper people, who play high, and infect their betters, can never find amusement in a Bolognese assembly. Their play is moderate, nor is it necessary to play at all; for you may always find a little circle of half a dozen people of both sexes, who can keep up the ball of conversation with as much vivacity and politeness as at Paris. The *Palazzo Barbazza* is elegantly furnished; the mistress of the house has a most amiable manner, and does the honours of her assembly with as much grace as any lady I know. I had heard the Italians were ceremonious; I have not yet perceived this defect. The perfection of good-breeding appears to me to consist in putting every body at their ease; whoever, by a politeness *mal-entendue*, lays their company under restraint, deprives them of their liberty for the time. We have often experienced this species of captivity in other nations; but I must leave this digression,

to

to assure you I could pass the Winter here extremely to my taste, were not Florence, Rome, and Naples still before us; but these great objects constantly reproach our delay at Bologna. We shall quit with regret this agreeable city and its inhabitants. The *Casa Zambecari*, that of *Rannuzzi*, and some others, are now open. The Cardinal Legate and the Vice Legate have no assembly for cards, but they give magnificent and select *conversations*; and have both honoured us with their intimacy. The Vice Legate is become an intimate friend of M——'s. He is a man of letters, has much of the Englishman about him, loves and honours our nation, admires our government and laws; is fond of our best authors, reads English well, and speaks it very intelligibly, though learnt without the assistance of a master. Think what pains he must have taken to have made a considerable proficiency in a language so extremely difficult to all foreigners.

La

La Marchionese M—— speaks French well, has a great deal of wit, and a very agreeable person; her sister L—— has been a famous beauty; the Countess O—— has an excellent heart and most amiable disposition, but * * * * * if the Bolognese ladies are censured for gallantry, Manners. some allowance should be made for their education in convents, and their being led to the altar as victims, for sacrifice to any disagreeable wretch their parents think proper to bestow them upon; if the *Caro Sposo* be rich, and of a good family, no matter how old, ugly, and disgusting. When you consider the kind of education a young Italian lady receives in her convent, the implicit obedience required by her *directeur* to the Roman Catholic religion, and to her parents (where by the former she can be absolved from any crime by indulgences, sin as much as she will), the tyranny of the latter becomes much more tolerable, and she is scarcely blameable for any gallant

lant incident she may be involved in by artful men and bad examples. This is too ample a field for me to expatiate upon; but as I understand that throughout all Italy the manners respecting marriages are much the same, I shall touch lightly for the future upon the gallantry and coquetry of the Italian ladies. In regard to the origin of Cicesbeos, that topic I must reserve for another time, when I shall have seen more of Italy.

Cicesbeos.

City of
Bologna.

I now return to what remains concerning the city of Bologna; the towers, the fountains, streets, manufactures, and the natural history of its environs: but first I shall mention the dress of its inhabitants.

Noblesse
dress.

The *Noblesse* are dressed in the fashion of France, and are generally very fine, in Lyons silks, furs, and diamonds; the men are also dressed in the mode of that country. The

Trades-
men and
some pro-
fessions
dress.
Trades-
women.

bourgeois wear a cloak when they walk the streets, which they wrap round them; the *bourgeoise* wear a kind of close gown but-

toned,

toned, with sleeves down to their wrists; it resembling a kind of riding-dress the farmers wives wear in England called Josephs; when they go out they cover themselves with the *zendado*. The *païsanes* wear their *chinion* braided, and a straw hat; their bosoms are covered with a *colorette* of cambrick trimmed with a narrow lace; they wear close gowns, like the *bourgeoise*. Having done with their dress, I proceed to the Tower of Arfinelli; it was built in the year 1109. Lalande says, it is three hundred and seven Paris feet high, without including the cupola; it leans to one side three feet and a half, Paris measure. The Tower of Garisendi, which is built very near the other, is one hundred and forty-four feet high only, but is out of the perpendicular eight feet two inches; the inclination of these Towers is evidently the effect of design, as appears from the construction of their interior parts; they are both of brick. From the Tower Arfinelli may be discerned four little towns, one of which is Cento, at eighteen miles distance.

Païsanes
dress.

Leaning
Tower of
Arfinelli,

of Garisendi.

In

Piazza
Maggiore
Fountain.
Giovani di
Bologna.

In the Piazza Maggiore is a large fountain, by the celebrated sculptor Giovanni di Bologna; all the figures are in bronze: the most elevated (and which gives to the group a pyramidical form when taken all together) is that of Neptune; he is standing with one foot upon a dolphin; one hand bears the trident, the other is stretched out from him. At the four corners of the plinth that sustains Neptune, are little children sitting, who appear to be guiding dolphins placed at the bottom of the angles of the pedestal; upon these dolphins ride four syrens, who press the water out of their breasts; it springs out also from the mouths of the dolphins, and falling into large shells, escapes from them into a basin, from which is a descent of three broad steps. The Neptune is in a most majestic attitude; he appears to be of middle age. The anatomy is finely rendered; the proportions perfect, the attitude noble and full of spirit; his countenance

nance expresses more fierceness than pride. It is worth remarking, that from every point of view he appears to equal advantage. The sirens are graceful, though not without expressing a consciousness of their charms, which they seem endeavouring to display to the best advantage. The children are natural, and the dolphins appear active and lively. The *connoisseurs* who seek faults, assert the pedestal to have the air of a mausoleum, and that the group is too confused; there not being a sufficient space preserved between the figures. Here are several other fountains worthy the inspection of strangers; but I mention this only as being the first.

This town is well built, yet the streets appear dark and melancholy, occasioned by a piazza which projects over the broad pavement to shelter those who walk. Some of the palaces have fine fronts, though the Architecture in general is but indifferent.

Streets.

Architec-
ture.

Manufac-
tures.

Bologna is famous for a silk manufactory. There are mills in towers, which go by water, and mill the silk in order to prepare it for the loom. The rivers (which, properly speaking, are mountain-torrents) called the Reno, the Savena, and the Avesa, are of great use to the manufactures; and they supply the fountains.

The *Orfevres* are allowed to work curiously in gold ornaments, and make a kind of crape of gold worth seeing.

Here is a manufacture of paper, of which you may yourself judge, as I have wrote my letters from hence upon what they esteem the first sort; the bluish cast is given by a sort of gum mixed with it when in a fluid state, as I understood from them. The Macaroni made here is highly esteemed. Provisions for the table of all kinds are excellent; hog-meat remarkably good; the Bologna sausages and mortadellas, also the cervellas, are, I believe, the best in Europe; the
hogs

Provi-
sions.

hogs are of the large breed; their hair fiery red. The *liqueurs*, particularly those of the manufacture of Giachimo Gnudi, are famous, and are sent, as also the sausages, to most parts of Europe; the *rosa sola*, or *rosselia di anesino* is the best. All kinds of confectionaries are made in great perfection; the *cotognati*, or jelly of quince, is particularly fine. I have got the receipts for all the kinds of sausages, the *liqueurs*, and the *cotognati*. Their grapes are excellent, which they have the art of conserving for eight or nine months, in such perfection as to appear newly gathered. I informed myself also in regard to this article of the *menage*. The best and most esteemed kinds are the *Uva Paradisa* and the *Uva Angola*: the seeds are oval, and the skins of the fruit uncommonly thin and tender. They value themselves upon a species of melon, which they believe to be the best in the world; but the season is now over for them. Their white truffles

are as good as those of Turin, excepting that flavour of garlick which the Piedmontese admire in their own. The Bologna tobacco and snuff is esteemed the best in Italy. The breed of lap-dogs peculiar to this country are extremely beautiful. *Madama Aldrovandi* was so very obliging as to send me one of the most perfect I ever saw, upon a magnificent velvet cushion, trimmed with gold-fringe *; but I found myself under a necessity of refusing this pretty creature; my chief reason was, that I could not think of making my own dog * * uneasy, who has been my faithful companion and friend since I left * * *, and she shewed such a visible jealousy and disgust to this little stranger, that I determined not to vex her; however, I did not venture to give this reason for my refusal, lest I should be laughed at, but alleged that one dog was sufficiently embarrassing upon a

* It was curled (*frisée*), and ornamented with rose-coloured ribbon round the neck and legs.

journey,

journey, and that if any accident should happen from change of climate, &c. to this Bologna beauty, it would be a great vexation to me.

Many natural curiosities are found in the neighbourhood of this city; the most remarkable are the rock-crystal, of which there is great abundance near the river Setta, and curious petrifications near the Castello Crespellana; but there is nothing so extraordinary as the Pietra de Monte Paderno, with which the famous phosphorus of Bologna is composed; it is called *il cuminabile*, or *spongia di luce*: they are found only in this mountain near the town; and require but a simple calcination, when they immediately become luminous, casting a red, fiery light in an obscure place: they retain this property three years, and then by a recalcination become as luminous as after the first. I have got some of this phosphorus, which one of the professors of the Instituto was so obliging to present me with, along

Natural
curiosities.

with some crystallized petrified shells found in this country, remarkably curious. If the old proverb is true, that a rolling stone will never gather moss, yet reverse it, and rolling moss may gather stones; for, supposing me to represent the moss, my collection of fossils, if they augment in proportion to what they have hitherto done, may, I fear, endanger the bottoms of our trunks. But to return to the phosphorus; in its natural or brute state, it seems to be a species of talc with shining crystalline particles; no shells are ever found in it, and it is very rare to find a phosphorus stone composed of a sparry substance. We propose reaching Florence the 17th or 18th, as we have been told the inns are bad on the road. The Cardinal Legate has been so obliging as to give us a letter for the superior of a convent situated on the Appenine: this is a very great favour; for it is a strong exertion of his power to prevail upon the monks to receive a woman (at least publicly)

licly) within their sacred walls. I am quite charmed with the idea of sleeping in this convent, and surprising the monks, for they are to have no previous notice; but the order is of such a nature, that they must admit and entertain us at whatever hour we may happen to arrive; his Eminence has some humour in this affair. We have also letters of recommendation to Florence and Rome, which I do not question will procure us many agreeablenesses in those cities. * * * * *

I have just received a fine pheasant, a present from *la Contessa Orsi*; it was accompanied by a beautiful *bouquet*, composed of three great carnations; I am sure a large saucer would not cover the flower of any of them, and a great variety of fine ranunculuses; the *bouquet* and a note were tied with a rosette of rose-coloured ribbon to the pheasant's feet: how graceful are these people in every trifle! These fine flowers are in the common beds at this season;

and what is very surprising, snow, though it lies on the ground, does not affect them. There is a species of fennel here which is excellent, eat as cellery; it has a fine sweet taste, without the acrid flavour of our English fennel; is cultivated like our cellery, in ridges, but must be raised in a common hot-bed in the month of March; when it has been transplanted and earthed up, it blanches like cellery, but always retains a greenish cast; it is extremely tender, and breaks off short; they serve it in the deserts. There are great plenty of Maltese oranges sold here in the fruit-shops, and are cheap; they have the finest flavour imaginable; and as to their size, it is too incredible to be committed to paper: *le vrai*, you know, is not always *le vrai semblable*. Adieu. I hope we shall have tolerable weather for our journey. * * * * *

* * * * *

I shall write again immediately on our arrival at Florence.

P. S. The

P. S. The streets, for these two or three days past, have been crowded with Jesuits; Jesuits. their number in this town only exceeds four thousand: they are arrived from Paraguay and Spain, &c. many of them appear to be in extreme want and distress: the greater number are on their way to Rome, to see what their holy papa will do for them. We were amazed to see such a crowd of these new arrivals at the opera as almost filled the pit. These seemed to be in tolerable circumstances. They wear the habit of their order; and for the most part appear pitiable objects. The populace load them with maledictions as they pass, and refuse to bestow upon them the smallest assistance.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

Florence, Dec. 18th, 1770.

Inn at
Florence.

WE are arrived here in perfect health, admirably well lodged at Vanini's, where you find true English cleanliness, elegance, and civility. The English will have a real loss in old Mrs. Vanini when she departs this life; and I wish, for their sakes, her daughter-in-law may imitate the example she sets her: her son also behaves quite well in his station; but it is particularly agreeable for female travellers, to find a hostess of the stamp of Mrs. Vanini, who perfectly understands her business, is just in her dealings, respectful in her behaviour, friendly without the least familiarity, and has the art of making her hôtel seem one's own house. Her attentions are such as I have never before experienced from any person in her situation. In short, I tell you I am charmed with this old Englishwoman,

and am sorry it is not in our power to make a longer stay at Florence than we propose. Our apartment consists of a large anti-chamber, an excellent bed-chamber within, and a room without a bed, which the French call *un cabinet de jour*, for the anti-chamber is a dining-room; from the former we have a door that opens upon a terrace with a balustrade round it, from whence is a fine view of the famous bridge with cycloid arches, the Arno, the town, &c. The apartment is hung with crimson damask, and ornamented with pictures. Our expences, as lodgings, firing, (the wood is dear here) lights, eating, wine, &c. twenty-six pauls a-day; (a paul is ten sols French.) Our remise is at a fixed price, ten pauls a-day, and two pauls for the coachman; the *laquais de louage* the same as at Bologna and other Italian towns.

Expences
there.

We quitted Bologna the 15th, but begun our journey too late; and were guilty of the
same

Road
from Bo-
logna to
Florence.

Farmers
and Pea-
sants.

Appen-
nines.

same imprudence the next morning, which obliged us to lie two nights on the road, though the distance is only sixty-three miles. The road from Bologna, for about two or three miles, is through a cultivated country; the farmers and peasants appear rich and happy; but the rest of the way is extremely disagreeable, the mountains seeming as if they would never end; the road however is safe, and all the ascents paved; but Appenine on Appenine is repeated so often, that, to gratify your curiosity at our return, I drew upon a blank leaf of Lalande (which I held in my hand to see what he says of the *route*) the outlines of the summits of the mountains as they appeared one above the other.

The higher they ascend, and seek to ease
Their wearied steps, their labours still increase:
To one great height a greater doth succeed,
And every hill another seems to breed.
Hence all their toils and labours, which before
They had o'ercome, they tremble to explore;

Objects

Objects repeated, terrors new present,
 Whichever way their trembling eyes are bent ;
 The horrid face of winter hoary white
 Appearing, gives sad limits to the sight.
 So when the unskill'd sailor vent'rous leaves
 His sweet abode, for which too late he grieves,
 And the brisk gale no longer swells the sails,
 Far as the view extends the sea prevails,
 Tir'd with the boundless prospect, then he tries
 To ease his sight, and upwards casts his eyes.

*Translation from Silius Italicus. See Lives
 of the Roman Poets, by Crusius.*

By the way, that I may not forget to mention it, there was not the least appearance of flame or smoke when we passed by the ground near the village of Pietra Mala, where is a kind of volcano, most precisely described by Lalande. The surface appears of calcined earth; there are various kinds of vitrified substances, resembling the dross and ashes of a glass-house, (these are the true indications of volcanoes) accompanied with a black shining sand mixed with the soil; and this mixture is one of
 the

Pietra Mala
 village.
 Volcano.

the marks to discover and trace them by. We regretted much that this fire did not shew itself; it is called here *fuoco di legno*, probably from its resemblance to the clear flame of lighted wood. At length, having traversed a most uncultivated, barren, and bleak waste, so thinly inhabited, as for many miles the country on each side seems, as “where no human footsteps ever

Scaricala-
fino.

trod *.” We gained Scaricalafino; it was between nine and ten o’clock when we arrived at the gate of the convent, not far from which is the wretched inn where we must have sought shelter, had it not been for the Cardinal Legate’s kind mandate.

Convent.

The gate of the Convent was immediately opened to us, after the porter had delivered the letter to the Superior, who very politely came out himself and conducted us in. We entered a large saloon; there we found two Monks; their order is of the

* The post-houses generally through Italy are *isolée*, often no other house being near them.

White Benedictines, consequently are of noble descent, as this order admits no others. The Superior is a hale, well-looking man, about forty years of age; his behaviour was courteous, affable, and hospitable: he seemed a man of uncommon good sense, to have a great knowledge of the world, and was very good-humoured and conversible. There are but six Monks here; they admit no Novices. They keep two servants only, who are well-dressed, and serve as *valets de chambre*. The Monks themselves take by turn the inspection of the kitchen. You know the church in all countries inclines to good fare, and this is not a rigid order. Two of the Monks did not appear; I suppose one was employed in the kitchen, and the other, perhaps, indisposed. The Superior made us many excuses for the bad fare we should have, and for our being obliged to wait for supper; saying, they themselves had already supped,

White Benedictines.

supped, that they had scarce any provisions in the house, and being a *maigre* day also, (for it was Saturday) he hoped we would excuse, &c. however, we did not wait a quarter of an hour for supper. They lamented much the not having previous notice of our arrival, as they would have given us a better reception, and added many polite things ; but before they had finished, the two servants appeared with a small table for M—— and me, and laid a cloth and a lay-over upon it, in our English fashion, of the finest damask I have ever seen ; it was callendered and pinched, forming a Mosaic pattern ; the napkins were curiously folded, the plates of the finest old China ; spoons, knives, forks, &c. salt-fellers of silver of the most elegant fashion, and so clean, that they appeared quite new ; they served one dish at a time ; first, an admirable gravy-soup in a beautiful terrein of the same China as the plates ;

they

Supper at
the Con-
vent, &c.
great hos-
pitality.

they removed this with a *poularde a la braise*, as good as you ever saw from Bresse; then a fry *tres recherchée*, after the Italian ecclesiastical fashion; then a pigeon *pattue don le cul etoit farci*, garnished with small cakes, made of a kind of paste, quite agreeable to eat with the pigeon. The desert consisted of grapes so well conserved that they seemed as just gathered, Burey-pears, fine chesnuts roasted, and excellent Parmesan cheese. They were quite teasing whilst we supped, with their apologies for such miserable fare, as they termed it. During our repast three crystal carraffes were set on the table, which held about a pint each; one filled with an excellent red wine, another with white, and a third with water. At the desert a bottle of wine was produced, and the Superior pressed us to try it. M—— said, it was the finest Cypress he had ever tasted. Was not this an elegant supper for a quarter of an hour's preparation? They pressed

us during the supper to eat, and after seemed uneasy that M—— did not finish the bottle of Cypress; insisting that he had commended it through compliment only. We sat together about an hour after supper, and I have scarce in my life passed an evening more agreeably; the conversation was not only kept up with life and spirit by the monks, but the Superior in particular made many brilliant sallies; he possesses a native wit and humour, void of satire or ill-nature; was well versed in the anecdotes and little events that formed the conversation of the day at Bologna; had heard of most of the English of any consequence who had made the tour of Italy for years past; knew their characters, their attachments, and even their persons had been so well described to him, that we discovered several of them. The Italians, in common with the French and other foreigners, are more at a loss for English names and titles, than for any other circum-

circumstance that regards them. He seemed well acquainted with political affairs, the interest of Europe, the balance of power, the real private characters and manner of life of the potentates of Europe, the trade, commerce and interest of England, the parties there, &c. &c.

Now don't you want to know how the saloon was furnished, and what sort of a room it was? I know you do. Its dimensions are about forty feet by twenty, and thirty high; it was hung with gilt Turkey-leather, which appeared at first sight like a hair-coloured damask with gold flowers: the ceiling, Gothic arches in sections, like a church; the windows placed very high, with steps up to them; the shutters painted and gilt in *arabesque*; the chairs exceedingly easy, and covered with the same materials with the walls; the chimney very large, projecting into the room, and a prodigious fire of excellent dried *sapin* neatly clove; a fine six-leaved screen, which

was drawn round us (by the way, the first I have seen since I left ——); the saloon was lighted by wax candles in magnificent silver candlesticks. Before we retired, we thanked the Superior in particular, for the hospitable and elegant reception he had given us, and I could not avoid remarking how much it surprised me to find such good cheer on the summit of the Appenines; he shook his head, and said their situation was most dreadful, that they depended entirely upon the muleteers who passed by, for their provisions; which, though purchased from them at their own valuation, yet, from want of attention, these people supplied them frequently, but ill and scantily; that the climate is so bad all the year round, and these barren Appenines so bleak, that neither corn, wine, nor any kind of garden-stuff can be produced upon them; even grass is withered immediately in its attempting to spring up, by the keen north-east blasts, which are almost insufferable

even

even in the month of August, and frequently accompanied with snow; that during part of June and July they have with difficulty raised a little fallad.

In every part eternally prevail
 The growing frost, and undissolving hail,
 The aged ice endures; each lofty brow
 Of these aerial hills is crown'd with snow;
 Tho' Phœbus rising, on their summit play,
 The solid frost defies his fiercest ray:
 Far as the gloomy dwellings sink below
 Our surface, where the Stygian waters flow,
 So high above the vale the mountains rise,
 And with their shadows intercept the skies.
 Nor Spring nor Summer knows the gloomy year;
 Winter deform'd for ever fix'd dwells here,
 And on these dreary cliffs her seat defends;
 Whence all around she storms dispensing sends;
 Mad Boreas here, and all his boist'rous train,
 Have chose their home, hence scour the earth
 and main.

The weaken'd eye grows dim to take the height,
 Which piercing thro' the clouds, eludes the
 dazzled sight.

See Translation from Silius Italicus.

Crusius's Poets.

I was quite sorry when the Superior proposed our retiring to rest; he conducted us into a spacious bed-chamber adjoining to the saloon, and retired, after he had with great politeness apologized for the coarseness of the sheets (which were, however, of the finest Holland). We, on our part, thought it necessary to make excuses in our turn for having kept them up so late; and I, who dreaded the *tocsin*, added, that I feared it must be particularly inconvenient to them, upon account of their early church-service; he replied, that they were not novices, and never deprived themselves of their natural rest for ceremonies, but always went to bed and rose when agreeable to them. Happy Monks, thought I! For you must know I had been dreading all the evening some holy vigil, at which perhaps our attendance might have been expected. An elegant lamp being placed in our chamber for the night, and a pair of wax candles, we went into as good a bed as, I believe,

his

his Holiness himself ever occupied: the curtains were of fine broad-cloth, the room wainscoted with oak, and the cleanliness of the convent and its furniture was quite quakerly. We did not wake till nine o'clock next morning, and might have slept the four and twenty hours round from a cessation of every kind of noise; for excepting the wind, which did not blow nor whistle loudly, there reigned a quietude unknown but in a convent on the Appenines. Upon our entering the saloon next morning, the Monks immediately joined us; breakfast was ready, and consisted of excellent Turin chocolate and scorched bread. We ordered our horses as soon as we had breakfasted, and quitted our kind hosts with regret. How delightful would be the tour of Italy, if the convents were permitted to entertain strangers! We were greatly distressed how to contrive to leave some little acknowledgment with these Monks; it was impossible

to offer them money, so we employed our own *valet de chambre* (who you know is an Italian) to find out with delicacy from the servants how that might be done; but he told us they never took money, and the servants refused also: however, we really forced a sequin a-piece upon them, through our *valet de chambre*, and under a promise not to divulge it to the Monks. I forgot to mention that it appeared in the course of conversation, that no woman had ever been received into this convent beside myself, excepting Christina Queen of Sweden, the present Empress of Hungary, and the Queen of Naples; and that only for one night's lodging each, on their journey. Ought not I to be very proud to have the honour of forming a *quartetto* with this illustrious *trio*? What pity it is that royalty is not catching, for we had all slept on the same bed. As I esteem this night's lodging a memorable *epoch* in my life, I hope you are not tired with the length of
this

this relation : but to teach me humility, and divest me of all my royalty, I must proceed to inform you, that after this delicious night passed at Scarica l'Asino, by our setting out late in the morning, we were obliged to lie at a village called Maschieri, where, in the dirtiest of all possible inns, and the most miserable bed, “ we courted sleep in vain,” after having supped upon, what think you ? a pork soup with the *boullée* in it, namely a hog’s head, with the eye-lashes, eyes, and nose on ; the very food the wretched animal had last eat of before he made his *exit* remained sticking about the teeth ; we wanted neither “ nose of Turk, nor Tartar’s lip,” and had there been a tiger’s chawdron for the ingredients of our cauldron for sow, (at least hog’s blood was not wanting) “ to make the gruel thick and slab,” we should have been able to have raised ghosts from the charmed pot. This soup was removed by a dish of broiled house-sparrows. Need I say we

Maschieri
village.
Inn.

went

Pietra
Mala.
Fierén-
gola.
Ancient
Fidentia.
Santerno
river.

Capagiu-
olo.

St. Gallo
gate.

Statue of
Francis I.
Florence.

went to bed supperless? I now return to the road: From Scarica l'Asino we came to Pietra Mala, already mentioned in the former part of this letter, leaving Fierengola on the left. They pretend that this little town was the ancient Fidentia. The river Santerno bathes its walls. The valley in which it is situated is well cultivated, and closely planted with olive and fruit trees, vines, rows of cypresses, pines, and other firs. At Capagiuolo, which is about fourteen miles from Florence, is a pleasure-palace belonging to the Grand Duke; from thence to Florence the road is beautiful. The entrance of this city is by the gate St. Gallo: over which is placed a large statue of the late Emperor Francis the First. The origin of this city is attributed to the Etruscans, after whom the Phœnicians inhabited it, as Lami asserts, in his work intitled *Lezioni di Antichità Toscana*; others say, the Sybian Hercules was the founder. These sorts of researches are generally so doubtful,

and

and authors dispute and differ so widely, that I shall leave them to argue the matter at their leisure, and proceed to inform you of its present appearance. It is well built; and the streets in general spacious. There are several palaces belonging to particulars, the architecture of which are in an excellent taste: their windows and doors remarkably well proportioned. Those virtuosos who are violent partizans of lightness, object to some rustic bases, which they esteem too massive and heavy; but, in my opinion, an appearance of strength is absolutely necessary to give a noble air to a palace; and a base and *rez de chaussée* may easily be built so as to shock the spectator with an apparent weakness, although each member of the architecture be in reality sufficiently strong for the purpose it is designed to answer. The streets are well paved, and the broad pavement at the sides, for foot-passengers, is extremely convenient; but there are no piazzas or porticos ranging along the fronts

of the houses in a continued line, as at Bologna. This city is well supplied with water; here are many fountains worth remarking, and which I shall mention more particularly in another letter; also four bridges. The river Arno runs through the town; but is at present muddy, and by no means comparable to our Thames for beauty. The outsides of the churches make a fine appearance. But I must hasten to conclude this letter; as our stay here will be short, I shall not be able to give you as many particulars as you may perhaps expect from me. We shall begin to-morrow with the Grand Duke's palace, &c. &c. and see as many of the churches and palaces as the time we have destined to this town can admit of. So adieu, for dinner is served, and excellent British minced pies composed by *Madame Vanini* smoke upon the board. I am, as ever, &c.

L E T T E R XXIX.

Florence, Dec. 28, 1770.

Earth-
quake.

I Hope you have had no alarm from any article in the Gazettes relating to the shock of an earthquake felt here yesterday morning at five o'clock. I happened to be awake, and heard a confused noise, which at first seemed to be at a considerable distance, but came rolling on, and was immediately followed by a shock, which seeming to proceed from the foundations of the house, ascended to the very top. I do not know any thing it resembled so much (but in a far greater degree) as that of a horse shaking himself when you are upon his back, with this difference, that this being the shuddering of a house instead of a horse, the various moveables in the room balanced to one side and the other, and some light furniture fell down. The bedstead was lifted up a little way from the ground,

ground, and came down again with a great flock. M—— waked, and persuading me there was no danger, added to there not being any uncommon noise in the hotel, and Mrs. Vanini's keeping quiet, I was not alarmed, though an almost insupportable closeness of air continued for more than a minute, as well as I could judge. All the bells in the churches were rung out, to warn the people to quit their houses. Many of the poorer sort fled from their habitations, and repaired to the churches. After sitting up about a quarter of an hour, and perceiving all to be still, I went to sleep, and did not wake till nine o'clock. The earthquake had done no mischief to any of the houses in the town. This morning a violent clap of thunder fell on the *Duomo*, and split some of the pinnacles and other ornaments on the top, but did no further damage. Several risible stories have circulated briskly in regard to the disturbances the earthquake occasioned
amongst

amongst some polite societies here * * *

* * * * *

The famous Gallery at Florence, under which Gallery.

name I comprehend many rooms besides, called here *gabbinettes*, has taken us three whole days to see; not but that two hours would have sufficed for those who walk as fast as they can through this labyrinth of the powers of art; but as we chose to examine every particular morsel, we had not allowed ourselves more time than was absolutely necessary.

I am sorry to find so frequent occasion to criticise Lalande, but one is under a kind of necessity to expose such gross mistakes; he observes upon, and commends modern statues and bustos for antiques, and *vice versa*. This assertion is not solely upon our own judgments, but from the mouth of the *Abbé*, who is *ciceroni* to this collection. This superb depository of curiosities was made chiefly by the Medici family, the articles of it are so numerous, that I shall confine myself to those

only which appeared to us most striking, some slight description of which may be brought within the compass of a long letter; and shall first begin with the building, then proceed to the antique sculpture, cameos, &c. and mention the pictures by themselves. The approach is by a large court, which resembles a beautiful street, with uniform fronts on each side, and a piazza ranging along them. The entrance to this open place is by the piazza of the old palace; the other extremity is terminated by a grand arc, resting on two intercolumniations: this arc unites the two wings which form the street, and from thence is a view of the Arno. The fronts of these wings present a *rez-dechaussée*, from which springs a Doric order of columns, bearing plat-bands, upon which the arches rest that cover the porticos; under these arches people are permitted to walk. Over the entablature is an Attic, and windows which light the vaulted
roof

roof of the portico. Above this is a story decorated with balustrades and pediments, where are windows also, and where the artists employed by the Grand Duke are constantly at work. Over this story rises the famous gallery which contains the curiosities. This gallery is disposed in much the same taste of architecture as the *rez-dechaussée*, and between the intercolumniations are large windows.

In that part at the end of the street which looks on the Arno, the architecture changes, and presents three great arcades; in the center is placed an Equestrian Statue of Cosmo the First, which when seen from a proper point of view, appears as an opening sky. Immediately on the top of the stair-case which conducts to the gallery is a Vestibule, containing many fine antique sculptures, sarcophagouses, bas reliefs, and antique inscriptions, which have been inserted into the walls. A beautiful oval vase draws the attention of the spectator on

Equestrian Statue of Cosmo the First.

Vestibule.

Emperor
Nerva,
Vase.

his first entrance; this vase is a bas relief of the head of the Emperor Nerva, and is in the highest conservation.

Antique
dogs.

Two fine antique dogs, admirably well done. A Gladiator; a spirited athletic figure, holding a buckler in one hand, and grasping in the other two dagger-hilts, in the attitude of parrying a stroke from his adversary.

Pieratti.

A Modern Statue, by Pieratti, a scholar of Bernini's; it is a good thing in its way, yet retains too much of Bernini's style, what the French call *manierée*; so that the contours are too flowing and twisted, the rage and fury expressed in the face is quite terrific.

Antique
Statue.

A fine antique Statue of Juno; the drapery noble and graceful: here are several sarcophagouses worthy the attention of the curious traveller, for the beauty of the bas relievos on their sides: we particularly remarked two that are finely executed: the subjects, the exposition of Cæsar's bloody mantle to the Roman people, the other represents

presents a child lying on a sofa, with other figures weeping near him. Here is a curious tablet, on which the names of the horses who won the prizes in the Hippodrome are entered; with the country where they were bred opposite the names, and the numbers of prizes they had won; I give you a few of these illustrious coursers names and countries, copied from this classick Heber :

GRAPHY, SPH. X.

BALUST, AF. XIII.

MEMNO, LACÆ. XIII.

DROMO, HISP.

RAPAU, AF.

PARDO, AF.

LUPO, AF.

They are about fifty in number. It is singular that no writers of travels that I have read, have taken the least notice of this antique catalogue.

Upon the base of a sarcophagus are basso relievos representing tools of a mechanic; apparently a carpenter, in one compartment, and in the other, an essence-bottle, a comb, a looking-glass, a bodkin, a pair of shoes (*sabots*), &c. which little things I copied on a leaf in my pocket-book, in order to shew you how precisely this antique furniture of a toilette agrees with that of the present age: the resemblance of the figures on the man's side is not so exact to the tools now in use; the plummet is different; the rule for measuring is about eighteen inches (English) long; there are divisions marked on it about half-way of its whole length; each of these divisions are equal, and want a line to make them as long as our inch. Whether this measuring-rule is the Roman foot or not we must not venture to decide, the learned have already so much disputed that matter. From this vestibule you

Gallery:

enter the Gallery; it presents two wings,
each

each four hundred feet long, Paris measure; they are joined on the south-side, which looks upon the Arno, by a gallery about an hundred feet (Paris); the ceilings are vaulted, and said to be painted by the scholars of Raffaello; one side represents, in symbolical figures, the sciences and arts, with the portraits of many learned and ingenious men, who have excelled at Florence; those of illustrious ecclesiasticks, professors of philosophy, physick, jurisprudence, &c. On the other side are the portraits of all the Princes of the house of Medicis, so that the ceilings form a kind of complete series or history of remarkable personages. Along the sides of these galleries are ranged with as much symmetry as possible, statues and bustos; this attention to symmetry, intended to please the eye upon entering the gallery, is rather teasing to those who mean to acquire knowledge in antiques, or to judge of the process and de-

Scholars
of Raffa-
ello.

clination of sculpture in different ages, as they are not classed agreeable to their order of time, nor the countries from whence they came: here Greek remains and Etruscan are confounded together; and amongst this great number of marbles are many which do not merit a place in so fine a collection, either by their antiquity or the merit of their workmanship. I shall mention only those we particularly admired, and take no farther notice of the remainder; the whole collection (excepting the contents of some rooms which are shut up, and not shewn to strangers in general) being enumerated in a trumpery-book sold at all the booksellers shops in Florence.

Antique,
Hercules
combat-
ing Nessus.

To begin then according to the rule I have premised, a group of Hercules combating the Centaur Nessus; it is antique, but not highly finished; the head of the Centaur appears to have been supplied: the right foot of the Hercules is worthy admiration for the justness of the anatomy.

An

An Agrippina sitting; the attitude simple and natural, the folds of the drapery very small, and in great number.

Agrippina
sitting.

Julius Cæsar, a busto of bronze: Cochin, in noticing this busto, asserts it to be of black marble, and having observed it to be coarsely and slightly finished, adds, "*ce qui peut venir de la nature de ce marbre.*"

Julius Ce-
sar.

A beautiful busto of Cicero.

Cicero.

Sappho; a busto rather less than the life; highly finished; the air of the head very graceful. The *Abbé* who shews the collection told me, that I might always know Sappho's bustos by the singular projection of her *chignon*, which has the appearance of the narrow end of a sugar-loaf, placed horizontally at the back of her head.

Sappho.

A Statue of a woman holding a bird against her thigh; the head and the body antique, but the arms and feet have been supplied; the flesh, in particular the bosom, is finely executed; the head is beautiful,

Statue.

the drapery treated in a large manner, the folds finely thrown, and the plaits are broad.

Bustos.

The following bustos are rare, and worthy of attention; Pertinax, D. Julianus, Herennius, a Roman busto unknown, of black porphiry; Manlia Scantilin, Dedia

Group,
Cupid and
Psyche.

Clara; a group representing Cupid and Psyche. The attitudes of these statues are most graceful, and the character and expression amiable.

Etruscan
Chimera.

An Etruscan Chimera; nothing can be more terrific than the appearance of this monster; the creation of a disordered imagination.

Famous
Busto of
Alexander
dying.

The famous busto of Alexander appeared to me to express more of the sentiment of indignation and reproach in the countenance, than of a sensation proceeding from bodily pain, though it is here styled Alexander dying; the features are extremely handsome, and wonderfully interesting; the character noble.

A Nymph

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| A Nymph wounded by a thorn. | Statue,
Nymph
wounded
by a thorn. |
| A Baccante and a Tiger, antique; the group is light and graceful; the neck of the Baccante rather too long. | Antique
group. |
| A busto of Poppa; I mention this bust only on account of the <i>coiffeure</i> , which is arranged in buckles, one under the other, and terminated with a drop-curl, much in the fashion of about three years past. | Poppa. |
| Galba, a busto, treated in a great manner; the hair is singularly well done. | Galba, a
busto. |
| An admirable busto of Seneca. | Seneca. |
| A Vestal, antique, and finely sculptured; the folds of the drapery beautiful. | A Vestal, |
| A Paris holding the apple; part of the figure has been well supplied. | Paris. |
| A fine antique busto of Caligula. | Caligula,
Antique. |
| A Bacchus, by Michael Angelo; in a great manner, but not without many inaccuracies and other faults. | A Bacchus
by M. An-
gelo. |
| A Pomona with fruit; she appears in motion, her drapery floats upon the wind. | Pomona. |
| Julia, | |

Julia. Julia (Titus's daughter) *sa coiffeure est trop apretée*, and the *tapée* is too forward.

Endymion. An interesting statue of Endymion, who gazing at the moon, has his hand raised up to prevent being dazzled by her light; a dog who stands close by his master, is baying the moon.

A Victory and an Urania. A Victory and an Urania, both fine statues.

A Ceres. A Ceres, whose drapery is so ingeniously executed, that her figure appears as if covered with a thin gauze.

Flora. A fine Flora.

Plotina. A good busto of Plotina.

Adrian. Another of Adrian of admirable sculpture, particularly the hair and beard.

An Apollo. An Apollo with one foot on a tortoise; the trunk only is antique, and very fine.

Antinoüs. A beautiful Antinoüs. Another admirable busto of Antinoüs.

Marcus Aurelius. Marcus Aurelius; there is too great a flatness in this busto, and too many exact hollows

hollows formed by the curling of the beard and the hair.

A graceful and well finished statue of a consul; great softness and flexibility in the drapery.

Statue of a Consul.

A young Marcus Aurelius; a busto, and extremely handsome.

A young Marcus Aurelius.

Lucius Varus, a busto finely sculptured.

Busto of Lucius Varus.

A group of a Bacchus and a young fawn; very pretty, though not deserving the first rank amongst the statues.

A group.

A large head of Sabina, the *coiffeure* has a good effect, though very singular; her hair is dressed in a double *tapée*.

Head of Sabina.

A busto of Bernini's mistress, by himself; her head has a graceful and lively air.

The famous sketch of Brutus, by Michael Angelo; of the two inscriptions wrote under, I believe every native of the British empire will give the preference to that wrote by Lord Sandwich, to the lines of another stranger. I think it evident that Michael

Brutus, by M. Angelo.

Michael Angelo did not find himself equal to the finishing this busto, agreeable to the great idea he had formed, so left it purposely in its present state; and though but a mere sketch, yet it seems to breath, and conveys to the admiring spectator's mind the character that Anthony gives of Brutus in Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.

This was the noblest Roman of them all;
 All the conspirators, save only he,
 Did that they did, in envy of great Cæsar;
 He, only, in a general honest thought,
 And common good to all, made one of them.
 His life was gentle, and the elements
 So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
 And say to all the world—This was a man!

Laocoon.

A fine copy of the Laocoon; the writhings and distortions of the old man and the two youths are rendered with a verity that shocks humanity.

And

—And first around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their sharpen'd fangs their limbs and
bodies grind.

The wretched father running to their aid
With pious haste, but vain, they next invade:
Twice round his waist their winding volumes roll'd,
And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
The priest thus doubly choak'd, their crest divide,
And tow'ring o'er his head in triumph ride.
With both his hands he labours at the knots,
His holy fillets the blue venom blots;
His roaring fills the flitting air around.

See Dryden's Virgil.

But considered at some distance as a group,
the old man appears of a size gigantic,
when compared with the two young ones;
and you would be apt to think them of
a different species or race of men.

A fine antique wild boar, whose bristles
are wonderful; yet the chissel has been less
employed in sculpting this savage, than one
could easily believe without seeing it; I own
I felt something like fear when I approached
him.

I think

Tribune.

I think I have not omitted any sculptures in the gallery that we particularly liked; therefore I now proceed to the Tribune, which is a large octagon room, lighted from the top, and glazed with oriental crystal; the ceiling is in the form of a cupola, and is incrusted with mother of pearl; the walls are hung with crimson velvet, and the floor beautifully inlaid with various sorts of marble.

The six
Greek
statues.

On entering, the six famous Greek statues draw the attention; and it is not till after these have had a full examination, that one can attend to the pictures and other curiosities with which this room is filled. These statues are, the famous Venus of Medicis, the celestial Venus, Venus Victrix, the Fawn, the Wrestlers, and the Arootino.

The Ve-
nuses.

The fa-
mous Ve-
nus of
Medicis,

The Venus of Medicis exceeded in beauty and grace all the ideas we had formed of her; we cannot but regret that it is not yet decided who was the sculptor of this incomparable

parable statue. Her statue, as written on a paper by the *Abbé* who shews the collection, is as follows; *Altezza della famosa Venere, detto di Medici, secondo le misure di diversi Paesi:*

Braccia Fiorentina 2, *soldi* 11, *denari* 8.

Palmi Romani 6, *once* 8, *Minuti* 4.

Piedi Inglese 4, *pollici* 11, *linee* 5.

Piedi Parigini 4, *pollici* 6, *linee* 6.

The above measurement includes from the top of her hair to her heel; we measured her from the roots of her hair, or top of her forehead to her heel, and found her to be exactly four feet nine inches and three quarters, English measure. After having thus taken her height, we measured her separately, and I shall here give you some of her dimensions: from the heel to the extremity of her great toe, eight inches and a half and half quarter; just above her ankle-bone, five inches round; round her leg, immediately beneath her knee, eleven inches and an half; round her wrist, measuring on the top of the round bone, six inches; the thickest

thickest part of her arm below her elbow, ten inches; round her waste, two feet ten inches and an half; round her shoulders, passing the string under her arms across her breast, three feet; round her throat, at the thickest part, twelve inches and an half; her face, from her chin-bone (not including her double chin) to the root of her hair, five inches and an half; her mouth (for she smiles) is one inch and an half from the extremities; her arms and hands are modern, and her fingers appear to be too long: the rest is antique, and she is composed of forty-two pieces, which are so delicately united that it is scarce possible to discover the joinings; her face is the prettiest I ever saw, and she has a sweetness of countenance rarely seen in a living beauty: her hair is beautifully tied up in a knot on the back of the top of her head; she has a great quantity of it, and you may plainly perceive the seven points the French ladies are so ardent to possess: her flesh seems flexible,

flexible, and the softness and tenderness, yet justness of the muscles is truly admirable: she seems as if speaking, her lips being a little divided. I think she is placed on too high a pedestal, as it makes her appear shorter than she would otherwise do. This *chef d'œuvre*, or standard for female beauty, was found in the villa Adriana, amongst more than thirty-eight Greek statues of admirable workmanship: the inscription on the pedestal importing her to have been formed by Cleomenes an Athenian, son of Apollodorus, has been evidently inserted at the time her arms were supplied. Whether she was that Venus sculpted by Praxiteles, and which the inhabitants of Gnidos refused to Nicomedes King of Bythinia, although he offered to pay all their debts in exchange for this marble lady; or whether she was the workmanship of Phidias, and the same that in the time of Pliny was placed at Rome under the portico of Octavia; or whether she was the Venus of Alca-

menes, and placed near Athens, still remains matter for controversy to anxious antiquarians, who have never yet been able to agree upon this subject.

The celestial Venus.

The next Venus is called Urania, or the Celestial; she appears to have just quitted her bath; one hand presses the water out of her hair, while the other is employed in gathering up her drapery, with which she is half-covered. The character of this statue is, no doubt, charming; and she would appear to much greater advantage, had the Venus of Medicis still remained undiscovered in the villa of Adrian.

Venus Victrice.

Venus Victrice, who is in possession of the apple, is much larger than the others, and too haughty and magnificent to please me. I do not question her making a fine appearance in a garden, but here she seems to be misplaced.

The Fawn.

The Fawn is a statue of merit; he is about to strike the cymbals, or *crotali*, together; one of his feet is applied to ano-

ther musical instrument, shaped like a bellows; "Quips and cranks and wanton wiles" appear in the mirthful physiognomy of this creature. His whole figure seems in movement; yet the head and hands have been supplied by Michael Angelo.

The Wrestlers are a group I could never sufficiently admire; I walked round and round them until I was quite weary. Their attitudes are amazing, so regular an entanglement is marvellous; the countenance of the vanquished expresses the feelings of his soul; his humiliating situation, disappointment, rage, and shame sit on his brow: in the other's face, triumph, courage, a contempt of fatigue, with an expression that speaks to the mind of the spectator in a language that no words of mine can possibly convey to you.

The
Wrestlers.

The Arrotino, or as it is here called, the *Rotatore*, is evidently listening, and struck with horror and dismay at what he overhears; this slave's character is finely ex-

Arrotino.

pressed, and his face, though very ugly, seems as if worn by a cruel servitude into the hard lines that mark his features; his attitude is perfectly natural, and this statue well deserves the great character all *connoisseurs* have given it.

Lion and
horses,
group.

A small group of a lion devouring a horse, which is well known by the many prints, casts, and copies taken of it; but it has never been well copied, at least all those I have seen have fallen very far short of the original.

Table of
Florentine
work.

In the middle of the tribune stands a Table of the most beautiful Florentine work, as it is called here; the design is admirable; it is a representation of foliage, fruits, rows of pearl, &c. elegantly intermixed. The incrustations, or fineering, is for the most part formed of the lowest order of precious stones, such as agates, cornelians, jaspers, &c. the pearl is so well imitated, that at first sight it deceives the eye. The *Abbé* told us, that some few years ago the little daughter

daughter of Lord B—— cried to have one of these strings of pearl, mistaking them for necklaces thrown carelessly upon the table. The stone which imitates pearl so well is, I think, the species of onyx called chalcedony.

Amongst many other curiosities this room contains (for I am not as yet come to the pictures) is a Cabinet, in the form of a Tabernacle, which is filled with various curious morsels, more rare for their costly materials than workmanship; the nails, on which are suspended a great variety of these articles, are headed with rubies, emeralds, topazes, sapphires, amethysts, &c. This Cabinet is ornamented with fourteen pillars of lapis lazuli; their bases and capitals are of massive gold well wrought, and bas relievos on the pedestals, &c. highly executed.

Cabinet in
form of a
taber-
nacle.

Here are a great collection of antique gems in intaglio; a canopus of agate, an epimachus of chalcedony; a head of Tiberius of one single turquoise as large as a hen's

egg, a very great curiosity : here is also a pearl as large as a chesnut, but not round ; it is what the French call a *barroch*, and the Italians a *scaramouche* ; also several goblets and other vases of rock-cryſtal, lapis lazuli, &c. with a great number of articles in gold ſculpture, &c.

I now come to the pictures in this room, but do not imagine that I have mentioned a third part of the curioſities to be found here ; it is not poſſible I ſhould, my time will not countenance the attempt.

Pictures.
Mosaic in
gems.

Here is a Moſaic in different gems, which ſurpaſſes a picture ; it represents a variety of birds : the excellence of the workmanſhip renders this piece more valuable than do the precious materials of which it is compoſed.

Wander-
werf.

A picture by Wanderwerf ; the ſubject the Adoration of the Shepherds : it is well executed, the deſign is uncommonly correct for this maſter, but it is highly finiſhed, as are all his pictures, to a fault.

A Gherar-

A Gherar-dow; a candle-light piece of admirable touch and expreffion; the light rather too red. Gherar-dow.

Another of the fame mafter, representing an old woman with other figures; this is an excellent morfel. Another.

Two portraits by Holbeins; one of Luther; the drawing is correct but hard, and the colouring dry; the whole is flat and void of relief. Holbeins.

The three Graces in Grisaille, by Rubens; they are indeed full of grace and elegance. Rubens.

A large Virgin with the Infant Jesus; finely coloured, by Tiziano. Tiziano.

A picture by Mieris, representing a mountebank exhibiting to a crowded audience; it is finely done. Mieris.

A small picture by Rubens; the subject a Silenus drunk: it is not highly finished, but there is an ease in the drawing, and a glow in the colours, for which this mafter is often commended. Rubens.

Rem-
brandt.

A small picture of the Nativity, by Rembrandt. The representation is in a most ignoble style; St. Joseph is a common carpenter at work, behind is the Virgin in the character of a sort of parish girl, and St. Anne like the mistress of a work-house; yet this is a very good picture.

Andrea
del Sarto.

A portrait of Andrea del Sarto, by himself.

Giorgi-
one.

A head, by Giorgione; in a very good style.

Annibal
Carracci.

A small picture, but excellent, of the Virgin, by Annibal Carracci.

Michael
Angelo.

A Crucifixion, with a St. John and a Mary Magdalen; the figures are about a foot high; by Michael Angelo. It is in high conservation, and of a correct design and execution.

Carracci.

An excellent portrait, by Carracci, of his confessor.

Mieris.

A small picture, by Mieris, a candle-light piece; the effect is striking, the colouring ingenious.

A portrait

A portrait of Raffaello, by Leonardo da Vinci; delicately designed, and of a fine natural flesh-colour.

Leonardo
da Vinci.

A fine picture representing a Madona admiring the Infant Jesus, who is lying upon a cushion or some such thing. This painting is by Corregio; it is highly finished, and in surprising preservation; the Virgin's head is extremely graceful. Cochin thinks it too large for her body; he admires the right-hand, and criticises the left; he also thinks the child small out of proportion. In all his assertions with regard to this picture I am perfectly of his opinion; nevertheless, the drapery is easy and graceful, and it is a picture so deservedly admired by all *connoisseurs*, as to have been frequently engraved from.

Corregio.

An admirable portrait of a cardinal, by Tiziano.

Tiziano.

An old man's head, by Paul Veronese; a fine glow and freshness in the colouring.

Paul Ve-
ronese.

A most

Annibal
Carracci.

A most striking picture in the grand style, by Annibal Carracci; the personages that compose the group are larger than the life, but are only half-lengths; the subject a Satyr who offers a basket of flowers and fruits to a nymph, whose back is turned to the spectators. There is a verity in the drawing, in the anatomy, and in the colouring, worthy of the greatest admiration. The muscles of the nymph's back are rendered with a delicacy never to be seen but in the most beautiful nature; her head is graceful, the hair is fantastically dressed, yet the invention has an elegant effect; her hand is fine, and very expressive. The character of the satyr agrees to the most frenetick poet's idea; and one of the Cupids in particular is finely done. In this picture the tone of colouring, or prevailing tint, is a kind of tanned vermillion.

Raffaello,

Three pictures by Raffaello, in his first, second, and third manner; the two first represent

present a Virgin, the Infant Jesus, and a little St. John ; there is great delicacy and grace in the heads, but the manner is rather dry and clear: the third appears to be exactly parallel with that famous St. John that graces the collection of the Duke of Orleans in the *Palais Royal*, and that I well remember you so much admired. There exist three of these duplicates (if I may be allowed the expression) one I already mentioned to you at Bologna, and it is impossible to say which is the best, without seeing them all together; yet if I might venture to decide from my memory, (and M—— is of the same opinion) I should give the preference to that at Bologna in the *Palazzo Publico*.

A beautiful Virgin by Tiziano.

Tiziano.

Another by Andrea del Sarto; great softness, yet, as in all the pictures I have ever seen by this painter, the eyes seem as if the pencil he had used to them had been dipped in pounded charcoal; and in tinting his flesh

Andrea
del Sarto.

flesh there is too much of a tan-colour or a light bay.

M. Angelo.

A picture in a circular form, by Michael Angelo; St. Joseph is placing the Infant Jesus on the Virgin's shoulder; in the back ground are several figures. This picture is one of those that are never shewn unless particularly asked for. The drapery is fine; if there is any fault, it is in the manner, which is rather dry: the drawing is sufficiently correct.

Guido.

A Virgin by Guido, in his last manner; beautifully graceful, designed with great delicacy, of a clear colour, the shades tenderly rendered, which are in general grey.

Same.

A Cleopatra by the same; the shadows black, the drapery correct.

Tintoret.

A monkey combing a child, by Tintoret. This picture is by the Italians said to be in his terrible manner. It is painted with a boldness and freedom of touch common to all the works of this master.

A picture

A picture by Jacopo Bassano, representing himself and family performing a concert; he holds a musick-book, one of the daughters plays upon an instrument something like an harpsichord (I suppose it is an old-fashioned instrument called virginals); the rest of the personages are also melodiously occupied: the colouring is strong and mellow, but there is a great want of grace, which may be accounted for from its being a family-piece.

Jacopo
Bassano.

A picture by Pietro di Cortona; the subject is taken from the Book of Genesis: Hagar received again into Abraham's family; his character is that of a venerable old gentleman. The draping is good; he has an hospitable countenance. Hagar seems well pleased at the event; the angel has grace and dignity; the colours are finely meliorated, but the painting upon the whole has too yellow a cast.

Pietro di
Cortona.

A *Notta di Natale*; the *clair obscur* finely contrasted; the finishing admirable. This picture,

picture, whether considered all together or in detail, is equally pleasing. The Virgin's hat, which lies on the ground, is so well done, and the brightness of the straw (of which it is made) joined to the weaving it together, is so correctly imitated, that it is almost a deception. Need I say that this exquisitely finished picture is by Wanderwerf, that prince of Flemish painters, unless this dignity may be disputed by the great Gerar-Dow, his rival, who has exerted himself in the representation of an Old Woman, of whom a girl is purchasing fruit: the avaricious caution of the old woman, who doubts the goodness of the money, is incomparably well expressed; the girl's character is as natural and as well done. This picture is highly finished.—I now come to two most famous and most remarkable pictures, and which are the last I shall mention of those that adorn the Tribune. The Wife of Titian, by himself, large as the life. This woman appears very handsome; and

Wander-
werf.

Gerar-
Dow.

Titian.

one

one cannot avoid observing on her beauty and the glowing warmth of the colours, when, lo! a curtain rises and discovers another beauty, placed below the first, who is in truth transcendently handsome. All mankind are wrapt in silent admiration at the beauty of this lady, called Titian's Mistress, but is more probably the portrait of a mistress of one of the Medici family. She is reclined upon a sofa, supported by pillows, covered with white linen: in one hand she grasps a mat of flowers, and has no other ornament than a ring on her fourth finger and a bracelet on her arm. She is in that style of beauty the French call a *claire brun*, and appears languid, as if exhausted by the heat of the weather: the colouring is as near that of the most beautiful nature as can be imagined. The declinations of the shading, the passing from the shadows to the demi-tints, which are united in a manner imperceptible with the *chiaro*, can never be sufficiently

ficiently admired. A little dog sleeps at her feet; and in the back ground are two figures who appear to be waiting-women: one is on her knees, searching for something in a large *coffre*; the other appears to be indefatigable in the pursuit of a flea on her own arm. These figures are too small in proportion to their distance from the foreground; and, upon a strict scrutiny, it must appear that Titian has neglected the rules of perspective in the back-ground of this picture.

Wander-
werf.

I forgot to mention a very fine picture of Wanderwerf; the subject, the Adoration of the Magi.

Gabinetto
of An-
tiques.

I now take leave of the Tribune, and come to the *Gabinetto* of Antiques. I find that I cannot, without perplexing you and myself, conform precisely to the rule I prescribed myself, for I think it may occasion confusion if I take notice of some of the antique gems, bustos, &c. in the remaining apartments, and return back again to those

rooms

rooms to mention the pictures, so I shall particularize them now as they happen to occur in their different positions.

Amongst the antiques with which this *gabinetto* abounds, those that appear to us the most valuable and curious are the following :

A goddess Cibylle, in bronze; the attitude, drapery, and expression admirable. Antiques.
Goddess
Cibylle.

A Juno Sospita, very antique and curious. Juno
Sospita.
A Roman Eagle in bronze, large as a sparrow-hawk, appears to have been used as a standard; it is numbered thus: XXIIIIO, which figures must have alluded to the legion or division it belonged to. An open hand; another Roman standard, called *manipulus*, being the ensign of a company, as M—— informs me. A Roman
Eagle.

Several Etruscan implements of sacrifice, used for the pouring out of libations, with figures and characters engraved upon them. Etruscan.

A Mural Crown in bronze, so small that it would scarcely fit upon my head. Mural
crown.

Tiberius
Emp.

The Emperor Tiberius, large as life, of bronze, and much esteemed.

Tickets.

Tickets of bronze, with inscriptions and numbers, for the most part not legible, but supposed to have been for the admission of spectators into the theatres and other public spectacles.

A Collar to wear about the neck, probably as a mark of ignominy, or disgrace for soldiers, &c. ; the inscription is very legible, and runs thus :

Minervinus Λ *fug* Λ *Mil* Λ *Tes* Λ *Cok* Λ XII
Urb Λ

Weights.

A great variety of antique weights, representing busts of warriors, with crested helmets, which have perforations in them to hook them upon steelyards.

Sybil.

A Sybil in bronze, with a most magical face ; she is only half length, but is a fine antique.

Casque.

A Votive Casque, as green and smooth as the darkest green jasper. This kind of varnish can be acquired by no other means
than

than that of remaining very long in the ground. The abbé asserted that no chemical preparation can procure this effect; nor is it by any means universal amongst the antique bronzes, it depending upon a quality peculiar to the kind of earth with which they have been covered; the bronze must be of the very best and hardest kind to gain this appearance.

Two beautiful heads of Antoninus.

Antoninus, two heads of. Column.

A beautiful twisted Column of oriental alabaster; it is considerably above seven feet high, and in one entire piece, the base and capital of African marble. Four antique bustos, representing Tiberius, Antinoüs, Faustina, and Homer: they are of bronze of Greek sculpture, and were found in the sea near Leghorn by some sailors, endeavouring to fish up certain bales of goods, part of the lading of a sloop wrecked upon that coast.

Four antique bustos, Tiberius, Antinoüs, Faustina, Homer.

Vesta, a fine antique.

Vesta.

Two
Minervas.

Two Minervas: Minerva Salutare and Minerva Ergane, with their insignia.

A Vestal,
&c.

A Vestal bearing the vase acerra, used to conserve the incense for sacrifice.

House-
hold Di-
vinities.

Several Household Divinities. A great variety of Jupiters and Venuses, amongst which, one who is adorning herself with her cestus, is worthy the attention of the visitor. A beautiful head of Juno. A small head of Vespasian.

Head of
Juno,
of Vespasian.

Tiberius
and his
Wife and
Daughter,
cameos.
Etruscan
figure.

A Tiberius, his Wife and Daughter; both cameos, large and fine.

Amazon.

An Etruscan athletic figure with horns on his head. A figure of a woman, supposed to be an Amazon; she is wounded under the left breast, extends her right arm towards heaven, and seems to suffer great agony of body and mind from her wound and from her defeat.

Victory.

Two figures representing Victory and Reputation, the first draped, the last naked.

Skeleton,
bronze.

A little Skeleton in bronze: as there is no doubt of its originality, it is highly esteemed,

esteemed, being a self-evident demonstration of the knowledge of the ancients in anatomy. A very rare and curious figure, conjectured by some to represent one of the Lamias of Africa; her hair is dishevelled, her body naked to the waste; her aspect breathes ferocity, though her features are fine; the left arm wanting. Here are a prodigious number of Egyptian Divinities in bronze, Serapis, Isis, Osiris, Anubis, Canopus, &c. and many of Greece and Rome, also talismans, lamps, tripods, several pateras, on one of which is engraved the Rape of Proserpine, instruments of sacrifice, and upon the whole, such a collection of idols, as I should imagine are no where else to be found in the space of one single room. One of the tripods is so constructed as to fold up, and therefore convenient for moving from place to place; the other, which is differently shaped, is supported by feet in the form of serpents, terminated by women's heads veiled.

Lamia.

Egyptian
Idols.Grecian
and
Roman.

Christian
antiqui-
ties.

There are here two Christian antiquities ; one represents Moses striking the rock, the other St. Peter and St. Paul in a bark ; the former is at the helm as pilot, the latter is preaching. These antiques are rudely executed ; but there have been drawings and engravings made from them formerly by order of cardinals and popes. Another beautiful Table of Florentine work, as well executed as that in the Tribune.

Table.

There are several pictures in this room ; those most to our taste are the following :

Picture by
Pietro da
Cortona.

One by Pietro da Cortona, representing the angel sitting on the sepulchre of our Lord, and speaking to the three Marys ; it is in a clear manner, and has the appearance of not being finished.

G. Gio-
vani.

Venus combing Love ; the colouring is fresh, but the demi-tints fail, so that the degradation of the lights to the dark shadows are too sudden ; this is by Gio. Giovanni.

A large

A large picture by Sutermañ; it represents the Florentines performing an act of submission to a prince of the house of Medici: he is seated between his mother and grandmother: the composition is noble and the colouring vigorous. All the draperies are black; the heads being portraits, make this an interesting picture. Two pictures by Bassano; one represents the Deluge, the other Dives and Lazarus.

Sutermañ.

Bassano.

A fine landscape, by Salvator Rosa.

Salvator
Rosa.

Paul Veronese's family, painted by himself: this has been a fine picture, but is now much injured.

Paul
Veronese.

A fine picture by Guido, the subject taken from the story of Armida, in Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered. Before I quit this room, I must mention an Amber Lustre with figures, flowers, &c. in bas relief, of grey amber, inserted as ornaments to the lustre.

Guido.

Amber
Lustre.

The Cabinet of Arts is a room containing a great number of presses with glass doors, containing very curious performances in

Cabinet
of Arts.

Ivory. 2 ivory, &c. One press is filled entirely with
 Amber. vases, small statues, and crucifixes in Amber.
 Amongst the turned and carved ivory, those
 like staircases, in spiral and perpendicular
 lines, are wonderfully curious; for they are
 no more than from eight to twelve inches
 high, the latter in particular being almost
 as fine as a hair; they spring from a pe-
 destal, and sustain themselves upright, tho'
 terminated at top with mouldings, balls, &c.

Two vases, containing upwards of a quart
 each, so thin, as to be transparent like a
 dusty wine-glass.

A compass, turned by the Czar Peter the
 Great; his first essay in the art of turning,
 and presented by him to one of the grand
 dukes.

A Curtius leaping into the gulph, well
 carved.

Here is an ingenious representation in
 Wax. wax of the five stages of the plague; it is
 terrifying to contemplate; suffice it to say,
 that it is esteemed perfectly well done; and

was

was executed by one Gaetano Zummo, of Catane in Sicily; also another piece of wax-work representing a dead head, attended with circumstances and a variety that inspire horror.

Several fine tables in precious stones; one represents the port of Leghorn with a view of the island of Corsica in agate. Other tables in petrified woods. One a German landscape, the bodies of the trees remarkably well done. Here are two great chairs, part of the old furniture of Cosmo I. and carefully preserved on account of their being exceeding fine old japan upon leather; although their seats and backs are soft and flexible, yet the varnish is not in the least cracked: the ground of one is scarlet, with figures in gold and silver; the other black.

Work in precious stones.

Petrified woods.

A curious organ, ornamented with amber, and several paintings; by Brughel.

Organ.

Brughel.

A picture representing a trophy, but when reflected in a cylinder, becomes a portrait

portrait of one of the princes of the house of Medicis ; by P. Niceron.

P Niceron.

Amongst the pictures is a most beautiful Pietre Nef, representing the inside of a church illuminated ; the effect of the lights and shadows, and the truth of the perspective, cannot be sufficiently admired.

Pietre Nef.

A fine picture by Nefcher (Cochin says by Kneller, which is a mistake) ; the subject, a woman presenting an offering to Venus ; the head, hands, the sattin, and other stuffs are admirable.

Nefcher.

A fine picture by Rubens, representing Venus and Adonis ; a Cupid endeavours to hold Adonis by the thigh ; the graces discover Venus : Envy and some other fury is dragging away Adonis by his drapery ; several Cupids are coupling the sporting dogs, and very busy to secure them. Venus is delicately handsome.

Rubens.

A picture by the same ; Hercules between Vice and Virtue ; it is fine, yet both Vice and Virtue have rather too much of the Flemish coarseness.

Same.

A Sybil in mosaic, after a picture by Guido. Two other saints in the same workmanship, which far exceeds any painting.

Two pictures of great merit of Isaiah and Job; by the brothers Bartelemi, of the port. A head of John Baptist; by Leonardo da Vinci. A Presentation; by Old Palma. Tobias, by Old Palma, &c. &c.

A Drunken Woman, a very good picture, by Terbourg.

A Woman playing on a Lute, by Bega.

Another, tuning her Lute, by Gherar Dow.

A picture pretended to be by Teniers, but unworthy of him.

A picture by Berghem.

Two figures painted on touch-stone, by Bamboche.

The Devil confined in a Bottle, a very good picture, by Mieris.

A fine portrait, by Vandyke, of a very large man in black, half length.

The Graces, by Rubens.

In

Cabinet,
very fine.

In the middle of this room is placed a Cabinet formed of ebony and a red wood, which is very hard and highly polished; the workmanship is extremely neat: this cabinet is divided into threescore and ten pannels, formed of lapis lazuli, verd antique, jasper, and other precious stones: on which are painted in oil, and in the most diminutive miniature size, most of the principal events recorded in the Bible; by Brughel de Velours and his scholars.

Brughel
de Ve-
lours.

The Supper of Nebuchadnezzar pleased me much: there is an incredible number of figures, all amazingly well done, considering how little place they occupy. In the infide is a representation of Mount Calvary, the apostles, and many other persons, all well done in amber. On the top a clock and an organ, but both out of order at present: their movements are not connected with each other, as Lalande asserts.

Table and
Bark of
alabaster.

There is also in this room two tables of oriental alabaster, on one of which is placed

an

an antique vase of the same materials in the form of a little bark.

The Chamber of Astronomy and Physics contains many mathematical instruments. Two globes which measure more than six feet in diameter.

Chamber
of astro-
nomy and
physics.

A very large magnet, and other moveables proper for this room. The ceiling is painted by Zucchari.

Ceiling.
Zucchari.

In the Saloon of the Hermaphrodite (so called from a statue which is draped with a lion's skin. As there is another at Rome which rivals this, I shall say no more of it at present, than that either I am no judge of its beauties, if it has any, or rather, that I think it has no beauty at all). Amongst other antique statues, is a groupe of Drusilla and Caligula; they are well sculptured and very expressive.

Saloon
Hermaphrodite.

Antique
groupe.

A Satyr, very good.

A Satyr.

A Terme, or antique Hermes: the head *coiffed* like the statues of Mercury, but the beard

Hermes.

Fine
drawings.

beard that of a satyr. He holds a goat under his left arm, under his right a vase for water: the drapery on the shoulders is in the rustic taste. Here are a great collection of fine drawings by the most celebrated masters. This series commences with the designs of Michael Angelo and Raffaello, some of whose drawings and sketches are so admirable, as to be deemed inestimable.

A large drawing of Michael Angelo, greatly esteemed; it is a representation of the Last Judgment. There is a ridiculous story related of this painter and the organist of a chapel by whose order this drawing had been made, who afterwards disputing the price, Michael Angelo threw in his own portrait, and placed him among the damned. The figures in this drawing are about eight inches high, the contours fine, and the composition ingenious.

A drawing by Andrea Martinia of Judith and Holoernes, &c. A sketch, representing

ing the rape of the centaurs, by Giordano; it is washed in bistra, and finely done.

One of the Virgin, the Infant Jesus, and St. John; by Andrea del Sarto: besides a vast number of curious drawings, which I had not time to examine.

There is a singular curiosity here, which is called the Portable Gallery; it is a kind of cabinet, and contains between three and four hundred small portraits in miniature. That which represents the great Cosmo, surnamed the Father of his People, is remarkably well done. It was the Cardinal Leopold of Medicis who collected these portraits in the last century, and caused this cabinet to follow his motions, whenever he had occasion to change place, and especially to the conclaves.

Portable
Gallery.

The Cabinet of Medals, or medal-room, is furnished with the most rare and valuable collection of medals (as asserted) in all Europe; amongst these are two Othos of bronze. This cabinet is said to contain thirteen

Cabinet
of Medals.

thirteen hundred antique gems, amongst which are some of very fine workmanship, and many others very indifferent; amongst those that are most esteemed is a head of Vespasian: there is another, shewn principally on account of its variety, it represents Tiberius and his wife. Here is a fine assemblage of Natural History in all its branches, plants not excepted.

Natural
History.

Pictures.

There are some good pictures in this room. I shall mention but a few (my letter being already almost a quire). A grand sketch, by Pietro da Cortona; the subject, the *Donne Sante* going to the Sepulchre. It is much to be regretted that this great painter left it unfinished. A fine picture upon the subject of *Render unto Cæsar, &c.* by Capucino of Genoa.

Carlo
Dolci.

A Magdalen, by Carlo Dolci, half length, highly finished, and in the softest and sweetest style of colouring imaginable. A picture, representing our Saviour about nine years old, with several angels, who bear the instruments

struments of the passion: this picture is by Albani. The Jesus is a most amiable and beautiful child, full of grace and dignity.

An Adoration of the Shepherds, by Leonardo da Vinci. Though this picture has suffered, its remains are still estimable.

Four pictures by Paul Veronese; the Temptation, and three whose subjects are Adam and Eve in Paradise, and their expulsion thence. In one of the former is a blasphemous representation of God the Father in the garden of Eden dressed in a green coat.

One of the most curious collections which belongs to the gallery, is a room filled with the portraits of the most eminent painters, by themselves, to the amount of more than two hundred. The most esteemed amongst them are those of Vandyke, Rubens, Rembrandt, Guido, Annibal Carracci, Julio Romano; the great Raffaello, Luc Giordano, Wanderwerf, Mieris, and some others, which are not very valuable.

Raffaello's portrait has the countenance of a mere simpleton ; his arched eyebrows, his fresh complexion, joined with a foolish look about the mouth, is convincing that the face is not always the true index of the mind.

Vanderwerf is finely done, most highly finished ; he holds in his hand the picture of a woman and two children ; the woman is supposed to represent the science of painting.

Portrait of Uump, 1646 ; the design very ingenious ; as there are three representations of him, he is seen in the act of painting his own picture ; his face is reflected in a looking-glass, from which he has transmitted it upon the canvas supported by the ezel. Guido's portrait is well done, and in his best style, which is more than can be said of the Carracci's, Dominichino, and all those of the Bologna school, which want expression, colouring, and keeping. Rembrandt, though reckoned good, is not equal to his Turkish Rabbi, (whom he resembles) in the Palazzo Durazzo at Genoa.

The

The Saloon of Arms contains a great variety of different kinds of armour, amongst which are several sacks filled with iron shirts; and, considering the materials, they are wonderfully flexible. They appear to have been knit with strong iron wire, though this cannot have been the method of manufacturing them; as in that case the wire must have been in an ardent state, to admit of its being so worked; and if so, where shall we suppose the knitters could be procured? I never heard nor read of any person capable of such a handicraft, unless you choose to except *Talus*, Spenser's Iron Man. In short, let your own imagination work out, if you will, how such shirts were made; suffice it for the present, that they appear evidently to have been worn.

Saloon of
Arms.

A shield of iron, on which is a bas relief, tolerably well executed; it represents Cæsar, to whom is presented the head of Ptolemy:

Bas relief.

Cæsar turns away his face with great expression of horror.

Armour
of a Sul-
taneis.

The complete armour of a Sultaneis; her vizor is composed entirely of turquoises, forming a Mosaic; several pair of slippers made like those of the Chinese; they are leather and embroidered: her breast-plate, shield, &c. are richly ornamented with chrysolites, as large as beans, of an apple-green; a saddle, massive gold enriched with various precious stones, but clumsily set.

Bow-
string.

Here is also a Turkish Bow-string, the sort so frequently used for strangling; it is rather thicker than a stag-lace, made of crimson silk, and each end is ornamented with a large tassel of pearl.

Saloon.

In another saloon are the magnificent ornaments destined for the chapel of St. Laurence; the altar is formed of a beautiful block of jasper; the tabernacle represents the model of a church, and is incruited

incrusted with precious stones. As to the rest, church-ornaments and priests vestments are no very agreeable objects of contemplation, so I shall trouble you no farther with the contents of this room.

There are several other rooms belonging to this gallery, which are rarely shewn to strangers: many of the articles contained in them are in disorder; but there are amongst them a vast collection of fine antiques.

Here are a variety of summer and winter rings worn by the ancient Romans; that they changed their rings with the change of the seasons is evident.

Summer
and winter
rings.

Charg'd with light summer-rings his fingers sweat,
Unable to support a gem of weight.

Dryd. Juv. Sat. I.

Several of these rings are entire, with the stones still in their setting: of these the greater part are *intalios*, others *cameos*; many of the former I take to have been

L 3

talismans,

talismans, amongst the latter, griffins and eagles are common. There are several which open, and the cavity under the gem is sufficiently large to receive as much matter as might be contained in the bowl of a teaspoon; probably these cavities were designed to hold poison. Some of the hoops of these rings are so large as to admit with ease four of my fingers. I shall say nothing of the Etruscan vases and sepulchral lamps, of which there are a great abundance, having mentioned such before; nor of the Egyptian idols, except that their number and variety is amazing. Here is a very curious silver Vase covered over with a plate of gold, pierced through, and describing various figures of men, beasts, &c. in the bottom is an Inscription in the Etruscan language, which has not yet been deciphered. This vase is about eight inches high, and might, I judge, contain about two quarts. The *Abbé* told us we should

Vase.

Etruscan
Inscription.

see

see such in the cabinet of Portici, and of much more curious workmanship.

An antique head of one entire gem, called Egiade : this precious stone is of a dusky pea-green, not quite opaque, nor yet transparent; one of the eyes is formed by a cat's eye, as it is commonly called, or belus, which is a kind of agate, or onyx, and resembles strongly the pupil of an eye; it is transparent, and like a hazel eye. The ancients frequently inserted gems, to supply the eyes, in their statues and bustos; and although there are but few now to be seen, yet the sockets which remain evidently prove the reality of the practice.

Egiade,
Antique
Head.

Here are various keys of whimsical shapes in bronze; also a variety of surgical instruments, bodkins, and other appendages of the toilette, of bronze, bone, and ivory; the antique *stylus* for writing on tablets of wax; vases for wine of Terra-cotta, called Diata; they finish in a point, in order to be stuck upright in the earth,

to keep the wine cool. There are some elegant figures on these vases, one of which I copied on the spot, and shall send you inclosed in this letter.

Bronze
Helmet.

A Bronze Helmet, which they pretend to have been worn by Hannibal, from being found near the lake of Thrasimene, as they assert, and having some African characters inscribed on it; but M—— objected to the origin of this antiquity, alleging that it was not probable that great general should have lost his helmet either at Trebia, Thrasimene, or Cannæ: had it been found upon the field of Zama, the conjecture might have bore stronger marks of probability.

Venus.

Here is a small marble Venus, about the size of a girl of thirteen years old; she is supposed to be just born from the sea; her attitude is what is called that of a Crouching Venus. She is pressing the water from her hair, which is in beautiful disorder; the drops trickle down her breast; her features

tures are charming, her countenance expresses a most innocent gaiety; the anatomy of the back is surprisingly fine.

A Greek statue of Minerva, of bronze; it appears to have suffered by the fire at Rome; one arm has been supplied by plaister, and is very ill done; the other appears through the drapery, and is admirably proportioned. The drapery seems transparent; so as to shew the limbs and muscles of the body through it: the foot and toes are plainly to be seen, though completely covered; the gems that filled the sockets of the eyes have, probably, been stolen.

Greek
Minerva.

Three Roman Inscriptions upon bronze, and perfectly legible, are highly esteemed by the curious; the first is a declaration of the people of Fiorentino, (a village which to this day preserves nearly its antique name) that they chose for their protector and patron, one named Bassus, &c. The other two are forms for the discharge of

Roman in-
scriptions,
bronze.

soldiers who had served twenty campaigns, which were to be precedents for all such discharges; one in the reign of Domitian, the other of Nerva. You may guess to whom I am indebted for the subjects of these inscriptions, as well as of many others of my classical quotations and observations.

Statue of
Victory.

A small Greek statue of Victory; it is of very fine sculpture, though only seven inches high.

Antique
Urns.

At Volterne, about sixty miles from Florence, were found, on digging in the grounds of Cavaliere Galowzi, twenty-four antique oblong urns, about six inches broad, two feet long, and eighteen inches high each; they have bas relievos in front, some of them tolerably well executed. It is now forty years since they were discovered, and were bought last year by the Grand Duke for about two hundred and twenty-five sequins, and are now placed in his gallery between the statues.

The

The *Abbé* B——, late guardian of the precious deposits in the gallery, stole and disposed of antique idols, gems, &c. and twenty-four pounds weight of pure gold, the ornaments of columns, &c. of near the value of five thousand pounds, to Jew brokers. He was taken, tried, and condemned to be hanged and embowelled, yet after eight months imprisonment, humanely pardoned, but banished the Grand Duke's territories, and is now said to serve as a private foldier in the Neapolitan troops.

A theft
and pu-
nishment.

Before I end this letter, I must add two or three observations in regard to some assertions of Mr. Addison. He says, vol. iii. p. 207, "The brazen figure of the Consul with the ring on his finger." This statue is of an Etruscan priest in his proper habit, in bronze, and is a very great curiosity. Mr. Addison, in his Remarks on the Morpheus, appears to have fallen into a very great mistake: I suspect that perhaps his

time,

Mistakes
of Mr.
Addison.

time, his state of health, or opinion of others, had led him to trust too frequently to report, not only in this, but in other instances. As to the Morpheus, I think it a heavy, disproportioned lump, more characteristic of dulness and stupidity than of sleep. The thighs and legs are much too large for the body, and seem as if they had been made separately, and afterward stuck on to the hips. He does not seem to repose, but to have been choaked by a repletion; nor is there the least resemblance between this statue and that of any Cupid I have ever seen, either in drawing, painting, or sculpture, though Mr. Addison says, "I at first took it for a Cupid, till I had taken notice that it had neither a bow nor a quiver." He then quotes a Doctor Lister, who in certain reflections the good Doctor had made, it seems calls it "the sleeping Cupid with poppies in his hands." Mr. Addison asserts also, in a decisive manner, that the statue
of

of the hermaphrodite is a copy; his words are, “ A beautiful old figure, made after the celebrated hermaphrodite in the villa Borghefe.” It is well known by all the *connoisseurs* that this statue is antique, and whatever may be said of it, the accusation of old age is certainly misapplied.

At last I think I may take leave of this vast collection; and trust that the subjects this letter treats of, beguiled the time you bestowed upon its perusal; if it has procured you amusement, my end in writing is fully answered. I am, as ever, yours, &c.

LETTER XXX.

Florence, Jan. 1st, 1771.

IF I was writing to a Frenchwoman I should take care to avoid wishing her a happy new year; as in that polite nation such a wish is supposed to imply a possibility of the year proving unhappy, and they even

even esteem this compliment as a kind of *memento mori* when one adds, and many of them: but to you I repeat in the old English fashion, our sincere wish, that this year may prove a most happy one to you, and may a long succession of annual fairs gild all your prospects, your happiness still, if possible, increasing, and augmenting with them.

We shall quit Florence in a day or two; therefore this is the last letter you will have during our residence here. We were yesterday to see the Palazzo Pitti, which has a communication with the gallery and the old palace: the corridor that joins them was contrived by Cosmo the First, in order to procure a free egress and regress from one to the other, with ease and privacy.

Palazzo
Pitti.

The Palazzo Pitti is so called from a Florentine gentleman who built it for himself in the year 1460, but being afterwards reduced in his circumstances, Cosmo the First purchased

purchased it, and resided there with Leonarda of Toledo his wife; since which time it has been always inhabited by his successors. The architecture I think heavy; you may form a pretty competent idea of it from that of the Luxembourg at Paris; the plan of that palace being taken from this. Wings are added to it by Cosmo. The apartments are grand, and finely decorated; the mouldings gilt, also magnificent tables incrusted in Florentine work; but the pictures are what I mean particularly to notice, for there are but few statues.

In the apartment below, or the *rez de chaussée*, a room, to the right, has its ceiling painted by Pietro da Cortona; the subject represents a young man who quits the arms of *La Volupté* at the remonstrances of Virtue; he is represented by Hercules: the symbols of pleasure surround the young man. Round this middle piece are eight paintings, fan-fashion; one represents Seleucus,

Apartment below.

Pietro da Cortona.

leucus, who resigns his wife to Antiochus. Another, the continence of Scipio. A third, Potiphar's wife, &c. and these different pieces are admirably well composed; the architectural ornaments, which serve as frames to them, in an excellent taste. The ceilings of the first five rooms, namely the ornaments, are all decorated by the same master, with a surprizing variety and ingenuity in the choice and invention.

2d Room. The ceiling of the second room is by
Ciro Ferri. Ferri, from the designs of Pietro da Cortona; the subject a young man in the clouds, between Apollo and Poetry.

The Attic of the same. Four paintings adorn the Attic of this saloon; the subjects allegorical, and respect the arts.

3d Room. The ceiling of the third room is by
Pietro da Cortona. Pietro da Cortona; the painting has a fine effect; it shews the arms of the Medici triumphant, and surrounded by guardian genii: the border of the ceiling represents a naval combat. These paintings

ings are of a clear, distinct, and vigorous colouring.

In the fourth chamber is another ceiling, 4th Room.
which (probably by its tone of colouring) is the execution of *Ciro Ferri*; it represents the apotheosis of a hero, to whom *Hercules* has lent his mace: *Jupiter* is crowning him.

In the fifth room is another ceiling 5th Room.
painted by *Pietro da Cortona*: this is inferior to the others; the subject, *Hercules* on the pile. In one of these rooms is the following remarkable picture by *Rubens*; Pietro da Cortona.
Mars is represented as dragged from the arms of *Venus* by the Fury, or *Dæmon* of war; *Venus* in vain endeavours to detain him, the *Cupids* weep, the *Dæmon* treads under foot a robust man, supposed to represent *Agriculture*; women and children are put to flight by Fear; the temple of *Janus* is fallen to the ground: on the foreground is a woman crowned with the mural crown, and who, by her cries and lamen-

tations, endeavours to prevail with the Dæmon to desist. This is a fine picture.

Anti-chamber.

In the anti-chamber to this apartment is the portrait of a famous dwarf; it is well executed as a picture, by Nicolo Cassano.

Nicolo Cassano.

In the great saloon, called the Imperial, are eight paintings in fresco on part of the wall, which so well imitate bas reliefs in marble, as to be almost a deception. In other parts of the same saloon are painted in (I think) ten great compartments, the representation of these subjects: The Ruin of the Arts in Italy, expressed emblematically by Harpies, Satyrs, Time, and Mahomet, who are occupied in destroying the productions of the most celebrated Artists. The subject of another compartment is the Destruction of Parnassus; here Sappho appears lashed by a Fury, Pegasus torn to pieces by Vice, the most famous poets oppressed and ill-treated by Satyrs and Harpies; the former are endeavouring to seek refuge in the House of Laurento

Laurento the Magnificent, into which Homer is the first who gains a safe retreat.

In another compartment appears Virtue, taking refuge at Florence by the orders of Pallas, who shews herself from the skies: Virtue is received by Tuscany, assisted by Generosity; one offers her hand to conduct her and the other poets to the house of Laurento of Medici, to the end she may shew the way to many philosophers who form her train; amongst whom appears Empidocles mourning for his lost works: these three are by Gio. da San Giovanni.

Gio. da
San Gio-
vani.

In another division Apollo appears to invite the Muses to the friendly protection of Laurento, who is surrounded by those learned men his cotemporaries or his favourites: their reception is announced to the world by Fame. This is by Cecco Bravo.

Cecco
Bravo.

In the other compartments are the following subjects; Laurento, by the wisdom of his government has caused the gates of the Temple of Janus to be closed: Bel-

lona consoles herself upon the occasion, Mars is taking his leave, and Peace is descending from heaven to crown Italy with a wreath of olive: this is by the same master. Religion accompanied by an Angel (who holds the Scriptures) shews to Laurento the heavens, from whence proceed rays of light to conduct him in all his enterprises. In the air appear the rewards promised to his posterity by a *tiara* and two crowns borne by angels; by Octavio Vannini.

Octavio
Vannini.

Laurento having founded in his garden of St. Mark a school for painting, sculpture, and architecture; his scholars present him with their essays: Michael Angelo is distinguished from the others by the busto of a fawn; his production is executed in marble without the help of a master.

In another pannel, to shew the rewards due to Merit, Liberality appears sitting at the foot of a laurel; at her side is Prudence and two children; one of which
leans

leans on a book, the other strikes the ground with a lance. These two last are by the same master.

A Platonic Academy is represented as established by Laurento in his country-house at Corregio. The statue of Plato is placed on a pedestal, on which is wrote *Platonem laudaturus et fide et mirare*; and lower down, *sal in mente, mel in ore*: Eloquence and Musick are on each side. In a corner is Geometry; near her Philosophy, who has overthrown Error. This is by Francesco Turino.

Francesco
Turino.

Another compartment represents the death of Laurento. The three Fates are introduced in this picture: Atropos has scarcely divided Laurento's thread of life, when Mars appears already descended upon the earth, from whence Aftrea, Peace, and Fame are retiring: the Arts are endeavouring to make their escape on all sides, and in their confusion let fall various complimentary medals struck in honour of this great Prince.

Bath of
verd an-
tique,

The two rooms *en suite* from this apartment contain no paintings worthy observation. Beyond these you enter a saloon, in which is a fine bath of *verd antique*.

Solimene.

In the apartment named after the Electress Anne Palatine, is a picture by Solimene; the subject St. Anne teaching the Virgin to read; there is a noble simplicity in the character of the Virgin; but this piece upon the whole is not correct: it is framed in silver very well wrought, to imitate a garland of flowers. A Virgin and Infant, by Carlo Dolci, of fine colouring.

Carlo
Dolci,

The stair-case, though the architecture is noble, appears to be on too small a scale for so large an edifice as this palace. The apartments on the first floor are magnificent, but not so large as to appear waste and dreary: they are distinguished by different appellations taken from the subjects of the paintings on the ceilings; the Saloon

of Venus, of Apollo, of Mars, of Jupiter, of Hercules, &c. Pietro da Cortona and Ciro Ferri have exerted their genius in representing on these ceilings several allegorical subjects drawn from ancient history, and from the heathen mythology, applicable to the political history of the Dukes of Florence, and which would take me a volume to explain. I only wish you then to believe that they have great merit as paintings; that they are *symbolical, mysterious*, that I got a pain in my neck from looking up at them, and was tired to death at hearing them explained. I think you have had enough of ceilings in my description of those below stairs.

Pietro da
Cortona,
Ciro Ferri.

The pictures the most to our taste that adorn these saloons, are a St. Anthony at handy-cuffs with the Devil, by Salvator Rosa: a spirited piece. A fine portrait of a Pope, by Tiziano. Adam and Eve weeping at the Death of Abel, by Tiarini. St. Philip de Neri invoking the Virgin and Infant: the composition and characters are

Salvator
Rosa.

Tiziano.
Tiarini.

- Carlo
Maratti. fine, particularly the Infant Jesus; by Carlo Maratti. Apollo fleaing Marfyas, by Guer-
- Guercino. cino. A picture representing a Nymph
- Rubens. surprised by Satyrs, of Rubens. Four Battle-pieces, historical, of the house of Medicis and Bourgignon: they are well done; but it is a subject I do not think succeeds on canvas: the best of them is that in which is a view of the frightful mountain Radicofani, of which I shall be better able to judge when we reach it; it lies between this city and Rome. A fine picture
- Raffaello. by Raffaello; the subject a Virgin, the Infant, and several Saints. A portrait of Cardinal Bentevoglio, by Vandyke; this is an admirable picture. The Pilgrims of Emmaus, by Paul Veronese. Abel dead, by Carlo Lotti; the drawing fine. The famous *Madonna della Sedia*, by Raffaello; this capital picture can never be sufficiently admired; it is finished to the last perfection: in my opinion this is the only representation of the Virgin which seems

seems to bear a probability of its being like the original; truth, innocence, and all the virtues are assembled in her modest countenance; the child resembles her, but I think it not so greatly finished as the Madonna: it is to be wished Raffaello had draped the Virgin with more simplicity; her clothing is like that of an Eastern Princess, and the great chair in which she is seated, adorned with velvet and gold fringe, resembles the furniture of a Cardinal's palace. A portrait of a boy with thick hair combed down upon his forehead; the colouring fine, but the body is not of the same master: this portrait is given to Vandyke. The portrait of Paul Veronese, by himself. Two small pictures; being the representations of two parables; one, of the labourers of the vineyard; the other, of the woman searching for a lost piece of silver: these are by Feti, and very good. A portrait of Raffaello, by Andrea del Sarto. A Holy Family, by Palma Vecchio;

Vandyke.
Paul Veronese.

Feti.

Andrea del Sarto.
Palma Vecchio.

- Vecchio; in this picture is introduced a monarch offering the globe of the world to the Infant Jesus. Another Holy Family finely done, in which St. John brings a lamb to the Infant, by Rubens. A portrait of a Lady in crimson sattin; the drapery beautiful; by the same. The Fates, by Michael Angelo; this picture is much blackened. A fine portrait of a Lady dressed in black, by Paul Veronese. A Magdalen emaciated by fasting and prayer: it is a very singular picture; she is draped in crimson-velvet lined with fur; by Leonardo da Vinci. A blasphemous representation of God the Father, supported by angels and winged griffins, by Raffaello. An Infant St. John asleep, with St. John watching him; it is a beautiful picture, and finished in the high style of Wanderwerf, but attributed to Carlo Dolci. Cain slaying Abel, by Schiavone. The contest for musical excellence between Apollo and Marsyas; the expression

sion is admirable in this picture; by Carlo Loti. A Battle-piece, by Salvator Rosa; he has drawn himself in a corner: the various attitudes of the horses and warriors are executed with great freedom and spirit. Three heads in one picture, by Rustichini. A good Bacchante, by Riminaly. A picture over a door, representing a calf as large as the life, extremely well done: also another of cocks and hens, by Castiglioni. A Descent from the Cross; the Magdalen fine, by Andrea del Sarto. The Supper of Lazarus; the moment the painter has taken, is that of Martha's complaining to our Saviour that her sister does not assist her in domestic concerns: there is a great absurdity in this picture; one of the *convives* at the table is slicing a Bologna sausage; by J. Bassano; its pendant, by the same painter, represents the Supper of the Pharisee. A Madona in extasy, by Guercino. A St. John playing with a Lamb, by Cesaro Genaro.

Carlo
Loti.
Salvator
Rosa.

Rustichi-
ni.
Riminal-
ly.

Castigli-
oni.
Andrea
del Sarto.

J. Bassano.

Guercino.

Cesaro
Genaro.

naro. A Sybil shewing the Emperor Justinian a Glory, in which appears the Virgin and Infant over an altar, and seems to represent a vision; his admiration and eagerness to be further informed is finely expressed; the Sybil is quite inspired: by Palma Vecchio. A Musician, who appears to be composing musick; he strikes a chord, while another man and woman standing by him, appear as judging of his performance; it is interesting, spirited, and well coloured; by Giorgione del Castel Franco.

Palma
Vecchio.

Giorgione
del Castel
Franco.

There are several other pictures in this palace, that I make no doubt have their merit; as well as many which I do not think worth noticing; but those I have mentioned pleased us most. The statues are very indifferent; the apartments well furnished, and clean.

Dec. 29th. We leave *Florence the Fair* to-morrow; and after seeing our baggage packed up, I dedicate this evening to you.

The

The few days we have passed here have been employed in viewing the gallery in particular, and the palace of Pitti; and having dined abroad some of those days, by which our time has been consumed, the afternoons always found us engaged to the theatre or private assemblies, the *cassino*, &c. We have not had it in our power to see many of the churches, and those in so cursory a manner, being hurried to death, that I shall not attempt to say more of them, than that I believe the chapel of St. Laurent will be the finest of all possible chapels; and that, according to the Florentins, &c. the meridian of *Il Duomo*, (the cathedral church) is the best constructed meridian in the world. I know you will not be disappointed in regard to the churches, as you do not expect impossibilities; for the same reason, and others I shall not trouble you with, you will excuse me for not attempting a description of a picture we have seen (in private hands only); such
a picture,

a picture, of which even your imagination, from any help my pen could give it, would form but a very faint idea. The subject is *il pioggia d'oro*. Suffice it to say, the beauty of Danae could not be excelled by the Venus of Medicis, were she animated. The anatomy, the muscles, the colouring of the flesh are so natural, that the picture is very near a deception. A Cupid, with his bow unstrung, points to the shower of gold with great archness, which is descending in yellow pieces resembling guineas, from a darkish cloud. Every particular of this picture is perfectly well done. The only ornament worn by Danae is a bracelet, and a ring on her fourth finger. I have often heard it observed by *connoisseurs* in Italy, that nothing disgraces a fine hand more than rings worn on any finger except the third and fourth. It certainly destroys the proportions, and gives a gouty or rickety appearance to the hand in general; the first and middle finger

ger looking very ugly when loaded with rings. This *chef d'œuvre* is by Tiziano. Tiziano.

I cannot imagine why the Grand Duke, like another Jupiter, does not purchase this beauty by another shower of gold ; for, in my opinion, neither the Venus nor the mistress of Tiziano in the *Tribuno*, are comparable to it in any respect. This inimitable piece is in the possession of two gentlemen (brothers) of the name of Carignani.

The environs of Florence are beautiful. Tuscany was the ancient Etruria ; a people who originally came out of Asia: they were considerable and powerful long before the time of the Romans. At present the country is highly cultivated, divided into farms, and the peasants appear rich and happy. Some of the high mountains contain mines of alum, iron, and silver ; there are also quarries of alabaster, porphyry, and other marbles. The plains are fertile in corn, vines, saffron, and all kinds of kitchen-garden

den stuff, which is also in great perfection. Silk worms thrive here, their produce is a considerable branch of commerce to the citizens; it is remarkable that these worms breed twice in a year, and even three times; but there is an order from government which forbids the third increase; the reason is, because it would occasion a dearth of mulberry-leaves, were the trees to be thrice stripped for the nourishment of the worms, and consequently there would few or none remain to feed their cattle, in case the fodder should fall short, which frequently happens, as there is here but little pasture-land. The fruits held in the highest estimation are, the cedars, water-melons, and grapes. Besides that wine which is known in England by the name of Florence, and which is the *vin ordinaire du païs*, there is a white sort which is much better, and extremely light and delicate to the taste. The trees most common here, are the cypress and the pine; the latter produces a kind of almond

or

or kernel, which are very good to eat: these pounded in a mortar, and mixed with the pulp of the white codlin, form a paste exceedingly good to wash the hands with. The wood is very resinous, and if chipped while green, and boiled in water till one half of the water is consumed, is excellent for sprains, wrenches, or any common rheumatic pains in the limbs, used as a bath or fomentation hot as it can be borne.

The peasants are tall and well made, the women remarkably handsome and very fair; they are extremely clean and well-dressed; on days of *fête*, their hair is nicely adjusted to become them, and ornamented with a very small hat elegantly trimmed, and worn just above the left ear; on the other side, a mat of flowers is often interwoven with strings of pearl; they wear ear-rings of five or seven drops of pearl set in gold, and necklaces composed of several rows of the same; they are not the finest or most correct shaped pearls in the world, but such as

many ladies in England would not be ashamed of wearing. They have silk *corsets* without sleeves; their shift-sleeves are puffed and tied with ribbon, the shoulder-straps of their *corsets* are ornamented with long ribbons, which wanton in the wind as they walk; the *corset* is covered with scarlet or blue lutestring, and the petticoat is of the same. On working-days, when they bring their goods to market, their hair is entirely concealed by a kind of netted cap of crimson, scarlet, or blue silk drawn tight over it, by means of two strings ornamented with tassels, which are frequently made of gold and silver. A pretty woman looks beautiful in this odd *coiffeure*. The tassels, after they are tied, hang carelessly down on the left side, and almost touch the shoulder. Their *corsets* and petticoats on these days are of callimancoe, and their ear-rings and crosses plain gold.

Provisions are reasonable, and the markets well supplied. Lalande is extremely
 2 particular

particular in his account of Florence; his catalogue of illustrious learned men is just. I refer you to him for some very entertaining and curious anecdotes.

There is but one theatre open at present; the performers are wretched, and their plays, if possible, worse; though it is ungrateful to criticise, as the *piece* is always in honour of the English. A crew of English sailors are introduced on the scene, who ridicule, and in the end beat some French characters, which are much *outréed*. The theatre is convenient, but nothing remarkable; it is called the Little Theatre, to distinguish it from another, where they say operas are finely performed. The orchestra at the Little Theatre is composed of good musicians.

This city is in high favour with young Englishmen; who are perfectly at their ease during their residence here. The ladies in general of easy virtue, and their expences light, as a genteel present is

from two to five sequins ; it is true, these ladies are apt to borrow to supply their play-purses, but the sums are but small, and bear a certain proportion to the presents I have mentioned. There are few private assemblies ; before Sir Horace Mann came here there was not any ; but he has been of great use to them in teaching them how to live : his table is elegant, and his polite manners please every body ; none more than his own countrymen. He has assemblies also. *Monsieur Barbantin*, the French resident here, has shewn us many civilities ; we had letters to him from the ambassador of his nation at Turin. * * * * *

We set out for Rome to-morrow ; so adieu, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XXXI.

Sienna, Dec. 30, 1770.

WE are arrived here in good health and without accident, though obliged to walk up a steep paved mountain, which was so iced over, that the horses falling down frequently, induced us to get out of the carriage by way of lightening the draft, which succeeded. We did not stop any where on the road, as we had not quitted Florence early in the morning. The road is practised over mountains, so that it is a continual ascent and descent. We passed two or three shallow rivers, not dangerous. There are many agreeable views of the country from these mountains, occasioned by the irregularity of their situation. They seem to intersect each other, and strike the eye with a pleasing variety of tints, some being covered with vines, others with olives, and others are ploughed; now and

then a wild uncultivated mountain forms a beautiful contrast.

Sienna.

Four post-horses were not sufficient for most part of the road, so we were frequently obliged to have six. To-morrow we are to reach Radicofani, and to pass the night there. This town appears to consist of ruined palaces and very wretched houses for poor people, if we may be allowed to judge from only passing through it.

If you should meet with any body going to Florence, do not forget to recommend the Vaninis. We had no dispute at parting, and they have behaved so as not only to merit the character of honest, but even something more than what is usually meant by that word; theirs is an honourable honesty, a rare quality in hosts. I think we shall have no reason to complain of the people who keep this inn; they are women, and seem much humanized and *serviable*. I break off this letter, as a tolerable supper is just served, and I am a little fatigued
with

with the day's journey. No post quits Sienna to-night for France, so I shall take this letter with me, and continue it as I see occasion. Sienna is five posts from Florence.

Radicofani, the 31st of December.

Here we are, and lodged in a palace, which whilom was the delightful spot fixed upon for a repose from the chace, for princes : but what a palace ! oh that it was but an English stable ! Here is room enough to lodge the King of Prussia's Pandours and Croatsians ; and I suppose in the *environs*, wild boars enough to glut them. Imagine an extensive *suite* of rooms, long galleries and passages, the ceilings, or rather the beams, in such aërian perspective, as nearly to evade the sight ; the walls literally bare and green, from damp ; the pavement more rugged than Berkley-Square, and I believe has not been cleaned for many years. An eternal fog constantly enwraps this *cloud-cap'd tower*, through which the sun-

beams rarely penetrate in his annual course. At the end of the abovementioned dreary waste, or *suite* of apartments, are we. A table of an enormous size, and which seems in a state of progression towards petrefaction, graces the middle of this spacious chamber; no power on earth I believe is equal to the task of moving it from its ancient scite. A chimney of amazing size, japanned within and without with smoke, (the fire won't burn, the wood being always damp here) large puffs descending into the room, with gusts of cold wind.—Two broken chairs, excessively high, and of antique sculpture in wood—A mattress, stuffed with the refuse knots and ends of hemp, covered with sheets that are wet, and prickly like hair-cloth—The blanket—I scarce dare look at it; but when we are about lying down to sleep (if that be possible) I shall, by the means of an enormous pair of tongs, endeavour to drag it into a corner of the room, as far as possible from the bed—by
the

the glimmering light of the candles, it appears at this distance like a map of the world—seas—lakes—terra firma—islands and undiscovered countries, from whose bournes I have no intention of returning, as I do not mean to explore them—In short, I am in so ill a humour, so weary, and so hungry—They make us wait for supper most cruelly.

The winds howl in the passages on one side, and are re-echoed in another tone from the other side: a French-woman would think *que le grand Diable tennoit le sabbat ici pour toute les sorcieres du monde, & qu'ils alloit tout arrivée en loups-garou*: “but to “what purpose complain?” says M——, “there is no help for it, and you must be “patient: it is only for one night.” I am satisfied I am on my journey to Rome, and to be sure was it worse, Rome is an object worth suffering something in its pursuit; so, till supper comes, and to prevent me from being afraid of spirits, I will write on, and
inform

inform you that the road from Sienna hither is in length fix posts, the last post excessively bad. The grim inhabitants of the palace, who seem as if descended from the cyclops, have just been with us to announce the long wished-for approach of the supper, which is upon its march from the kitchen.

Supper is over; it consisted of a dish of eggs, which I had ordered to be boiled in the shell; but, alas! they were all rotten: then appeared an animal, which I am sure would have puzzled the most ingenious author that ever wrote upon zoology to say what species of winged creature it had been. It had extended legs and wings, was black, and appeared to have been dislocated alive; they insisted upon its being a *poularde*; had they asserted it to have been a griffin, I should have been inclined to believe it; some wretched bread, of what date I know not, and some sauce made with stinking oil concludes the bill of fare—the wine poisonous—the water muddy.—Good night.

For

For me, if sleep should kindly lend her aid, may I dream of a piece of English bread and cheefe, and a draught of small beer. My little barbett is so discontented and cross, that she barks incessantly at the howling of the wind, and disdains to eat.

L E T T E R XXXII.

Viterbo, Jan. 1st.

WE now come close upon Rome, having passed dreadful roads and frightful mountains; but any thing is better than a repose at Radicofani. We reached this place before night; the last post here from Sienna is a good road.

Two bad accidents happened last night; the post-master, who had himself rode as postillion to the Roman courier, was killed on a mountain by falling from his horse; and in another part of the road, the best horse belonging to the post-master of *Aquapendente* was swallowed in a flough, where
he

he expired, they not being able to get him out: however, bad as this road is at present, it is now better than ever it has been; for just before the Emperor was expected, the Pope and the King of Naples agreed to make good the roads in their respective dominions: we are told that on the Neapolitan side is by much the best. We passed by the ruins of the ancient Volturnum this morning, near the Bolsena: these vestiges are so demolished, that they appear like a confused heap of ruined vaults. For many miles our road lay on the borders of the beautiful lake of Bolsena; the water is transparent; it is surrounded with hills clothed with hanging woods, whose various tints are reflected in its translucent bosom. Two beautiful islands rise from it; one is a majestic ruin: this island is about five miles from the shore. They told us at Bolsena, that the lake is thirty-five miles in circumference.

The soil on the sides of the road is incorporated with a kind of burnt iron or dross,

drofs, which bears strongly the appearance of extinguished volcanos.

The accommodation here is bad and very dear; our supper consisted of a soup, the chief ingredients of which were all sorts of livers and gizzards, collected from various birds, and I believe were of as various dates, failing after each other in a muddy pool, very unlike the lake of Bolsena; broiled pigeons with oil, and a friture of livers, &c.; the soup the Barbet condescended to eat of. You may be sure we are in no danger of a surfeit this night. Tomorrow we shall reach immortal Rome; it is only four posts thither; so good night for the present.

Rome, Jan. 6th.

Having arrived the second instant too late for the French courier, I now resume my pen, this being the first opportunity. We are lodged at Pio's Hôtel, *Strada della Cruce, Piazza di Spagna*, are well accommodated, and reasonably. Our table
is

is served rather in the English style, at least there abounds three or four homely English dishes (thanks to some kind English predecessors who have taught them), such as bacon and cabbage, boiled mutton, bread-puddings, which after they have been boiled, are cut in pieces, fried, and served with a wine sauce strongly spiced, &c. so don't think we are likely to starve here.

You may, from the commonest print, form a very good idea of the entrance into Rome. The town for the most part is not paved, and the houses in general make a wretched appearance; I do not mean the palaces: there are many fine buildings, whose appearance is the more surprising, from their being surrounded with miserable habitations. The part of the town we are in is by much the best for strangers, and the accommodation any where else extremely bad; for you know one cannot occupy the palaces nor the churches, which latter abound.

We

We have received the utmost civilities from the families to whom we have presented our letters of recommendation; those who are most troubled with us are the Duke and Dutcheſs of Monté *Libretii*; they have undertaken to *ſerve us*, in the polite Italian ſenſe. The Duke is ſon to the Princeſs Paleſtrine, who is now in years and infirm; the Dutcheſs, daughter to the noble Prince Barromeo of Milan; they were ſo very obliging as to call upon us the ſame day we ſent our letter, and the next morning. We have been introduced by them to the Dutcheſs of Bracciano, at whoſe aſſembly we were laſt night. The Dutcheſs of Bracciano is of the blood royal of France; ſhe is eſteemed not only a very ſenſible woman, but alſo witty and learned: ſhe is extremely polite, and poſſeſſes evidently a great knowledge of the world. The Duke her ſon is a fine young man of the firſt claſs, ſpeaks Engliſh well, and is lively and agreeable: there was a numerous

conver-

conversazione: from hence they conducted us to the *Contessa Carpigna's*, where there was also a brilliant assembly: this lady has the manners to appearance of an amiable French-woman. The Cardinal of Bernis came immediately on the reception of the letter of recommendation; he gave us the most obliging invitation to his table and assemblies. We go to-morrow.

The 7th of Jan. at night.

We have dined and passed the evening at Cardinal Bernis's; his niece, *Madame la Marquise de Puymontbrun* does the honours of the table, &c. Nothing can be more elegant than his manner of living: he has united the French refinements to the Roman magnificence. There were about fifty persons at table, consisting chiefly of cardinals. The ladies were *Madame de Puymontbrun*, the Princess of *Santa Cruce* and her mother. After dinner more company entered, and we were introduced to the Princesses

cess *Altieré* and a Polish family who are styled *Princes*; their name is Prezbandowsky: I could think of nothing but Pottowisky, and was going to call her so more than once. The Cardinal of Bernis being subject to the gout, starves at his own table, as he thinks living low the only means of keeping the fit off. He feeds on nothing but herbs boiled and all the juice pressed out; neither gravy, butter, salt, cream, eggs, oil, nor any kind of meat, fish, or fowl, does he ever taste, eats very little bread, and that extremely stale. Though he is himself thus suffering famine, his dishes are of the best kinds, the greatest variety the season can afford in profusion, and the best dressed: he knows whether each dish is as it ought to be by its look and smell; and has the most hospitable manner imaginable; he is extremely cheerful, possesses a great share of spirits, has a brilliant wit, and ready upon the most trifling occasions; *enfin, il est petri de*

l'art de sçavoir vivre. It is impossible to converse with him a quarter of an hour without being sensible that he is a man of deep penetration, learning, a great statesman, and perfectly well read in the *belles lettres*; he has a noble air, though not tall, and rather inclined to corpulency; his countenance is sensible, and changes with his thoughts; his eyes quick and piercing, though not large; and he is marked with the small-pox.

I told you in this letter that we passed part of the evening at the Dutchess of Bracciano's: As we were there early, before much company was arrived, she was so obliging as to enter into a particular conversation with me. We were seated on a sofa, when one of the gentlemen in waiting entered and announced *il Re*. As there were many rooms to pass before this personage could appear, she seized that opportunity to desire me upon no account to speak to,
or

or take the least notice of him, as it was not only what she insisted upon in her house, but that it was the Pope's desire that no stranger, particularly English, should hold any conversation with him. I assured her my principles were diametrically opposite to those of the Stuart family and their party, adding more of the like sort; but I concluded with saying, that if he spoke to me, I could not, as a gentleman, refrain from answering him, considering him only in the light of a gentleman, and should treat him as I would do any other foreigner or native, with that general civility requisite on such occasions; she still insisted upon my not answering should he speak to me, with which I refused to comply: I think I was right, my reasons were these: I knew before, that no gentlemen of the British empire make themselves known to him, but on the contrary avoid it, except such as declare themselves disaffected to the present royal family; at

least, so it is understood at Rome. I had also heard that he politely avoided embarrassing them by throwing himself in their way: but as I am not a man, it struck me as very ridiculous for me, a woman, not to reply to the Pretender if he spoke to me, as such a caution would bear the appearance of passing myself for being of political consequence; added to these considerations, I had great curiosity to see him and hear him speak—But to return; he entered, and bowing very politely to the company, advanced to the individual sofa on which I was placed with the Dutchess of Bracciano, and seated himself by me, having previously made me a particular bow, which I returned with a low curtsy; he endeavoured to enter into conversation with me, which he effected by addressing himself equally to the dutchess, another lady, and myself; at last he addressed me in particular, and asked me how many days since my arrival at Rome, how long

long I should stay, and several such questions. This conversation passed in French — what distressed me was how to style him — I had but a moment for reflection; it struck me that *Mon Prince* (though the common appellation (as in France) to every stranger whose rank as a prince is the most dubious) would not come well from me, as it might admit of a double sense in an uncandid mind — Highness was equally improper, so I hit upon what I thought a middle course, and called him *Mon Seigneur*. I wished to shorten the conversation, for all on a sudden he said “Speak English, Madam.” Before I could reply, the Dutchess of *Monte Libretti* came up, and pulled me by the sleeve; I went with her to a card-table at which she was going to play: I declined playing, not being perfect in the games; besides, you know I hate cards. At my departure, I took leave of the Dutchess of Bracciano (agreeable to the custom) and the *Chevalier*, who played at

her table, officiously civil, rose up, and wished me a good night. He is naturally above the middle size, but stoops excessively; he appears bloated and red in the face, his countenance heavy and sleepy, which is attributed to his having given into excess of drinking; but when a young man, he must have been esteemed handsome. His complexion is of the fair tint, his eyes blue, his hair light brown, and the *contour* of his face a long oval; he is by no means thin, has a noble presence, and a graceful manner: his dress was scarlet, laced with a broad gold lace; he wears the blue ribband outside of his coat, from which depends a *cameo* (antique) as large as the palm of my hand; and wears the same garter and motto as those of the noble order of St. George in England; upon the whole, he has a melancholic, mortified appearance. Two gentlemen constantly attend him; they are of Irish extraction, and Roman Catholics you may

may be sure. This evening, after quitting the Cardinal's, we were at the Princess Palestrine's *conversazione*, where he was also. He addressed me as politely as the evening before. The Princess desired me to sit by her; she played with him: he asked me, if I understood the game of *Tarocchi*, (what they were about to play at); I answered in the negative, upon which, taking the pack in his hands, he desired to know if I had ever seen such odd cards: I replied, that they were very odd indeed; he then displaying them said, Here is every thing in the world to be found in these cards, the sun, the moon, the stars; and here, says he, (shewing me a card) is the Pope; here is the Devil, (and added) there is but one of the *trio* wanting, and you know who that should be. I was so amazed, so astonished, though he spoke this last in a laughing, good-humoured manner, that I did not know which way to look; and as to a reply, I made none, but avoided cultivating conversation.

as much as possible, lest he should give our conversation a political turn. What passed afterwards was relative to some of the English manners and amusements; such as, whether whist was in fashion at London, the assemblies numerous, &c. I was heartily glad when my visit was finished.

Before I close this letter I shall mention St. Peter's and some other particulars. We go from hence to-morrow or the day following; a quiet moment presents itself, and I seize it to conclude this long letter. You have seen many prints representing the outside of St. Peter's church, but they are all (that I have met with) on so small a scale, as to give but a very faint idea of the magnificent original. The piazza great court, or approach to the church, is divided into two parts, one of which forms an oval, the other a rectangle; the oval opens as you see in the prints, and presents at once a view of the church in front: this opening has a wonderful effect. The colonade
which

which ranges on each side, erected on the oval plan I mentioned, forms a *piazza* (I use this word here in the sense it is confined to in England) covered at top; the entablature, &c. supported by four rows of large pillars; the whole is crowned by a balustrade, on which are placed statues of saints, &c. I think not less than thirty-six holy personages. There appeared to us both, at the first sight of this colonade, a most striking fault in the architecture; the pillars, which are of stone, show heavy and crowded. This is the more surprising, as the design, &c. are Bernini's; all the statues and architecture we have hitherto seen of that master being universally too light. The floor is paved with brick, and is at present so out of repair as to make walking on it dangerous. The pavement of the open place is of stone. In the center stands a fine Egyptian antique obelisk* of oriental

* This obelisk (as also some others at Rome) is of the most remote antiquity, probably from the times of the first Kings of

ental granite ; it is one piece, and, as they told us, measures seventy-four Paris feet in height ; the pedestal, and brass cross at top included, give one hundred and twenty-four feet from the surface of the pavement. To the right and left of this obelisk are two most magnificent fountains. Our *Ciceroni*, while we were admiring them, gave us an anecdote of Christina Queen of Sweden, upon her first seeing these fountains ; after considering them some minutes with silent admiration, she turned to those about her and said, “ *Ma foi c’est assez, c’est assez, que ces bons gens ne se donne pas la peine de les faire jouer d’avantage.*” I could not learn whether they left her Majesty in the

of Egypt, more than a thousand years before the Assyrians penetrated into that country : it was discovered where the sacristy of St. Peter’s now stands, which was formerly part of the Circus of Nero. Pope Sixtus the Fifth erected this obelisk in its present position. The machines used for that purpose, and the manner of raising it up, &c. with a computation of the vast sum expended on the occasion, have been engraved and published. I think the calculation of the expence amounts to 37975 Roman crowns.

error of supposing them playing merely for her; but I think it quite worthy the Italians to despise her benignity upon the occasion, so much as not to give themselves the trouble to undeceive her.

The water which supplies these fountains has its source in the *Campagna di Trevignano, Lago Sabbatino, et Lago Bracciano*.

The rectangle immediately before the front of the church commences at the extremities of the colonade. These two buildings are decorated with pilasters which join on to the church, and in the middle of each is a door. Here are two fine Mosaic pictures; that to the right represents St. Peter and St. Paul, and was executed by Calandra: the subject of the second is the conversion of St. Peter; by Pietro Spagna. These side-doors open into the grand portico of the church. The great door of entrance, which exactly fronts the middle of the break between the two oval colonades,

nades, is elevated upon a kind of terras, which you ascend by three steps of prodigious breadth. This entrance is ornamented with the Corinthian order, crowned by an Attic; above which rises the superb dome, appearing as at a considerable distance. The steps above mentioned are of marble, composed of the antique remains of a magnificent pyramid, called the Tomb of Romulus; at the foot of the first step are two statues, St. Peter and St. Paul, by Mino, placed there by Pius the Second. After the second step is a kind of terras, (for I cannot call it a landing-place) where the Pope receives Emperors and Kings in pontifical ceremony, who come to visit St. Peter's church. The front of the church is adorned with statues, bas reliefs, &c. which I hope you will take for granted. I think I hazard nothing in speaking my real sentiments in respect to the front in general, as nobody will dispute with me upon this occasion, and I know you will keep

keep counsel; to tell you the truth, there are so many ornaments, such twisting and turning, such cutting and carving, that one fine thing hides another, and, to use a vulgar proverb, there is no seeing the wood for trees; the noble simplicity which should, in my opinion, dignify so vast an edifice, is lost by being thus loaded and confounded in ornaments; and may, perhaps, be not improperly compared to the appearance of a perfect beauty at a masquerade, in the character of a Nabob's wife. On entering the church, the eye is wonderfully struck with the fine proportions of the isles and chapels, whilst at the same instant your attention is drawn off to the vivid and brilliant colouring of the Mosaic pictures which glisten on all sides.

The vast space of ground this church stands upon does not at first strike the eye; but the eager curiosity to penetrate to the end of it convinced me most feelingly, by the remonstrances of weary feet, that it occupies

occupies a plane of great extent. As to the measurements, consult Lalande, who will, I believe, inform you with great accuracy.

When you have gained the dome, nothing can be more beautiful than the appearance on all sides; the eye reposes on the justness of the architectural proportions, wanders over the fine Mosaic pictures, and till this enchantment begins to lose its force by gazing incessantly, you seem as if suddenly transplanted into another planet; recovering from this trance, the malignity of our disposition begins to take place, and tempts to criticise. The canopy over the grand altar, which is of gilt bronze, supported by twisted columns, intercepts the perspective view of the middle isle, and appears (if you can guess at my meaning) too heavy and too light at the same time; the twisted columns have wreaths bound round them, which lends a kind of fantastic airy lightness to the solid and strong props of a vast brass canopy.

To

To give you some idea of the great size of this church, two angels which support the baptismal fount appear on entering it to be about the size of our children; and upon a nearer approach, you are astonished at the Colossal height and size of these seeming infants, which are *chef d'œuvres*; but I have neither time nor patience to enter into a detail of its beauties, ornaments, and proportions, &c. and shall therefore refer you for a more ample account to abler pens than mine, as I must hasten the conclusion of this letter, that I may have time to sleep before our journey. I wish I could send you the model in a dream, though I should be sorry you did not wake before you had examined a fourth part of its beauties. Adieu, and believe, as ever, &c.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

Naples, Jan. 12, 1770.

Viletri.

WE have reached this city in perfect health. We were detained a day and a night longer on the road than we had expected. Leaving Rome the 8th, we lay that night at Viletri, a wretched place, bad accommodations, and very dear. We were called up at three o'clock next morning, in order to lose no time unnecessarily upon the road; but it snowed so fast, and the wind was so violent, that when we came down to the door of the inn, the postillions asserted they could not drive, nor would the horses go forward, the wind and snow being right in their faces. Here we waited till half an hour past six, when the day appeared; and though M——, on my account, wished to put off our proceeding any farther that day, yet my ardent desire to go forward was such, that I determined at all

all events not to defer our journey, and at last prevailed. I dreaded a delay, and pleaded a probability of its freezing upon the snow, which, had it happened, must have impeded us for some days ; so on we went, and got over the snow pretty well, though it lay so deep as to fill up all the ruts and ditches. After we had gone two posts it thawed ; notwithstanding which, we were obliged to lie at Fondi, from the extreme Fondi. badness of the roads ; and though it ceased snowing, violent gusts of wind with a furious rain contributed to make the journey still more wearying and disagreeable.

I have so often mentioned the inns on the roads in Italy to be the worst in the world, that I am tired of repeating the same thing ; yet I must tell you this one is peculiar in that style. The walls are bare, the pavement nearly as rugged and as dirty as the roads we had just passed ; no sashes in the windows, no glass, no paper, but some shutters so out of repair as to admit

through their breaches the rain and snow upon our beds ; the doors could not be shut. Our beds were made of the knots of hemp, without curtains ; and their vicinity to the wall was an aggravation of our wretched plight, it being in a manner plaistered over with snuffy spittle, and marbled between *en grisaille*, with what I cannot mention. The only light the inn afforded was that of a stinking lamp, supplied with train-oil : the provisions stale, rotten eggs, and some ragouts of liver and brains stewed in oil, similar to that used in the lamp. Their demand for our supper and beds was a sequin a-head. As if our unlucky stars meant to oblige us to contribute to our own inconvenience and misfortunes, we gave orders to be called at half an hour after two the next morning, intending, if possible, to reach Naples the same night ; accordingly we rose at that early hour, but not refreshed, being more fatigued than had we sat up the whole night. Having advanced

advanced about half a post towards Naples, we were met by a great mountain, where the unmelted snow but thinly covering the ground, was frozen over: the postilions stopped, and said they could go no farther, the horses not being able to keep their feet (for in this country they never heard of frost-nails or rough-shoeing to prevent slipping) we then proposed to get out and walk up the mountain, in order to lighten the carriage, and left our *valet de chambre* with the equipage, supposing they might then be able to follow us. M—— carried the fire-arms himself, which consisted of a brace of pistols and a blunderbuss; it being by no means expedient to leave these either in the postilion's power or that of our servant. We had not proceeded far before I began to slip and stumble as often as the horses had done. As the road up this steep mountain turned and winded very frequently, we soon lost sight of our carriage, but concluded they were coming slowly after,

when with the greatest difficulty we had gained the summit, having walked about two miles, judge of our surprise and disappointment to see our servant coming after us as fast as he could, calling out to us to stop; when he informed us the postilions had not advanced one step from the place where we had left them, alleging it to be impossible for the horses to draw the carriage up the mountain. What did not these villains deserve for suffering us to make such an attempt? for I am convinced they never intended to make the least effort to follow us. So we returned as we came, they not having given themselves the trouble even to turn the carriage about. We got in, not thinking of this circumstance, and they backed in such a manner, that had it not been for a few stones, the remains of a broken wall, the carriage and ourselves had gone down a precipice, whence we never should have returned. I forgot to tell you, that in ascending the mountain

we

we met two or three little parties of very ill-looking fellows, though at so early an hour; but they eyeing the arms, did not molest us: I wished them good morning in as civil Italian as occurred to me. Was not this a most odious *promenade* at the point of day, almost benumbed with cold, a bitter wind and fleet in our faces, upon a bleak mountain, &c.? As to my complexion, I believe by the time I shall see you again I may pass for the Queen of the Gipsies. But to return; we went back to Fondi, in order to wait for a thaw, and had there the satisfaction to contemplate the approaching Aurora.

——“Till Morn, wak'd by the circling hours,
With rosy hand unbarr'd the gates of light.”

We continued at Fondi till twelve o'clock, and were obliged by the postmaster (who is also the host) to pay the same post over again, but intend to make the proper inquiries at Naples into this procedure. At length we set out, the sun shining bright on the snow,

and we with some difficulty reached *Mola di Gaeta*.

Mola di
Gaeta.

Mola di Gaeta is situated on the margin of the Mediterranean: here it was that Eneas buried his nurse, from whom it had its name of Cajeta.

And thou, O Matron of immortal fame!
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name.
Cajeta still the place is call'd from thee,
The nurse of great Eneas' infancy.
Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains,
Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains.

Here we had all our trunks searched, and were obliged to take up our lodging for the night, our host informing us, that if we proceeded on our journey we should find, two posts further, a certain river that could not be crossed but at the risk of our lives, as night would overtake us ere we reached it, and of course occasion us the greatest difficulties. They shewed us into a room in a kind of tower, which, compared to Fondi, was tolerably clean, but it had the
same

same sort of shutters, and was very cold : upon lighting some faggots, the chimney smoked to such a degree, that we were glad to extinguish the fire, and rather put up with the malignity of the weather, than with that of our fuel. Our beds and provisions were in the same style with those at Fondi. The next morning at four o'clock we quitted Mola di Gaeta, being obliged to leave a sequin as gage, and to carry a manifesto with us, declaring that we had no other concealed contraband goods than four pair of new silk stockings ; the manifesto was to be shewn when we should arrive within two miles of Naples, in order to avoid the delay of being searched there also ; but this did not avail, for our baggage was opened and tumbled about notwithstanding, though to no purpose, as we had nothing seizable, except the before mentioned stockings ; I mistake, for I had a parcel of bead work for the Dutchess of *Calabretta* ; this parcel

wonderfully escaped their observation; indeed these sort of commissions are generally troublesome; I had had the precaution to wrap them up amongst my linen, which concealed them. As to the road from Rome to Naples, that part (about one half) which reaches from Rome to Terracina is extremely bad; just past Terracina, and on the Neapolitan side, is a dangerous step, the road (if I may so express myself) lying through the sea; but it is soon passed: the sea there is not very deep, though it rises sufficiently high to be above the floor of the carriage, but the bottom is rough: from hence to Naples the road is safe and good; the cause of this variety is, that when the Emperor was to travel from Rome to Naples, the Pope and his Neapolitan Majesty agreed to mend and improve between them the roads from Rome to Naples, from consideration to him. The King of Naples' territory commences at
Terracina,

Terracina, and reaches to Naples, and proper orders were given, which have succeeded as to that portion of it; but his Holiness's orders (if any such there were) have not been carried into execution, which accounts for that part of St. Peter's patrimony continuing so much out of repair as to be barely passable. I think it lucky that we determined to pass the carnival here rather than at Venice; for we are told the roads from Rome to Loretto, and so on to Venice, are much worse in winter than those we have already travelled. Before I have done with the road from Rome to Naples (though your patience should be exhausted) I must tell you the Dress of the men and women of Fondi; the women wear no caps, their hair grows as Nature pleases, I believe it is never combed: the population of their heads must be abundant, and the different nations bear the hue of their different complexions; as reddish in the red haired, black and yellowish in

the

Dress at
Fondi.

the swarthy. The hair behind is formed into a *queue*, with what the gardeners call *bast*, the filaments which compose the coarsest matts; it is then twisted round at the back of the head, and a leaden skewer, dignified by the name of a bodkin, thrust through it; at first sight it appears like a great eel prepared and fastened together to be dressed in the manner called by the English cooks Spitchcocking. On their backs they carry a coarse and dirty blanket, which hangs down behind half way the legs; from before descends its fellow, but of a smaller size, passing under the arms, and kindly uniting itself with the hindermost. They have neither shift, petticoats, stockings, or shoes, and look like so many mad furies. The men wear a great loose cloak, in which they wrap themselves up to the chin; round their legs and feet are wound stripes of very coarse linen, but no shoes. In this elegant attire, both sexes stand in the street conversing, *et*

faisant

faisant l'agreable, all day long. They never work if they can avoid it; now and then, as a piece of gallantry, the men scratch and search for some of the inhabitants in their mistresses heads. The postilions and servants of the inn were rather better clad, and had each a large gold ear-ring in one ear, with a pearl hanging to it, and rings on their fingers, made in the present fashion as to size, though the metal is generally pewter or brass; they are intended to imitate a *cameo*, or an *intaglio*, but are extremely like what our school-boys call Dumps. But let me hasten from Fondi, that I may assure you Naples appears to be a most charming town; the streets are crowded with people and brilliant equipages; the shops filled with all sorts of merchandises; the markets well stocked with the best provisions and in the greatest abundance. We are lodged in a magnificent house near the royal palace; our hostess, who seems to be a very good-humoured, civil woman, is the

Marchese di Grazze Riale, she is widow to a Spanish Marquis, and has with her a daughter, a young girl: there is no other family in the palace. I need not inform you how it happens in these countries, that Marchionesses let lodgings, and palaces are turned into lodging-houses. Our apartment, which is the first floor, consists of so many rooms, that it is a journey from the stair-case to the drawing-room: beside kitchen, &c. we have even a chapel and all upon the same floor; which last we intend converting into an anti-chamber for our servants, as it lies particularly convenient for that purpose. We have already received many civilities from those to whom we had letters of recommendation; but I am so weary of this long epistle, that I shall say no more at present, than that we have lost no time to get settled, and are already provided with a very handsome glass coach, horses, and coachman (a job you may suppose), two footmen, a maid for me, a cook and

and scullion-boy, a hair-dresser by the month, for M——'s *valet de chambre* cannot dress hair. How often have we regretted the having brought him so far! but we are not the first who have been deceived in servants, and you must certainly remember the excellent character which induced M—— to take him. Adieu. As ever, yours, &c.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

Naples, Jan. 14th, 1771.

I Wrote to you two days since; but do not expect letters every two days, for it will not be in my power to continue to write so frequently. The effects produced by our recommendatory letters have been most convenient and agreeable: the Duke and Dutches of *Termoli*, with their son and daughter, have shewn us the greatest civilities. This family have been to see us, and treat us with all the kindness it is possible to expect from near relations, although they
are,

are, as you know, distant * * * * *

Also Monsieur P—— (who is, it seems, to go to England in a public character) called upon us, and introduced us to his family, his sister, &c. They are all polite and civil. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton have called upon us, and have done the honours of their place; as offering seats in their box at the opera, invitation to their palace, to their concert, &c. The Dutchess of Termoli sent one of her gentlemen with a message to offer the use of one of her carriages, horses, servants, &c. during our residence here, with a very polite excuse, accounting for her not going constantly with me herself to public places, assemblies at private houses, &c. from her being in waiting from four o'clock till ten; but that as soon as it is in her power, she will do every kind of office. This message is badly translated, and has lost, like other translations, much of the spirit of the original. The place this lady holds at court answers to our mistress of the robes;

robes; the Duke's place to that of high chamberlain. She, in person and sense, puts me in mind of the Dowager Countess of T——e, is about her age and height, and has certainly been a very fine woman; we have received from her a most obliging invitation to *Casserta*, whither the court will soon remove. We have been to the opera, which is very fine, (but I shall mention it more particularly in another place) in Monsieur Pigniatelli's box, where we were introduced by his family to several people. The French Ambassador, Monsieur de Choiseul, has also been to see us; we have invitations from him to an assembly at his palace, also to dine, &c. and a key to his box at the opera, which he politely offered me. We have returned our visits, and have been introduced to several other families, amongst which are the following: the Princess *Giracci Grimaldi*, a Genoese; the Princess *Potera* and all her Family, called the *Monte Leonis*, they are Sicilians; the *Marchese Trevico*

vico and her daughter, who is married to a grandee of Spain with so hard a name that I cannot recollect it; the Dutchess of Palma, the Tannucci family, he is first minister; and, in short, to so many more, that I must make a list of them, for their very names are most difficult to remember. I fear our acquaintance will increase, so as to become an impediment to our pursuit and examination of those objects which distinguish Naples and its neighbourhood. Though these foreigners seem to vie with each other in hospitality and politeness, yet we were extremely pleased to find a great many English here. At Mrs. Hamilton's assembly, before the Italians came in, I could have fancied myself at an assembly in London. I shall give you here a list of them. * * * * *

On being introduced into the drawing-room, I was surprised at the appearance of two English ladies, (Mrs. H—— and Lady H——) who were dressed as they would have been for a court-day at St. James's:

it

it appeared, that though they had not been at St. James's, they had been at St. Carlos's; in short, they had been just presented at court; and I found I had come a day too late, as the ceremony of presenting was not to be repeated till after the return of the court from Casserta, that morning being the last court-day. * * * * *

You see, by what I have told you, the presenting must be done at Casserta, however uncusomary, the *etiquettes*, &c. here demand it; and the Dutchess of Termoli, the Tannucci family, and Pigniatelli's must certainly be proper judges. I shall not close this letter till I have made it more interesting to you, as I am sure you wish to know how we live, and with whom, as well as what we see.

Jan. 18. With the utmost joy we have received a packet of letters from you. [Here follows part of this letter, which, as it relates entirely to family affairs, is omitted; also some anecdotes, not thought proper for public perusal.]

We are not likely to pass our time in a stupid and uninteresting manner, as we have a choice of several boxes at the opera, the Dutchess of Termoli's, the Princess Piedimonti's, and the Dutchess of Palma's, besides those I have already mentioned. As to engagements, they are so numerous, and for such a time to come, that I know not how we shall contrive to fulfil them all. Mrs. Hamilton's Musical Assembly, which she gives once a week, is rendered perfect by her elegant taste and fine performance; it is called an *Accademia di Musica*; and I suppose no country can produce a more complete band of excellent performers. I am sorry this foolish affair concerning presenting at Casserta, trifling as it is, should have occasioned so much conversation here, and, till it was settled by the Queen herself, was very tiresome.—All being at length adjusted, the Queen will have me presented to her the first *Fête* day at Casserta; when that is over, you shall hear all about it.

We

We are most agreeably situated, having a charming prospect from our windows, as well as a side-view of the King's palace (a very fine building) and a triumphal arch, through which we catch a beautiful glimpse of the sea. On the opposite side, the left, is a great church, and in front the magnificent theatre of St. Carlo, which has a communication with the royal palace. The street we live in is called *Strada di Toledo*, it is extremely broad; we see along it till the perspective almost meets.

The Mount Vesuvius bounds our view; and this mountain is a great amusement to me at night: I never go to bed without watching and bidding it adieu from my window. It bellows like distant thunder, and then throws out flames and red hot stones with *lava*; the appearance altogether is like that of a prodigious fire-work; the fire is seldom visible by day, but a thick smoke always rises from its top.

The weather is so warm, we sit with the windows open. All the flowers of the spring are here in the greatest abundance, such as jonquils of various sorts, anemones, carnations, and roses are now just come into season, and sold for a *bajocha* (or half-penny) each.

I have already begun to pick up some curious things, which I am sure will meet your approbation, and am in a fair way to have several more, although at present difficult to be procured, comparatively with what they were when Mr. Hamilton made his collection. We are endeavouring to attain all the knowledge we can from the most ingenious people here, and from books, in order to render ourselves in some degree worthy the inspection of the cabinet of Portici and the town of Pompeia, on which account we have seldom been out as yet till after dinner, as I hope by my industry to be able soon to accompany M—— in the researches after antiquity without
being

being an interruption to him. Judge yourself of the merits of the curiosities that repose in the cabinet of Portici, when I assure you, upon the best information, that many of the articles of that depositary were held in the highest esteem by the Romans in the Augustan age; these I presume must be Etruscan, Egyptian, and Grecian rarities and antiques. Adieu for the present, for I will not defer sending this letter to another opportunity, lest you should be uneasy, the distance between us being now so considerably increased. My next shall be more entertaining. I am, as ever, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

Jan. the 25th.

I HAVE been so much engaged lately, that I am quite weary with amusements. We have been at a *Fête*, given by the Princess Potera to about two hundred people. Their palace is spacious, consequently its grand apartment sufficiently large for the ac-

commodation of so many guests. Everything was conducted with the greatest order. The company a selection from amongst the principal nobility of Naples. Most of the *English* strangers were of it also. One room was for the ball, another for cards, a third for refreshments, a fourth for supper, besides the antichambers leading to these four, which were well illuminated and lined with attendants. English country-dances lasted almost the whole evening, and but few minuets, none but those who excelled attempting this dance. How happy would it be for the fitters-by if this rule was a Persian and Medean law at certain balls in England. The supper was very agreeably managed in my opinion; it was ready at twelve, and any party that chose it went together and supped; it was then removed, and the table again covered, and so continued to be till three in the morning. This family propose giving the same sort of *Fête* once every week during the *Carnaval*. The most amiable

able manners adorn each individual of their princely house. The young *Princepessina*, their daughter, is handsome and well-bred enough to grace a British drawing-room.

We have also been at the Princess *Giracci's* assemblies, which are extremely elegant, and the company as numerous as at any in London. Those we know live so much in the same style and the same society, that by describing one you may form a judgment of all the others; so I shall proceed to give you the history of our day at Casserta. This superb palace is not yet completed, but will certainly be finished in a shorter time than is imagined, if they continue to work upon it as they do at present. I shall only describe to you the apartments we saw and the theatre. We had an invitation from the Duke and Dutchess of Termoli to dine with them, and they gave us a magnificent entertainment, tho' their house at Casserta is but small, being one amongst many other temporary buildings,

ings, contiguous to the palace, for the accommodation of the officers of the court, until the palace, its pavilion, &c. are completed. They received us in the most friendly and hospitable manner, and were much mortified at not having it in their power to offer us an apartment during the time the court should reside there, but were themselves so crowded, as to be obliged to have double beds in all their bedchambers. At half an hour after five in the afternoon Mrs. Hamilton called upon me to go to the theatre according to agreement * * * * *

* * * * *

In consequence of a message from the Queen, I then went with Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton into the box of the prime minister, from whence her Majesty sent. The Queen received me most graciously, I may venture to say with a courtly familiarity, as if I had had the honour of being known to her before. Amongst many things she was pleased to say (a great part of

of which I did not clearly understand, as she speaks but indifferent French and but little Italian) she wished me to tell her sincerely how I liked Italy, how I liked France, and whether I knew her sister the Dauphine, and how I liked her; the same inquiry in regard to the Infanta of Parma, another of her Majesty's sisters; whether I had been at Vienna, or intended to go thither. The conclusion of the conversation was many civil things, and many kind wishes for my being pleased at the *Fêtes* of Casserta, where she was so good as to say she hoped I would come constantly; she then desired me to accompany her into the pit, and to dance, &c. The company present in the box, beside Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, were the Dutchess of Termoli and her daughter, the Tannucci family, the Dutchess of Palma, the Prince St. Omaro, and some lords of the chamber. The Italian ladies I have mentioned are the principal favourites and intimates of the Queen.

Her Majesty is a beautiful woman, she has the finest and most transparent complexion I ever saw; her hair is of that glossy light chesnut I so much admire; it is by no means red; her eyes are large, brilliant, and of a dark blue, her eyebrows exact, and darker than her hair, her nose inclining to the aquiline, her mouth small, her lips very red (not of the Austrian thickness) her teeth beautifully white and even, and when she smiles she discovers two dimples, which give a finishing sweetness to her whole countenance: her shape is perfect; she is just plump enough not to appear lean; her neck is long, her deportment perfectly easy, her walk majestic, her attitudes and action graceful: she is a beauty so much to my taste, that I must say no more of her person, &c. lest she should fill up too much of my paper.

As soon as her Majesty, &c. were come into the pit, the Queen immediately danced a minuet, and to the highest perfection;
both

both their Majesties were dressed *en Savoiarde*, the stuff was striped sattin. Neither gold, silver, jewels, lace, or embroidery are permitted to be wore at these *Fêtes*.

At the time I was presenting, the Queen and all the company in the box were unmasked; but when her Majesty descended into the ball-room (the pit) she entered masked, as did the others. A small black mask which covers half the face is what every body must wear.

There is no precedence observed at these balls; the King and Queen go in and out promiscuously, which is the reason why the company is not so numerous as one might expect to find it. None but such as the Queen esteems proper to receive and converse with *sans ceremonie* are ever admitted; and there are many of the Neapolitan nobility, even to the rank of dukes, who are allowed only to see the ball from the upper boxes. Do not expect a description of the King's person, suffice it to say, he is not

so

so handsome as his Queen. Any of the company may dance at the same time with their Majesties. There are three or four sets of English country-dances, and when the Queen is tired of them, minuets are danced, as many as can be at the same time. The Queen calls out those she chooses to dance with; she did M—— the honour to order him more than once that night to dance with her. His Majesty is not fond of this amusement; however, he danced a country-dance in a set he commanded, consisting of men only, that he might, I suppose, dance as high and as violently as he pleased; but he met with one young Englishman who was more than his match, the Lord L——, who gave him such a twirl in return, as both surprised and pleased his Majesty.

I shall next give you, as well as I am able, a picture of the theatre, before you partake of our supper.

The theatre is in the palace; it is approached through spacious courts, and then through large passages lined with a double row of guards under arms. The plan is circular, the *proccenium* appeared to me to cut off about a third from the circle; the boxes are larger than those in any other I have yet seen; they are lined, gilt, and decorated with a profusion of ornaments. The gilding of the decorations of the whole of the theatre is so uncommonly bright, that I think the highest polished solid gold could not surpass it. The friezes, cornices, pediments, &c. are of a beautiful transparent marble, resembling a mixture of agate and oriental alabaster; the pillars sustaining these ornaments are of the most exact proportions and of the same materials; the stage is finely decorated, and so well painted in perspective, as almost to produce a deception; the back scene being down, and those of the sides representing columns, &c. the appearance given is that of the inside
of

of a vast saloon. The stage was covered with the musicians upon benches, rising pyramidically one above the other, the top of the pyramid is crowned by the kettle-drums. The musicians are all in a livery, their coats blue, richly laced, their waistcoats red, and almost covered with silver, small black hats, with long scarlet feathers stuck upright in them: large wax candles are placed between, so that they form a striking *coup-d'oeil* upon your entering the theatre: the whole is so artfully illuminated, that the effect is equal, and seems as if the light proceeded from a brilliant sun at the top. I imagine this may be accounted for from the reflection of the lights by the high polished marble pillars and other ornaments, into which the light seems even to pierce. The pit (which is more like an antique arena) is floored with a composition coloured red, very hard, and rather slippery; here it is they dance. The boxes are appropriated to the foreign ministers and great officers

officers belonging to the court. At twelve, the Queen unmask, as do all the company in the same moment: they then adjourn to supper, those who happen to be near the door going out first, &c. thus it may happen, that their Majesties may be last, so completely is the *etiquette* annihilated here. When the Queen is near the door, all the courtiers crowd about her on their knees to kiss her hands, which she lends on each side in the most gracious manner.

After mounting a staircase, you enter several large rooms, hung and adorned in the Italian taste with crimson damask, velvet, &c. and amply illuminated. The chairs are placed all round against the walls, and each sits down where they choose. These rooms were so full, that there was a double row of chairs placed back to back down the middle. Accident placed me exactly opposite the Queen, who took the first chair she found empty. There are no tables in any of the rooms; but every person being seated,

seated, the supper is served thus : The best looking soldiers, chosen from the King's guards, carry about the supper with as much order, regularity, and gravity, as if they were performing a military *manœuvre*. First appears a soldier bearing a large basket with napkins, followed by a page, who unfolds and spreads them on the lap of each of the company as they happen to sit ; but when it comes to the Queen's turn to be served, a lord of the court presents her Majesty's napkin. The first soldier is immediately followed by a second, bearing a basket of silver plates ; another carries knives and forks ; then follows a fourth, with a great *pattée*, composed of macaroni, cheese, and butter ; he is accompanied by an *ecuyer trenchant* (or carver), armed with a knife a foot long, who cuts the pie, and lays a large slice on the plate (which has been placed on the lap of each of the company) ; then a fifth soldier, with an empty basket, to take away the dirty plates :
others

others succeed in the same order, carrying wines, iced water, &c.; the drinkables are served between the arrival of each eatable: the rest of the supper consisted of various dishes of fish, ragouts, game, fried and baked meats, perigord-pies, boars-heads, &c. The desert was formed into pyramids, and carried round in the same manner; it consisted of sweetmeats, biscuits, iced-chocolate, and a great variety of iced-fruits, creams, &c. The Queen eat of two things only, which were prepared particularly for her by her German cooks; she did me the singular honour to send me some of each dish.

As soon as the Queen perceived that all the company had supped, she arose, and proceeded to the coffee-room, as did those of the company who chose coffee. This room is furnished like the coffee-houses of Paris precisely; the walls covered with shelves, on which are placed all kinds of *liqueurs* and Greek wines. Here are tables, behind

which stand young men in white waistcoats and caps, who make and serve the coffee and other refreshments, of which there is a profusion.—The Queen was most gracious to me, and distressed me by her goodness; for there being a great crowd, and finding a chair empty, I sat down upon it, when turning my head, I perceived her Majesty close to me: I arose; she took hold of me and obliged me to sit down; and having a dish of coffee in my hand, it was with the utmost difficulty I could prevent the contents of it from falling upon her clothes.—I have often observed that Princes are exceedingly sudden in their motions. She was so gracious as to commence a conversation; but quickly perceived how much she embarrassed me by her commands, as I was sitting and her Majesty standing close to me, she most kindly relieved me, by giving me an opportunity of rising, pretending she wanted something.

The

The ball lasted till seven in the morning; we quitted it at four, being much fatigued with dancing. I was determined to follow the example of the Italian ladies in one instance, that of drinking iced water and iced lemonade when very warm; and what is surprizing, so far from feeling any bad effect, I found myself considerably relieved from my fatigue, and not the least chilliness succeed. We returned back to Naples without any accident, and slept profoundly for ten hours. We are invited to a *grand Bal Pareè* at the French ambassador's, Monf. de Choiseul's, and to a second, at the Princess Potero's.

I shall conclude this letter when I have informed you that this city is famous for a manufacture in tortoise-shell, which they inlay curiously with gold, and are very ingenious at representing any object you choose. I have had a comb made for my *chignon* incrusted with gold, to imitate an Etruscan border, copied from an antique vase, which is so well done, that we have

bespoke several other articles: you are not forgot; I shall send you * * * * by the first opportunity, with some other trifles.

I believe I forgot to mention, that no gold or silver stuffs, jewels, or lace, are permitted to be worn at the *Fêtes* of Casserta. If I have already said it, I am sorry to repeat; but I am so tired of my own letter, that I cannot read it over again; therefore excuse my double information, if such it is, and adieu, &c.

Jan. 28, 1771.

Though I had concluded my letter, I have yet something to add concerning the *Fêtes* at Casserta: there are such precautions taken by the court to prevent improper people gaining admittance, that the tickets have the royal arms engraved on them, and some private marks, also the person's name they are to admit wrote on them; and these tickets are received at the pit door by the lord of the court who happens to be in waiting during these *Fetês*.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

Feb. 9th, 1771.

I SIT down to write you a long epistle, having received your last, which I ought to have had sooner; but the arrival of the posts are here extremely uncertain; that from France comes sometimes by sea, sometimes by land, so that you cannot know when to expect it with any degree of certainty. * * * * *

In return for the horrible murder of which you give an account, I send you another, which happened just at the door of this house two nights since. About seven in the evening (when unluckily we were at home) we heard a sort of confused noise, which though not loud, alarmed me. I rung and called, at length some of the servants came to me. They said, the noise I had heard, proceeded from a little bustle in

the street—A man who sold lemonade and iced water to the Lazzeroni, and who kept a stall just by the door, having had some dispute with his younger brother, had stabbed him with a knife, of which he instantly expired. The murdered lad was only fifteen years old : the murderer immediately absconded, none interposed to prevent either the murder or the escape. The body remained in the stall till the next day, when it was removed. Our hostess sent the mother of these sons a regale of macaroni soup and a pot of chocolate, by way of consolation for her loss ; and I suppose she was comforted, as the affair made no noise, nor have we been able to learn that any thing has been done in it since. These poor people's lives and preservation would be a very dull and vulgar topic of conversation for the polite *noblesse* of this country. What a country is England, where neither macaroni soup or chocolate would suffice to comfort a widowed mother for the
 loss

loss of a son ! There would be no time for the *Siesta*, nor for gallantry, were the murders of Lazzeronis and such sort of people to occupy the attention of the Neapolitan public.

There is a public entertainment for the people, which the great condescend to behold with no small degree of pleasure ; it is called the *Cocagna* : I presume the *Venatio direptionis*, mentioned by Kennet in his Antiquities, is the origin of this amusement. This sport is continued once a-week during the *Carnival*. Opposite the palace, a building of wood is erected, the greater part of which is covered over with different articles of provision ; the scenery is varied every week ; the description of one will give you a sufficient idea of the others.—A hill appears exactly opposite the palace, from the center of which bursts forth a fountain, and falls into a basin at its foot ; the base represents incrustations of rocks and shells like grotto-work ; such is the appearance

Cocagna.

from the windows of the palace; but this grotto-work is composed of nothing else than dried fish varnished and gilt, and intermixed with loaves of bread so well placed as to deceive the eye. On the sides of the hill (which is covered with green boughs), appear living lambs ornamented with ribands and artificial flowers; in another part are calves and some oxen: amongst the boughs geese and pigeons are nailed fast by the wings. On the top stands a figure of Apollo playing on the lyre.—Formerly all the creatures were placed here alive, and tied fast to the woodwork; but now, by this amiable Queen's particular command, the oxen are killed before the sport begins. The guards are drawn out round this artificial hill to prevent mischief; and at a signal given, the mob fall on, destroy the building, carry off whatever they can lay hold of, and fight with each other, till generally some fatal accident ensues. The court are frequently in the balconies of the palace, with most of
the

the nobility of Naples, to see the *Cocagna*. When the Queen first saw this barbarous amusement, she was shocked at the cruelty of tearing the wretched animals to pieces, whose cries reached the palace, and commanded, as I have already said, that the cattle should not be exposed alive to the brutality of the populace; but the lambs, geese, pigeons, and some other poor birds, fall a living sacrifice to their amusement: they tear them away unfeelingly from their fastenings, so as often to leave their wings behind. We have been to see this sight, as you know strangers should not neglect any opportunity of attending to whatever is new to them; and we saw it in the most complete manner, being permitted to occupy one of the royal balconies. In the midst of the riot and confusion, a Lazzeroni dropped, and was carried off by his comrades; he had received a stab in the breast by a knife from one of his brethren, who disputed with him somewhat taken off from
the

the *Cocagna*. As such events are common upon this occasion, no notice was taken of it; but the man died on the spot.

This *amusement* was so far from proving such to us, that I believe our curiosity will never again induce us to partake of it: for my part, I was so sick in the stomach, that all eatables went exceedingly against me; and it was with difficulty that I could sit down to table at my return.

Were it possible to be insensible to the cruelty connected with this *Fête*, the ingenuity of the contrivance and workmanship with which the *Cocagna*, &c. is constructed, would excite admiration. A great deal of taste is displayed in varying the scene every week. The architects are no other than the *Lazzeroni* themselves: sometimes they represent Mount Parnassus, at other times Orpheus charming the brutes by his harmony, varying these by representations of other fables taken from the heathen mythology. It is surprising how these poor people

people can have acquired any knowledge of this nature.

Since I wrote last we have seen the cabinet of Portici, or Museum, Pompeia, and what remains open of Herculaneum. Pompeia is situated east of Naples; the road lies along the sea-coast, and is extremely good; the country the whole way is rich and well cultivated. We passed through two villages, one is called *San Giovanni Teduccio*, the other *Pietra Bianca*. The distance from Naples to Portici is six miles, which is a large village, and well built. The palace was erected by Don Carlos.

Pompeia,
road
thither.

Portici.

Was there nothing beside the Cabinet of Portici and Pompeia curious or worth seeing in Italy, I think they would greatly overpay the traveller for all the inconveniences he must have suffered from bad roads, inns, &c. if still more miserable than what we have experienced, and that that supposition was within the limits of possibility.

Besides

Besides the theatre, little remains open of Herculaneum at present. To save the expence of moving the earth or lava to a distance, when they had made an excavation, and collected whatever they could find that was curious, they opened another quarter, filling up the first with its rubbish, and so on: all these curiosities were deposited as soon as found in the Cabinet of Portici.

Cabinet
of Portici.

The Cabinet of Portici, as it is here called, joins on to the palace, and is, properly speaking, part of that building. It contains several rooms filled with antiquities. There is a work published by order of government, which is already increased to seven or eight large folio volumes, embellished with engravings representing the various articles in this collection; but it is not yet near completed, on which account no person who visits this cabinet is permitted to take any sketch, note, or memorandum upon the spot; some few things, however, from memory I shall mention in this letter.

As

As to the above voluminous work, I have not time to examine it minutely ; but hope when we shall be returned home, and that it is completed, for an opportunity of looking into it at leisure.

To give you some idea of this valuable collection, I shall mention what appeared to me most interesting, as they occur to my memory.

The palace of Portici cannot boast of Palace. beautiful architecture. On entering the vestibule, the antique equestrian statue of Marcus Nonius Balbus the son is placed on the right, and is protected by a great glazed case. Balbus appears by this statue to have been about ten years old ; his head is uncovered, and his hair quite short ; he is habited in a cuirass, under which appears a thin garment reaching half way down the thighs ; his arms are almost naked, though a short kind of mantle fastened to his left shoulder flows downwards, but in such a manner as not to cover them. On his legs
are

are a sort of sandals reaching to the ankles; his right arm is raised to his head, and in the left he holds the bridle, which is remarkably short. The horse is without saddle or stirrup; he stands upon three legs, the fourth being raised very high; and though he does not seem sufficiently in movement, yet altogether it is a very fine equestrian statue. The inscription is M. Nonio. M. F. Balbo. P. R. Pro. Cos. Herculaneses.

Opposite to this is placed another equestrian statue of Marcus Nonius Balbus the father; it is esteemed as fine an antique as the other, but is not in such high conservation; the head and one of the hands are supplied, the originals not having been recovered from amongst the rubbish. The inscription is as follows: M. Nonio. M. F. Balbo. Patri D. D. These statues were found in the forum at Herculaneum.

The cupola of the staircase of this palace is so well painted by one Vincenzo Re, that it deceives the eye; but I shall defer the

description of the habitable part of it for the present, and mention only that wing which is the reservoir of the remains of Herculaneum and Pompeia.

Amongst the antique marbles, the figures of animals, as well the fabulous as those after nature, are many of them finely done; they were used to convey water which supplied the baths; and there is a great deal of humour expressed in their countenances, particularly in those of the chimeras, basilisks, &c. An elegant statue of Diana, in white marble, draped after the purple gowns worn by the Roman ladies of antiquity; the garment is edged with a lace exactly representing point; it is about an inch and an half broad, and has been painted purple and gilt, great part of which still remains. The statues, bustos, bas reliefs in bronze (which are very numerous) are of such exquisite workmanship, that I do not think it is in the power of the most powerful artist of this day to execute representations
in

Cabinet.

in metal of any kind that can rival or even bear a competition with many of them. I shall begin with the statues in bronze, of which I wish you to observe, that I mention but a very few of the many that demand the most accurate attention of the curious traveller.

Drusus and Livia, large as life, found in the theatre at Herculaneum; he is draped in his consular dress, a large ring in *intaglio*, the consular signet on his third finger. Livia has a ring on the first joint of her fore-finger (as now worn at Naples); these statues are finely executed.

A Mercury, large as life. Another Mercury and two wrestlers running against each other.

The Drunken Fawn (in bronze) large as life, reclined upon a skin of wine. Eleven such were found in the theatre at Herculaneum, but have been melted down and coined into grains (halfpence) by order of government. Many other antiques of more valuable

luable metals, raked out of Herculaneum, Pompeia, and Stabia, have been also coined into money.

In the Gallery, or chamber of bustos of philosophers and illustrious persons, whose identity has for the most part been ascertained by comparing them with medals, coins, bas reliefs, &c. amongst many of great merit, the immortal Plato is one of the most striking: the ingenuity of the sculptor, in the various curls and natural wreathings of his hair and beard, is wonderful.

Scipio Africanus expresses in his countenance the utmost dignity, sense, and affability.

A Socrates speaking: so very natural, as to surprise rather too much.

An Alexander; the features and cast of his countenance strongly resemble that at Florence: the expression is that of doubt, or anxiety of mind; as if big with some arduous enterprise; but he does not appear to suffer bodily pain.

A young Nero, in marble, of great beauty.

A fine Ptolemy Philadelphus in bronze.

A beautiful wrestler, in the same metal, crowned with laurel: this statue breathes true bravery; not a line of cruelty or revenge in the features, but a modest, amiable countenance, without pride, or consciousness of superior merit.

All the rooms (about ten in number) are paved with antique mosaic, exactly as they found the floors at Herculaneum; for these rooms were constructed of exact dimensions for their reception, and no two of them are of the same pattern. The *a l'y grec* borders encompass every different floor, and are curious for their regularity and linear intricacy. One pavement particularly deserves notice; it represents a Roman camp, forming an exact square; in the middle of each side is a gate fronting the center. Towers of three stories high, at equal distances, encompass the

the whole; they are all alike in size, &c. except those at the angles, which appear larger and more considerable than the others. The seats for the musicians found in the orchestra at Herculaneum are curious, the frames and legs being perfect; they are of bronze and have been gilt; some of the gilding still remains; the legs represent two serpents on each side of the stool, which forming a kind of a cross, somewhat like two S's, describe the serpentine line of beauty, and have a most graceful effect. Here are also inscriptions, setting forth the names of those who used the baths at Stabia; as Licinum, Faustinum, Vatiæ, &c. Amongst the utensils in bronze, the scales and weights deserve notice, for the delicacy of their workmanship. It appears that the weights commonly used were bustos of gods or heroes suspended by a ring. The scales are of various sizes, besides a great many instruments for weighing, like those called

in England steelyards ; to which the weights resembling human figures seem to have belonged. The moulds for ices, and various instruments for ornamenting pastry, &c. clearly prove the luxury of those times to have far exceeded in fertility and invention that of our day : a great variety of strainers pierced in the most curious manner, and which are frequently found in pairs, one fitting into the other ; but for what use designed, is not easy to determine ; many of them are in silver, others in bronze. Here are culinary utensils of more various shapes and sizes than you can find in any modern kitchen.

One of these rooms is built and furnished in exact conformity with a kitchen which was discovered ; it contains a number of articles, many so complicated, that their use does not clearly appear ; each vessel is of bronze, and of fine workmanship : upon the whole, it seems indisputable that the
ancients

ancients employed more refinements in their entertainments than the moderns, and must have served up a much greater variety of dishes than we do. The dressers, stew-holes, stoves, boilers, fish-kettles, &c. resemble ours, though they seem to have been better contrived. The lamps to light the apartments, and the *candelabres* to sustain them, shew a surprising fertility of genius ; scarcely any two lamps are alike, amongst some hundreds of them. Here are also tunable bells of different sizes for their cattle, resembling those in England called *tintanabula* ; also keys, letters to stamp with, perhaps to mark linen, &c. instruments of agriculture, chirurgery, and mathematics, &c. Another article for culinary use, which would be very convenient and agreeable in England is, a kind of portable kitchen, which does not exceed the size of a commodious plate-warmer ; in the center is a vase for water, under it a furnace for fire, with an invention for

broiling meat at the same time that it heats the water; this vase has a double bottom and three little fleus, or chimneys, for carrying off the smoke; the double bottom admits of stewing any thing in the manner called by the French *a la braise*. This would be a most convenient machine for the use of those who like to eat in parks or gardens; cups and saucers in silver, of superior sculpture to any I have ever seen, and resembling in make those now used for tea and coffee; they have handles, so curiously contrived as to balance them, and prevent their overturning, however carelessly held when full*: baskets for deserts in metal; many vessels gilt and silvered. I intended to have been short upon these matters, in order to proceed to more extensive objects than domestic utensils, &c.; but I must and will tell you, that here are two loaves of bread en-

* It is thought the ancients used these for warm water, which they drank as we do tea and coffee.

tire, marked with these words, *Segillo e Granii*, E. Cicire; also several kinds of corn, nuts, eggs, almonds, figs, dates, oil quite dry and hard; jars of wine, which, though black, hard, and looking like pitch, still retain a fine smell; they are dated, and marked Herculaneum. A piece of purple stuff folded, which when touched, falls to powder, and a great quantity of sewing silk of the same rich dye. I was cautioned against touching it by the person who shews the collection, but placing my finger on it suddenly, it took a sufficient impression to prove the effect to be as above mentioned. I wished to have been permitted to rub my finger (as a little remained on it) upon a piece of paper, just to bring with me an idea of the colour; but besides a sharp, though civil reprimand, for my curiosity, he insisted peremptorily on my not carrying off an atom; “for,” said he, “it is a curiosity no monarch upon

earth can boast the possession of, besides my master, the King of Naples.”

The instruments of musick I particularly observed are the following; the *seringa*, or flute of several tubes, formed of bone, and which you frequently see as the insignia in painting, if not always, accompanying the god Pan and the Satyrs: the *Crotali*; these are like basons, or deep saucers with broad brims; they were struck against each other, and are of brass. The *Sistrum*, in shape like a horse-shoe, crossed by several wires passing through holes, and so made as to admit their slipping from side to side; when this instrument is waved by the hand, the wires produce a loud noise: the *Tibiæ*, or double flute; this is made of metal. I suppose you are struck with an idea of the necessity the ancients had for more capacious mouths than the moderns; but I conjecture there must have been some kind of reed, which communicated with the ends
of

of these pipes or mouth-piece, through which the breath might with ease be conveyed. The *tripods*, and all the instruments for sacrifice, are of surprising neatness and elegance; their borders exceed the *goudronée* of any plate I ever saw. In the armoury are many shields, iron boots, spears, &c. on the first are historical representations in bas relief; the subjects of those I remember are, Sinon taken prisoner appearing before Priam; Cassandra about to be assassinated; Pyrrhus going to kill Priam; Helen restored to Menelaus; Eneas bearing Anchises, Creusa holds by one of his arms, Acchates by the other; a Pallas upon a pedestal; various tools, and instruments of iron have suffered considerably by the fire; but the bronze is in perfect conservation; fishing-nets and hooks (of various construction) still entire, though blackened; dice loaded, for the purposes of cheating, I suppose; several compasses of proportion; a small ivory skull, admirably well done and hollow within;

in ; glafs jars, like thofe now ufed for pickles ; goblets, phials, bowls, a box in the form of a book, containing what appears to have been an ointment ; ink-horns of a cylindrical fhape ; wooden pens, one in particular inclofed in a very fmall neat box with a fliding cover ; both box and pen are made of a brown wood highly polifhed and exquisitely finifhed. The ink in the cylinders is ftill black, quite dry, and fome of it in powder : tablets with hollows for the wax, but thefe are empty, as you may imagine : the ftylus ; one fort is pointed at one end and flat at the other, evidently to erafe, or rather fmooth over, fill up, or correct what had been erroneoufly wrote with the fharp end ; M—— recollects a paffage in Horace which explains this ufe of them, *Sæpè ftylum ver-tas, &c.* ——, whom you frequently fee, will explain this to you. Another fort, like a blunt chiffel, feems plainly intended to lay on the wax fmooth and even : an
etui

etui (entire) filled with these styluses ; looking-glasses about the size of a small plate, of a white polished metal, much dulled and sullied probably by the heat of the fire ; they are mounted in silver, which is doubled down round the rim in angles or points, like old fashioned lace : a vast variety of urns, and other vessels ; many of which are of the most delicate earthen ware, not glazed, but of a texture and colour superior to the old red china tea-pots, and much thinner than English cards, or than even those of France. Amongst the vessels urn-fashioned are some with separations within, and seem intended for the feeding and fattening of dormice, esteemed by the ancients a great delicacy : a small busto of this earthen ware ; the nose and other features resemble the masks for punchinellos of this day ; but this busto is the real representation of those unfortunate creatures who, for the *amusement* of the *great*, were converted into idiots from their earliest infancy ; the heads were pressed or squeezed

squeezed in some manner, until their foreheads became narrow, and the skull high and rather pointed than round; the ears continually pulled till they stuck out from the head, and squared with their faces; the noses underwent some other torture, to make them monstrous; the other features are proportionably hideous. Thus you see it was once the fashion to form fools for the amusement of their fellow-creatures. I hope this kind of cruelty may never be revived again in the world. What punishment can be devised adequate to the crime of imprisoning a human soul, dislodging the reason, destroying the ends for which the inlets to the soul, the organs, were given, and being the cause of bringing into contempt our fellow-creatures? But let me quit this odious subject. I observed a very curious quadrant engraved on silver, in the shape of a ham; the tail of the hog forms the style.

Here

Here are medals in great abundance, and some extremely rare. For many reasons I shall not attempt to mention more than two, which I am informed are indubitable originals; one of Vespasian, struck upon the occasion of the taking of Jerusalem, and a medallion of Augustus in gold.

Also several beautiful Cameos; that which represents Phaeton conducting the chariot of the sun has great merit; the starting and ungovernable movements of the horses are finely expressed; this is a Sardonyx, and as large as a crown-piece, but of an irregular shape. A Jacinth set in a ring of gold, quite plain, and several Intaglios, are extremely curious, both for their workmanship and devices. The famous Cameo the King of Spain left here on his quitting Naples, is of a smaller size than most of the other antiques; it represents the face of an old man of a grotesque countenance, with a long beard, (I take it for a Silenus) and is highly finished;
every

every curl and wave of the beard appear distinctly. His Spanish Majesty left it in the collection, on account of his esteeming it a *chef d'œuvre* of antique workmanship, and would not deprive the cabinet of Portici of so great a treasure; which are said to be his own words, when he took it off his finger, upon taking leave of this cabinet.

Several small statues and bas reliefs well executed in ivory.

The glass merits, for its curiosity, to be particularly mentioned; it was not only used in vessels of various kinds, but also in windows for panes; is of different thicknesses, and as transparent as that we use at present, allowing for a dullness and incrustation on its superficies, which all glass acquires by lying under ground any considerable time, but is clear where it has been recently broke. In the windows of some of the principal houses discovered at Pompeia, panes were found formed of a fossil, called by the French *piere de la lune*,

or *gyps*; this the ancients seem to have held in higher estimation than glass, and it was used for the same purposes.

Here are in presses a great number of Deities, such as Lares, &c. with a confusion of allegorical and symbolical *insignia*; a *Sella Curulis*; a state bed, consecrated to the gods; a bronze altar, &c. several tripods of curious workmanship; *lacrimatores* of different shapes and materials; a great number of articles necessary to the toilette, as combs made of horn like those we use; bodkins of bronze and ivory; small vases to hold perfumes, and women's ornaments in great abundance; bracelets of gold forming two half circles, and fastenings to them of the same metal, curiously contrived; ear-rings, chains for the neck, set with gems; these are but coarsely executed; scissars, needles, and thimbles; and a casket which was evidently designed to contain materials for needle-work. Here are also several fine

Bullas

Bullas of gold ; *Strigili* in bronze, to scrape the sweat off the skin after bathing ; and many articles in rock-crystal, such as essence-bottles, *lacrimatores*, and cups.

Eight small paintings on stone, representing eight muses ; they are not well done ; one of them has by her side a *scrinium*, or box, supposed to be used by the ancients to hold books, for which purpose, by this picture, it seems to have been unquestionably intended ; the scrolls, or books, have labels, or small slips of paper fastened to their edges. This representation is esteemed a great curiosity.

No room in this cabinet is more interesting in its appearance than the library ; it contains a vast assemblage of manuscripts ; they are pretty thick rolls ; most of them quite brown, some black, and had suffered so much by the fire, that it was esteemed impossible to unroll them, had not an ingenious man, *Padre Antonio Piaggi*, invented a most curious method

method of opening them by degrees, so as to be able to arrive at a possibility of reading them. A scholar of his, *Vincenzio Merli*, is now at work upon them; but the manner is so laborious and tedious, and the encouragement so small, that it is probable the world may wait long for instruction or entertainment from his labours; he is allowed only six ducats a month. The first roll that was opened proved to be a tract of philosophy by Epicurus; the second treated of morality; the third against musick, for which reason I would have it condemned a second time to the flames; the subject of the fourth is rhetoric. It is computed that there may be about eight hundred of these volumes or rolls in this library, all which are arranged with great order in glazed repositories; they were found in book-cases, part of the mouldings remain, and are shewn, not unlike many now in use amongst us. The collection of antique paintings found at Herculaneum, painted

on the walls, are conserved with the greatest care in glass-cases fitted to their size and shape. The pieces were sawed out with the utmost attention, having been previously secured from breaking, by frames of wood exactly of their size, contrived to hold them tight, and prevent the plaster from cracking in detaching them from the walls. These paintings are done in what artists style *distemper*. The glow of the colouring, which had been preserved for more than 1600 years, suffered much upon being exposed to the air, and a kind of whitish powder formed itself upon them : as a remedy for this accident, a Sicilian, named Moriconi, undertook to varnish them ; this succeeded in some respects, but a new misfortune followed ; for the varnish fretting the colours, which had been laid on with some kind of gum, great pieces shell'd off ; so that many of the pictures have been much damaged, others quite spoiled. The large ones among them are

but few in number: one of these represents a Theseus; he is of a gigantic size, when compared with the other figures in the group. His clothing is a piece of drapery wrapped round his left shoulder and arm; he holds a club or mace in his right hand; and on one of his fingers is a ring. Three young Athenians are acknowledging the heroic victory he has gained over the Minotaur; one kisses his hand, another takes him by the arm which bears the club, and the third is prostrate at his feet; a young girl who seems that moment to have joined them, lays her hand on the mace in an expressive manner, and appears to congratulate him on the same occasion. Another personage belongs to the group, but is too much effaced to admit of forming any judgment what it would represent. The Minotaur lies extended on the fore-ground: he bears the figure of a man with a bull's head; one of his hands grasps his horns; the stomach and shoulders appear much torn and wounded by the

blows received from Theseus's mace. At the top of the picture, appears a goddess in a cloud, leaning forward; no more is discoverable of her than her head and arms: one of her hands holds a bow, the other an arrow. The side of the picture where the entrance of the labyrinth was painted, is so mutilated as to be nearly indistinct. The colours are lively in this piece; the figure of Theseus noble, but not sufficiently spirited: the young man who is prostrate, is animated and correct: the drawing is good, but the whole fails in point of *clair obscure*. This piece and the next are curved; they were found in two niches of the forum at Herculaneum. The second is believed by the *virtuosi* to represent Telephus son of Hercules; he is sucking a goat, who, meanwhile, kindly licks his thigh; a winged divinity, crowned with laurels, holds in one hand ears of corn, and with the other points to the Infant. Hercules is pre-

sent

sent also, and leaning on his club, fixes his eyes on the child: on one side of Hercules is a lion, on the other an eagle: the goddess Flora is seated opposite to him, and behind her appears the god Pan. The composition of this picture is good, the attitudes full of expression; Flora is well draped, the child, however, is particularly incorrect in the drawing, and the lion and eagle but ill done.

Another picture, full as large as life, represents Chiron teaching Achilles to play on the lyre; this painting pleases me much; the figure of Achilles is that of the most noble and graceful nature; the colouring is warm, of a yellowish cast, the degradation of the shades to the lights finely observed; and the whole of the drawing, though not perfectly correct, yet in an easy, natural style. Also two other pictures of the large size; one represents the discovery of Orestes, by Iphigenia in Tauris; the other, Orestes and Pylades taken prisoners and in

chains; but I have not time to enter into any particulars in regard to these, as I must mention some of the small pieces. Amongst these a Faun and a Bacchante, both very drunk; there is great life and spirit in this picture. Near the Bacchante lies a Cymbal and a Thirfus, adorned with a tuft of ivy fastened on by a red ribbon.

A painting where two young girls seem dancing an *Allemande*: the movement of their arms is good, but the drapery forms too great a confusion of plaits. Here are several other pictures representing dancing girls in very graceful attitudes, and all have beautiful faces. A representation of five Greek women, with their names; they are playing with knuckle-bones, as school-boys do at this day: four Dwarfs: a Concert; the man who blows the *tibia* has a machine tied round his head, which receives the two extremities of the musical instrument. A woman at her toilette, her maid dressing her hair. Pictures
of

of Etruscan priests ; they have two horns springing from their foreheads ; one of them is seen sacrificing to a peacock perched on a column, adorned with garlands of flowers. A Venus, a veil in one hand, and in the other something like a kind of fan. Ariadne forsaken, a Cupid weeping : this is well done. Ariadne and Bacchus. A Cupid holding a Chinese umbrella. The Judgment of Paris. An Olive Branch, so well done as to deceive. Three women finely draped. A conversation-piece, very interesting. A Bacchante riding upon a Centaur, her hair dishevelled and blown about by the wind ; what little drapery she wears (in the swiftness of her progress) she seems almost to leave behind her ; her back is uncovered, and the anatomy well executed : her attitude is extraordinary, she rides with one knee on his back, and with the heel of the other leg kicks him on the flank ; one hand grasps him by the hair, the other bears a Thyrus, with which she encourages his

speed: it is one of the most animated pictures that can be imagined. The background of almost all the small pictures is of a kind of redish brown. Several small paintings representing children, many of them winged like Cupids, and variously employed, some playing on instruments of musick, others busied in the cares of the vintage, &c. animals, chiefly tigers, peacocks, ducks, cocks and hens, quails, fish, &c.

Fruits, as grapes, figs, dates; the grapes very tolerably done. Many ornaments, called *arabesques*, which are curiously drawn and intricate. Also several landfkapes and buildings; these fail in keeping. It does not appear that perspective was well understood at Herculaneum.

In the architecture there is a strange mixture of the Gothic and Chinese taste; and some views in particular of country-houses or villas, situated on the margin of the sea (probably at Baja) where there appears
Chinese

Chinese ornaments, such as pales, bridges, temples, &c. represented as belonging to the gardens. That these people should have any knowledge of the Chinese and their gardens, ornaments, &c. is surprising. I observed one representation of a Chinese temple built on piles over a piece of water, and open on all sides. Amongst many comic representations inclosed in *arabesque* borders, I remarked that of rope-dancing, where the tight rope is placed and sustained exactly in the same manner as practised in England at this day, and the dancers dressed as in London, except a small difference in the decoration of the head, those of antiquity wearing a pointed cap; in other respects the variation from the present mode is inconsiderable.

Caricature was not unknown to them, but this kind of *attalantis* wants a key. There are many personages represented with the heads of various animals, which bear strong marks of having been intended for portraits ;

traits ; even historical events did not escape the silent ridicule of the satyrical painter: the pious Eneas is represented in a ludicrous manner, and many other heroes, in masquerade, with horns, hoofs, tails, long ears, &c. &c. Lord T—— might improve his talent considerably, by taking a trip to *Portici*. * * * * * Observe I have not dwelt half as long as I might have done upon this cabinet of curiosities, for such indeed it is ; but my time and memory both fail me, it being with the utmost difficulty I contrived to take a few notes in my pocket-book, without being observed ; for instance, I had like to have forgot one of the finest vases in the world ; it is of Parian marble, and was found at Pompeia : a feast of Bacchus is represented on its sides in *bas relief* ; it is extremely large and most beautifully proportioned. I wish his Neapolitan Majesty would lend us an apartment in this same palace for one summer, and permit us to rummage his collection ;

collection; though I don't know how I should be able to resist the temptation of purloining some small articles; such an opportunity would put my honesty to the proof.

The part of the palace occupied by the court is nobly furnished, and consists of magnificent apartments for a summer or country residence. The floors are all of them paved with antique mosaic, Grecian and Roman. *La Camera di Porcellano* is lined with pannels of China ware, I should say porcelain, I suppose, as it does not come from China, but is the manufacture of *Capo di Monte*; these pannels are moveable. Here are several fine tables of marble, two in particular of *verd antique*; also some good pictures. The fruit-pieces, by John Brughel, a Flemish painter, come so near nature, that the eye is almost deceived. Four small paintings on marble, representing female figures, more curious than beautiful, are antique, and on one is
the

the name of the painter, Alexander of Athens.

Some bas reliefs and bustos, which appear to have merit; but we had not time to examine them closely. The garden belonging to the palace is not worth notice; it is planted for the greater part with evergreens. Having detained you sufficiently at Portici, I now come to Herculaneum. I shall not augment the bulk of this letter with informing you of the various disputes of the learned, in regard to the precise date of the destruction of Herculaneum, by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius; but upon the whole, this dreadful event is supposed to have happened about the year of our Lord 79. The melted lava in its course filled up the streets and houses in some places to the height of sixty-eight feet above the tops of the latter, and in others one hundred and ten feet; that is to say, particularly on the side nearest the sea. This lava is of a consistence which renders it

it extremely difficult to be removed or cleared away; it is composed of bituminous particles, mixed with cinders, minerals, metallics, vitrified sandy substances, which altogether form a close and heavy mass. It is evident the town was not filled up so unexpectedly as to prevent the greater part of the inhabitants from escaping with many of their richest effects; for when the excavations were made, there were not more than a dozen skeletons found, and but little of gold, silver, or precious stones.

The first discovery of this city was made in the year 1713, in the following manner: The Prince d'Elbeuf, Emanuel of Lorraine, having married (that same year) the daughter of the Prince of Salsa, wished to have a villa near Naples; he accordingly built one at Portici, and ordered an apartment to be stuccoed: a Frenchman undertook to make the best and hardest stucco, provided he was supplied with antique rubbish,

bish, consisting of broken marble, &c. A poor man at Portici undertook to provide the French artist with the kind of rubbish he required, of which he had found a considerable quantity in digging out a well in his little garden. The Prince d'Elbeuf bought the garden from the owner, with design to make excavations there, which was done with such success, that the first discovery proved to be the top of the theatre of Herculaneum. After some days labour they found a statue of Hercules and a Cleopatra; this success encouraged the Prince to continue the work, and they soon after discovered the architrave of a door in marble, with an inscription and seven Greek statues, supposed to represent vestals; these the Prince sent into France. Some time after they light upon a temple of a circular form, supported by twenty-four columns of *alabaſtro fiorito*; the interior part was decorated with as many more,
and

and the same number of fine Greek statues. These pillars and statues were sent to Vienna to Prince Eugene.

Such rapid discoveries were at last put a stop to by an order from court, forbidding any more excavations to be made; and from that time nothing farther was attempted till the year 1736, when Don Carlos, then King of Naples, built the royal palace at Portici. The Prince d'Elbeuf presented his Majesty with his house and the garden where the excavations had been made. The King employed men to dig perpendicularly eighty feet deep, when not only the town made its appearance, but also the bed of the river which ran through the city, and even some of the water still remained, which could not make its way through the lava. The temple of Jupiter was then brought to light, and the whole of the theatre. In the temple was found a statue of gold, and the inscriptions that decorated the great doors of entrance. In the theatre
the

the fragments of a gilt chariot, of bronze, with horses of the same metal, likewise gilt: this had been placed over the principal door of entrance. They likewise found multitudes of statues, bustos, pillars, and paintings, of which I have already mentioned a few; but since the departure of Don Carlos, now King of Spain, the workmen have declined both in number and in industry; they have indeed continued to make fortuitous excavations here and there; but government esteemed the expence too weighty. As the villages of Portici and Refina are built upon Herculaneum, they feared damaging many of the houses, and did not choose to purchase them; for this reason, as soon as they had made any useful discovery, they sent away whatever was found most valuable to the palace, and returned the rubbish immediately to its former lodging. This accounts for nothing appearing at present, besides the orchestra of the theatre, which

which they have had the goodness to leave open. The most considerable public building here discovered proved the forum, or court of justice, of a rectangular form, encompassed with a piazza, or open portico, decorated with forty-two columns, and ornamented with paintings (two of which I have mentioned to you as extremely good). The portico of entrance was composed of five arcades, adorned with Equestrian statues of marble; two only of which have been conserved, and are the two Balbuses, placed in the vestibule of the palace of Portici. Several statues of the families of Nonia and Annia were also found there. as was, in a kind of recess, one of the Emperor Vespasian, and on each side of him a statue in a curule chair: also two niches painted within side, and in them statues, of bronze, of Nero and Germanicus. There were two temples joined on to the forum by porticos; these were

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rectangular, vaulted, and decorated on their insides with columns, paintings, inscriptions in bronze, &c. In the same year (1750) they discovered the forum. Near these temples the theatre was found in all its extent. The seats for the spectators were disposed so as to form a half-ellipsis of one hundred and sixty feet diameter (taken the long way), highly ornamented with beautiful pillars of marble; the spectators were seated upon twenty-one rows of *gradins*, or steps, and above these was also a gallery for them decorated with statues of bronze, pillars of marble, and paintings; its walls partly lined with Parian marble. It is conjectured, and even asserted, by many historians, that most of the inhabitants of the city were assembled in this theatre at the time the irruption of Mount Vesuvius (in the year 79) destroyed both Herculaneum and Pompeia.

The streets of the town appear to have been quite straight and regular; the houses well built and much alike; some of the rooms paved in mosaic, others with fine marbles, others again with bricks, three feet long and six inches thick; the rooms were encompassed by a seat or high step; the walls painted in *fresco* in compartments, with various representations, as pillars, garlands, birds. All that remains at present to be seen, to our great disappointment, is the orchestra of the theatre. We were conducted down a great many stairs by the light of flambeaux. This orchestra appears now like a vast drain; so powerful are the damp, that our lights burnt blue, and we were near wet to the skin by the distillations from the earth over our heads. The darkness of this place brought to my mind the description of one of the plagues of Egypt in the Bible, "*A darkness that may be felt.*" The orchestra seemed of great extent, but we did not think it pru-

dent to stay to measure it in so unwholesome an air.

Pompeia.

I now leave Herculaneum and come to Pompeia, which is but a few miles distant from Portici, and sixteen from Naples. Pompeia was destroyed, or rather covered entirely over by a rain of cinders and hot ashes, occasioned by the same irruption of Mount Vesuvius that destroyed Herculaneum. This city (Pompeia) was accidentally discovered about sixteen years since by some labourers, who were dressing ground in order to plant an orchard. The soil rises above the houses no more than from two to five feet, and the ashes which fill up the streets and cover the houses are extremely light; I do not know any thing they resemble so much in appearance as broken pumice-stone. A very few weeks labour would suffice to lay the whole town open; but as the ground is planted with vines and other fruit-trees, government does not choose to make a rapid progress towards

towards discoveries, the expence of purchasing these vineyards and orchards being a consideration with them; and the work at present goes on but slowly.

The first place you enter at Pompeia is a caſern or barrack; it is a rectangular building encompassing a court, and surrounded by a colonnade: the middle part or court, and one of the ſides, are not yet cleared out; the rooms for the ſoldiers are within-ſide the colonnade, and are all exactly of the ſame dimenſions, *viz.* fifteen feet ſquare, extremely well built of brick and ſtone, with great regularity and neatneſs, two ranges of brick and one of ſtone, alternately. The pillars which form the piazza are covered with a hard ſtucco, very even and ſmooth; they are fluted in an elegant manner, ſeventeen on one ſide, and twenty-three on another, and are coloured red and yellow alternately, excepting two in the middle of the longeſt range, which are of the colour of a Turkey-ſtone and

one of the same colour in the middle of the shortest row. I observed on these pillars several names (we suppose) of soldiers, with rude drawings scratched with a nail or the point of a knife, representing Roman warriors, horses, &c.; the figures are in such armour as you see in the Cabinet at Portici; and though these drawings are but rudely executed, they shew sufficiently how the armour was wore; for instance, one iron boot on the right leg, which must have been the most exposed, for the left was in a great measure protected by the shield: also men fighting, and such representations as you cannot fail to meet with in modern guard-rooms and barracks. In one of the rooms, intended probably for a prison, or place of confinement, was discovered an iron stocks (now conserved in the Cabinet at Portici), five skeletons were found with their legs in this machine. As there is a contrivance for locking it, these poor creatures had no chance to escape. We saw their skulls and bones.

In the window of a room, very lately cleared out, appeared the skeleton of a woman, who seems to have been endeavouring to make her escape; she had a gold chain round her neck, and bracelets of the same metal about her arms. In a gateway near this room was found a man who was surpris'd whilst leading a horse out of the town: by the ornaments which still remained, he must have been of a noble family. I saw two examples of the same nature, which shocked me much: one was of a poor slave, who probably had been employed in heating a bath, near which his skeleton remains, having been stifled in that occupation at the same time that the town was destroyed: his bones are burnt quite white; I brought away with me one of those which form the neck, or *vertebræ*. The other miserable creature was confined, and forgot during the general consternation; he had gone so far towards his escape, as to have made a small breach in the wall of a room; but stuck in the hole, and there his skeleton was found.

The entrance of a theatre for the soldiers is on one side of this square; (but the interior is not yet cleared out:) here is an inscription finely cut on a piece of white marble fixed in the wall. By a stratagem, M——, unseen by our guides, copied it exactly as follows:

C. ovinctius Δ *C. F. Val, c, (or) g, M Δ *Por-*
cius Δ *M* Δ *F* Δ *Duo* Δ *Vir* Δ *Dec* Δ *Decr* Δ *Theatrum* Δ
Tectum Fac Δ *Locar* Δ *Eedemque* Δ *Prob.* —*

This inscription has been discovered about eighteen months.

The front of the theatre is built of lava, cut cubical, and regularly ranged lozenge fashion: they are about four inches square, and seem very deep the other way, so that probably the wall is extremely thick; and what appears outside are the ends only of these pieces of lava. This building is a convincing proof of there having been irruptions (as asserted) of mount Vesuvius before that of 79.

Several

Several of the houses of this town, at the time of clearing out, were stripped of their paintings and other ornaments, yet many of the pavements remain. It is remarkable, that although we entered the greatest part of the most perfect of them, we could not find two floors alike: they are all paved in mosaic of various patterns, many in the manner called by the French *a l'y grec*, and others representing flowers, foliage, &c.

One house with its garden is entirely cleared out; it has a door in the middle, and two windows on each side, a small portico supported by elegant and well proportioned pillars: their ornaments are most curiously sculpted in white Carara marble. One of the mouldings or beads seems to represent small birds eggs strung; the string is not thicker than a common corking-pin, and is quite clear from the marble behind, at least a quarter of an inch. Nothing can exceed the exactness of these strings of eggs, by which you may form some idea of the rest,

rest, the foliage, friezes, bases, &c. In the front of this house is a small garden, or rather parterre, which leads to the house; and immediately before the entrance a neat paved terrace. Marble borders confine the mould of the flower-beds, which remains as it was found when they had removed the lava or cinders. Here is a little channel cut in marble, like that in stone at * * * * *, to convey a stream through the garden; but that this is rather deeper. I wished to have taken a sketch of this house and its little garden; but the officers, soldiers, and spies appointed to attend and watch strangers made that impossible; as it is their business to see that no observations they can prevent should be made. They followed us closely, so that we could rarely evade their vigilance and impertinent curiosity. In most of the windows are iron gratings, very neatly made, some forming squares, others lozenges, with knobs and roses where they meet or cross each

each other; in these the panes of glass had been fixed, somewhat like the casements in England, but larger, and more exact. In many places the iron has suffered by the heat, appearing as if half melted, but in others as perfect as if newly put up.

There is another theatre here, besides that I mentioned in the town, of a very considerable size: I should guess it to be as large as that of St. Carlo at Naples; but this I give you as my own conjecture only. It is not entirely cleared out, but they are at work upon it: to this are four great doors of entrance; probably two were designed for the nobility, the others for the plebeians. The stair-cases are well built, and convenient; the passages behind the *gradins* or seats seem sufficiently wide for four people to walk a-breast: these *gradins* form a large segment of a circle; it is a considerable walk quite round; to this theatre belong conveniences similar to those called water-closets in England, with leaden pipes for the conveyance of water, of
precisely

precisely the like construction. The stage, arena, &c. are not yet cleared out.

One of the gates and a street of the town are now entirely laid open; the former is built much in the same manner with the common gates of country towns in England; a wide arch in the middle, with a small one on each side for foot passengers. I must here make a digression to acquaint you, that by the time we had reached this part of the town our spies were so tired of us, their hour for dining being arrived, that they left us in the care of one man only, who, when their backs were turned, rather softened a little towards us, and permitted our making what observations we would; however, he was very apprehensive of being himself watched, and turned frequently round and round, looking upon all sides of him, to see if any body was in view; meantime M—— took down the following inscription in his pocket-book, which is inserted in a wall just without the gate, whilst our guide avoided seeing him:

EX. AUCTORITATE. IMP. CÆSARIS. VESPASIANI. AUG. LOCA. PUBLICA A PRIVATIS POSSESSA. T. SUEDIUS. CLEMENS. TRIBUNUS. CAUSIS. CONGNITIS. ET MENSURIS. FACTIS. REIPUBLICÆ. POMPEIANORUM. RESTITUIT.

Our guide told us the street was supposed to be that of the goldsmiths : shops plainly appear on each side ; they are built of brick ; and their windows have regularly on one side of each of them little recesses for exposing to sale the various articles of their commerce to the best advantage, upon little stages or steps rising one above the other. He said many small statues, vases, &c. were found on these risers, which were immediately taken away, and supposed to be deposited in the Cabinet of Portici. Fixed in the wall of one of these shops, I observed two beautiful bustos in white marble ; that which seemed to me the best was a Bacchante crowned with grapes and ivy. This street is paved with large cubical blueish stones, like the Appian Way ; on each side

is

is a causeway, raised about a foot and an half above the level of the street.

In another part of the town appears a temple to Isis : this is entire, excepting the roof, which has been destroyed by the workmen. The columns are of brick and stuccoed. The walls were completely covered with paintings in fresco ; many of them have been detached from thence and conveyed to Portici. Here are two altars which stand alone in the court of the temple, and are great curiosities, being quite perfect.

Behind the temple is a room eighteen yards long by ten wide, the entrance into it from behind consists of five arches, of which the central is higher than the others. In the middle of the temple is a small building like a chapel, with a staircase, and from beneath rises a dangerous vapour. These exhalations should be carefully avoided by curious travellers. I amused our guide, by walking towards some paintings

ings that appeared at a little distance, while M—— took down this inscription in the temple, which follows :

N. POPIDIUS, N. F. CELSINUS ÆDEM ISIDIS
TERRÆ MOTU CONLAPSAM A FUNDAMENTO
S. P. RESTITUIT. HUNC DECURIONES OB LI-
BERALITATEM, CUM ESSET ANNORUM SEXS,
ORDINI SUO GRATIS ADLEGERUNT.

Whilst he was copying this inscription, I came to the paintings in view. One is of Mercury and a nymph, and has great merit. Another, a small perspective view, of about eighteen inches square, representing a villa with a portico and a piece of water before the house: the sky is of as fine a blue as ultramarine, and appears fresh as if just done.—A white stag fastened to a column, or rather a high altar. The back ground is red; this is a common circumstance in all these paintings. The stag is admirably well done; his mouth is open; he seems to complain; deep distress is expressed in his whole figure; he averts his
eyes

eyes from the fatal altar, adorned with the trophies of his death. I took a pencil out of my pocket, and began to make a rude sketch from this flag, and intended, if possible, to do the like from the perspective view; but my guide, in the most pressing manner imaginable, begged me to desist: he assured me he saw some soldiers on an eminence not very distant; that should I be perceived, he must suffer for his inattention, and even I should be sharply reprimanded by government. I endeavoured to persuade him to give all his attention to the cavalier who had lagged behind (for by that time I was sure he had copied the inscription) but he would not quit me, and was about to prostrate himself at my feet, urging his apprehension of being sent to the galleys for life, as a comrade of his had been for a similar offence three weeks since. I desisted; his oratory was too feeling to be longer withstood; notwithstanding, as I continued my work during his harangue, I

had sketched out the flag, and have finished it in water-colours, as near as I can from memory: it has met with the approbation of those of our countrymen who have seen it, and of many of our Italian acquaintance, who insist on its strong likeness to the original. I shall inclose it to you, though but a wretched attempt in my opinion.

But to return to our poor Ciceroni, he really was in the right as to the soldiers; for not twenty paces from us was a guard, who, had they not been busily employed in roasting and eating chefnuts, might easily have perceived us. I am not certain whether they did or not; if they did, they perhaps thought it prudent to be silent. There is a well belonging to the temple, that has two fine bas reliefs over it.

The workmen are now employed in clearing out a very large house just within the town, that has several pretty paintings on the walls of the rooms. Here a droll ac-

cident befel me; I saw a ladder placed against a breach in the wall without fide; and as it was not very high, would go up to look in; M—— held the ladder; when I had gained the aperture, I put my head in, and leaned upon the broken wall, which giving way, in I tumbled: the room was not above half full of ashes; I fell upon their bed, and did not receive the least hurt. You may be fure M—— was soon up the ladder after me, and there was a general exclamation among the workmen. I inwardly congratulated myself on being the first to enter this room, which had been closed up for so many hundred years. I assure you, I am not a little proud of the accident. The walls are painted in fresco, divided into small compartments by borders *a l'y grec*; these compartments contain various representations of Chinese temples or mosques; others, of the human figure, amongst which, an old man's head, and a Mercury, seem to be particularly well done.

I am

I am heartily tired of this long letter; I wish you may not be so too. Adieu, and believe me to be as happy as I can be at so great a distance from you, and ever most sincerely yours, &c.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

March the 15th.

YOU see we have not yet left this delightful city, though the time for our departure approaches. Do not wonder at it, but rejoice that we have resisted a temptation still stronger than that of making a longer residence here than we promised. Know then, that we have denied ourselves the gratification of a voyage to Sicily and Malta, purely upon your account: a Dutch fleet of observation, now ready to sail for those islands, offered to convey and accommodate us; nor should we have been absent from Naples more than a few weeks—but we could not think of giving you anxiety;

and had we accepted of the obliging invitation of the Dutch officers, we must have embarked before we could have received your answer to any letter that should have conveyed you this information. These gentlemen have been uncommonly civil, I may say friendly, to us ; they are extremely well bred and polite * * * *

We breakfasted with a large party of English and Italians on board one of the men of war. Nothing could exceed the cleanliness and elegance of our repast. These officers speak French fluently, and some of them have learnt a little English.

They are strongly prejudiced to the British ; I say prejudiced, for they think better of us than we merit. One of the younger officers, whose small cabin is perfectly neat, has furnished it with several prints of the most celebrated English beauties, and some shelves of books, the productions of our best poets of about forty years since. We should have sailed to Sicily and Malta in the most agreeable

agreeable manner possible, especially as the family of *Monteleone*, and the Princess *Potera* in particular, repeatedly offered us letters of recommendation to their family at Palermo, whose consequence is sufficiently known to prove the sacrifice we make you. It was not an easy matter to decline such invitations and offers; therefore thank us; for I assure you, we strongly combated our own inclinations to keep our word with you.

Since I wrote last we have not been idle, though much engaged in that round of dissipation which never ceases here. We passed two whole days at *Pozzoli*, &c. visited the *solfattera*, as well as the *Grotta del Cane*. I am at present confined with a slight cold, and dedicate this day to your service, being convinced, by your repeated assertions, that my letters are really an amusement to you. I therefore make no apology for the bulk of this packet. In

truth, it seems as if the more one sees in this country, the more remains to be seen; and fresh subjects of surprise and curiosity spring forth like hydra's heads—but not to lose time in reflection:

Puzzoli is situated about two leagues and a half west of Naples: It is asserted by some authors, to have been founded five hundred and twenty-two years before the Christian æra, by one Decius, son of Neptune, and according to other authors, by somebody else; to me, it is a very indifferent matter by whom it was founded; suffice it, that there is such a place, most agreeably situated on the margin of a small bay: it is at present inconsiderable, but was, in the time of the Romans, a city of great extent, as appears by many vestiges of ruins, which may still be traced. The cathedral church, now under the protection of St. Januarius and St. Proculus, was formerly a temple dedicated to Augustus; the inscription runs thus:

L. Cal-

L. Calturnius L. F. Templum Augusto cum ornamentis D. D.

It is built of large stones without cement. There are remains of some Corinthian pillars. The ruins of the Temple of Serapis is the finest and most perfect antiquity at Puzzoli; yet it is a loss, greatly to be regretted by all lovers of antiquity, that the inner temple, discovered in the year 1750, and quite entire, highly decorated with several beautiful statues in marble and bronze*, is not now to be seen, being filled up with the same earth which they took out of it. The reason given for not persisting in laying open the temple is, lest a wretched cabbage-garden, which lies over it, might be injured by the excavation. This fine temple was encompassed by forty-two square rooms, which are now almost reduced to ruins, yet still some beautiful columns are to be seen, of white marble, fluted and highly finished. The

* These precious relics in metal have been melted down for economical purposes.

whole was paved with large slabs of marble, and the edifice completely incrufted with the fame. It is curious to fee the mafly rings fixed in the pavement, to which the victims were faftened, and the copper pipes or drains to convey away their blood: here is a pierced fquare of marble, of exquisite workmanfhip, which ferved as a drain-ftone with us, for it is placed in the center of the quadrangular part of the temple, precisely under the open part of the roof, in order to receive and carry off the rain-water which entered at the opening. Though this temple is in fo mutilated a ftate, it cannot fail to excite the admiration of the curious traveller.

In that part of the town called *la Piazza*, is placed a fquare pedeftal of white marble, found in the year 1693; each fide has a bas relief. Although they are much injured, yet you may diftinguifh fourteen figures, by which are represented the fourteen cities of Afia; the names are under each.

The

The pedestal is inscribed to Tiberius; probably a statue of him had been placed upon it. The amphitheatre, called here the *Colosseo*, was a building of considerable extent. Augustus deigned to assist in person at the games celebrated here *. The *aræna*, which is now a garden, is two hundred and fifty feet long; the porticoes of entrance, which were below the *gradins*, or seats for the spectators, and the dens for the beasts, with a stone trough in each, to hold water for them, are still to be seen.

West of Puzzoli, and just by the town, are presumed to be the ruins of the famous Academia of Cicero; they are a mile and a quarter round. Here it was he wrote those books intitled *Quæstionum Academicarum*: but this vast building is now so demolished, that there is no possibility of ascertaining the regular plan; though we took the trouble of walking, or rather stumbling, over the rubbish, through a number of

* Vide Suetonius.

rooms, we could not find one that might be termed a large room in a modern English house. Some of the pavement still remains composed of small dies of white marble, forming a mosaic pattern; most of the rooms were vaulted, and many of the arches still remain entire.

It is evident the sea has covered the greater part of this building, as considerable vestiges, which plainly appear to have been part of the structure, may be clearly discerned at low water; which is highly probable, for an additional reason, which is, that the Academia was so close to the sea, as to admit of Cicero's guests (as is said) to have amused themselves by fishing from his windows.

There is a curious antiquity here, called the Labyrinth of Dedalus; it is near the amphitheatre, and appears to have been a reservoir for water: also a second, close to the labyrinth, of about sixty feet in length, vaulted, and probably destined to the same purpose.

purpose. Half a league from Puzzoli are the *Colombarias* or tombs, which you must descend into by ladders. There is nothing very curious in these repositories for the dead; they are of a simple structure, with small niches, in which the urns filled with the ashes of the family were deposited. This town is chiefly inhabited by fishermen, their children run after strangers with plates full of mosaic of various colours, amongst which you may frequently find medals, intaglios, and engravings on gems, such as agates, cornelians, &c.; these the sea throws up on the beach, and may be purchased for a trifle. Some of them are genuine, but many are false; and these mock antiquities are frequently imposed upon ignorant strangers, which are no more than the refuse or sweepings of lapidaries shops, procured from Naples; but whoever has a little attention and intelligence in these matters, cannot easily be deceived.

The Gulph or Bay of Puzzoli is about a league over, each way the view from the town is charming. This must have been once a delightful spot. The purple dye of this place was in such esteem amongst the ancient Romans, as to be said to have rivalled that of Tyre: it is the blood taken from a vein in a shell-fish *, and of which there is so small a quantity, as not to exceed one drop in each fish.

We crossed over in a boat from Puzzoli to Baia; the sea was nearly as smooth as the Thames. Here are no remains of a town; a few wretched cottages are indeed scattered about. There is one bleak building of mean appearance on an eminence, inhabited by a small military guard, stationed here to prevent bands of robbers from infesting the coasts, and concealing themselves amongst the ruins.

Close to where you land on this coast are the baths and prisons of Nero. The baths

* Probably perriwinkle.

in general are surprisingly warm ; but there is a particular passage of about one hundred and thirty yards in length, at the end of which you find a source of water so extremely hot, that the boatmen at Puzzoli who rowed us, and who are accustomed to visit it immediately upon landing, returned from thence as soon as possible, not being able to bear the heat of the steam from the springs. One of them carried a couple of eggs with him in a pail, which having dipped into a hollow in which the water falls, the eggs were quite done when they came out from the passage. M—— would accompany them to this boiling source, and returned from thence in a violent heat and perspiration. Contiguous are caverns, or rather small cells in the rock, where are beds or broad seats cut out of the stone, on which sick people extend themselves, and take the vapour bath, as they call it here ; these recesses being filled with as thick, and a much hotter steam, than that in the slips of the
baths

baths at Bath in Somersetsfhire. When the patients have been so sweated on these stone sophas, as that their strength is almost exhausted, they take ices, which enable them to continue their operation much longer than their strength would otherwise admit of; nor has this practice ever been known to produce any other than the most salutary effects. These baths are esteemed most efficacious in virulent scrophulous distempers, the evil not excepted.

Nero's prisons are hewn out of a vast rock, which rises so perpendicularly from the sea, that it seems as if the present front towards the bay (if I may so term it) was really a section of these horrible chambers of confinement; and what is now seen from the sea must have been consequently the interior of these dismal abodes. They are all arched over in a rude manner; the passages leading from cell to cell are so narrow, as to admit of but one person's passing at a time, and withal, turn and

wind so suddenly, that I think it would not be an easy task to find the way out again without an experienced guide; beside, the entrances or door-ways into the different cells are extremely low, dangerously narrow, and cut so crooked, that you are frequently obliged to accommodate your body to their irregular shapes, in order to facilitate the passing with safety.

There are a great number of cells practised through the solid rock, and ranged in the same manner with the stories of a house, but not regularly, the passages sloping from above to those in the lower part. The greater number are in a manner arched, but so low, that you are obliged to stoop considerably during the whole progress. Here total darkness reigns, and a dreadful silence. We had several flambeaux lighted, and a provision of others, in case any of them should extinguish, and resign us guideless to these regions of horror.

Below

Below these upper stories are sixty-eight chambers *en suite*, whither our guide offered to conduct us, but, like a hospitable man, when we had penetrated part of the descent, he was kind enough to inform us, that though he himself had been down, yet it was in these lower apartments that Nero (as they believe) used to send people for twenty-four hours only, who at their return into the fresh air, immediately expired; upon which information, we thought proper to check our curiosity in regard to the sixty-eight chambers *en suite*, and to turn back. Whether this tradition be fabulous or not, certain it is, we had already perceived a warmish damp vapour, which probably might have augmented had we followed the descent, and which our guide asserted to be of a considerable length, and rather difficult to accomplish: he, as a recompence for our disappointment (as he esteemed it), said he would shew us something very pretty, and immediately crept through a
hole

hole in the rock, M—— followed, and I would go too; with some difficulty I was dragged through, and then we came to another. Our guide desired us to stretch ourselves on the ground, as the rock over head comes down extremely low. From this second hole we had a glorious prospect of the gulph, *Capo Miseno*, the islands of *Procida*, *Ischia*, &c.; leading out of the hole, we discovered distinctly ruins of arches, broken pillars, walls, &c. which the sea had covered over. Above this hole is a very small and neat round building, not unlike a narrow well; through a small perforation we saw part of it. Here our *Ciceroni* insisted, that Nero used to take post himself, and give orders to his fleet, lying at *Capo Miseno*, by means of a speaking trumpet. M—— asked him, How the devil Nero could contrive to get there? He insisted, that there was a subterraneous passage from the top of the rock, to which he would conduct us; but we had prudence enough not

to explore it. Being gratified with the fine view from the hole in the rock, we retired; and were conducted to an arched vault called Agrippina's Tomb. The roof is so low, that we were obliged to stoop almost double whilst we staid in it, and the air so warm and close, that the flambeaux burnt very dimly: this may seem a trifling circumstance, but it is extremely teasing: however, with some difficulty, we contrived to see the admirable workmanship, formed of stucco, with which the vault is lined. The composition is so hard, that it is scarce possible to injure it even by the blows of hammers. It is stuccoed in small compartments; the mouldings are exquisitely neat, fluted, and ornamented in the most elegant manner. In the center of each compartment are various representations, probably allegorical; of gryphons, dolphins, &c. &c. all highly finished, and as smooth as ivory. It is not entirely cleared out, which it might be with little trouble

or

or expence, as the earth is very light. From hence we proceeded to the Elyfian Fields, now for the moſt part covered with vines. No ground can lie more agreeably in point of aſpect, ſituation, variety, and proſpect. Here we ſaw ſeveral burying-places; they are all built much in the ſame manner with thoſe I have already mentioned. Urns filled with coins and medals are frequently found amongſt thoſe that contain the aſhes of the dead. It is probably in ſearch of theſe hidden treaſures that ſuch frequent excavations have been made as you meet with at every moment. Part of the ground between the plantations of vines is under tillage; where the plough in its progreſs inceſſantly turns up morſels of vases, broken architectural ornaments of fine marble, and admirable workmanſhip; and not unfrequently large pieces of alabaſter and porphyry, to which we were ourſelves witneſſes. There are ſeveral low

walls, or rather heaps of stone, thrown roughly together by way of boundaries, composed for the most part of these venerable fragments. Mutilated statues and bustos are to be met with in abundance degraded to such rustic purposes. We saw some women grinding corn in a singular manner, and quite new to us: they were seated on the ground, and one held between her feet a piece of hollowed marble, which, on a nearer examination, proved a beautiful fragment of a column of the Ionic order, that ornamental spiral part called the volute. I was quite fretted at seeing the use these beldams make of what probably had belonged to some superb temple respected by the masters of the world, once the inhabitants of these coasts. It was of *alabastro agatizo*, alabaster with large veins of agate. She threw the corn into the hollow, and laying fast hold of the volute with one arm, by the assistance of arm and legs prevented it from slipping, whilst

whilst with her other hand, furnished with an antique moulding suiting her purpose, she worked the corn round and round, till the husks came away from it.

There are three fine ruined temples on this coast; but the sea-marshes have so broken in upon them, that we were obliged to be carried on our boatmen's backs for about a hundred paces, in order to enter, the depth of water being insufficient for the boat to approach them, yet too much for us to walk through, (almost knee deep) and the bottom rough and unequal. No more than two of these temples stand upon ground dry and firm: these are covered over with a low brush-wood, furnished by nature of the finest and most odoriferous myrtle, quite void of that acrid, pungent scent, which it often yields in English green-houses. Interspersed are various sorts of aloes, basilicon, with uncommon large leaves and stalks, lavender-cotton, and a spike-lavender of an uncommon size and

Y 3

fragrance,

fragrance, all in blossom; also large deep blue violets, cyclamens of various sorts, hippaticas, polypody, the orchis, and several other plants whose grass I am unacquainted with, which was curiously spotted and striped.

This wilderness of sweets attracted my attention; and I should have gladly passed an entire day in this delightful garden of Nature, sufficiently struck with the enthusiasm of the place, to suppose the myrtles, &c. sprung from the same stems that had been coeval with Baia in the days of her glory.

Temples.

Venus
Genetrix.

But to return to the temples: one was dedicated to Venus Genetrix, another to Diana, and a third to Mercury. That to Venus is the most perfect; and I assure you, has most myrtle growing in and about it. It is supposed to have been erected by Julius Cæsar; and is built in the form of a rotunda: part of the dome still remains, supported on one side only, so that it appears in air. There are three rooms under
this

this temple, which were probably baths; two of them are square, and the other, oval at one end. In the center of the vaulted roof of this last is a square opening, the object of which has not yet been accounted for. Through the vault (I do not mean the square opening, but on one side of it) has grown the root of a tree, very curious indeed, as it is evidently in a state of petrefaction.

The Temple of Diana is octagonal on the outside, but circular within: the roof is destroyed. Here we found several flags heads in marble, and other insignia of the goddess to whom it was dedicated.

Temple
of Diana.

The Temple of Mercury is nearly an hundred paces from that of Venus; and that of Diana about twice as far from the latter. It is difficult to enter this building, on account of the water and marsh in and all around it. The appearance, on the outside, is of three deep ruined arches, or vaulted roofs, crowned with shrubs. Having

Temple of
Mercury.

got through the water by the above-mentioned conveyance, we found a breach in one of the walls which communicates with the interior of the temple. This building is a large rotunda, open at top. Speaking low, in the same manner as in the whispering-gallery at St. Paul's, London, produces the like effect here; which I should suppose to arise from the roofs forming an ellipsis. These three temples are built of brick, cemented with pozzuolane*, and were no doubt incrusted with marble, as broken slabs and ornaments have been found in and about them. I must not omit to take notice here of the ruins of a bridge, *Ponte di Caligula*, which this emperor intended to extend from Baia to Pozzuoli. There still remains thirteen large pillars and several arches composed

Ponte di
Caligula.

* The pozzuolane is a kind of sand, found in great abundance in this country, which, when mixed with lime, forms a cement of so close a quality, as to resist water. The people of Pozzuoli export great quantities of it to many parts of Italy, and elsewhere.

of brick and stone, cemented with pozzuolane. Suetonius I think asserts, that Caligula had a fancy to make a triumphant entry across the sea, in imitation of Xerxes; and for that purpose attempted to build this bridge; but when they had got about half-way, the sea proved so very deep, that he was obliged to substitute ships fastened together with chains, on which a platform was raised and paved. The first day of his triumph he rode on horseback, and the second in a triumphal car, followed by Darius, whom the Parthians had left with him as an hostage.

No vestiges are now found of the magnificent villas built by the Romans, which were spread out along this coast, nor of the ancient town of Baia, supposed to have taken its name from one of the companions of Ulysses, who was interred here.

It was, in this country, according to ancient fable, that Hercules defeated the giants 1238 years before the birth of Christ.

But

But not to go quite so far back in ancient lore, I shall mention only some few remarkable events recited in classic authors: It was in a country-house belonging to Julius Cæsar, near Baiâ, that Marcellus was poisoned by Livia. He is celebrated by Virgil, towards the end of the sixth book of the *Æneid*, at the recital of which, Octavia is reported to have fallen into a swoon.

The famous conspiracy against Nero was formed in the country-house belonging to Piso, of which they pretended to shew us some remains.

It was at Bauli, which is very near Baiâ, that that monster Nero contrived the means of assassinating his mother. Acinetus, who commanded his fleet at *Capo Miseno*, was the man who suggested to him the contrivance of a false bottom to the ship, on board of which Agrippina embarked after a great feast, given by her son to ratify their reconciliation. You know the rest. Here it was, also, that the famous triumvirate,

rate, Cæsar, Pompey, and Mark Antony, assembled and consulted. In short, I must check my pen, or I shall never finish my letter; and before I conclude it, must just add, that after having passed a most delightful day at Pozzuoli and Baia, we went to Bauli, now a wretched village, not above a mile and a half from Baia, where we dined, not in a wine-house, but at the door of one. The vulgar are certainly right in this respect; they never eat in the house when the weather does not oblige them, wisely preferring the fresh air to the foul exhalations of the kitchen. Here then we sat down (amongst a number of peasants) extremely hungry and fatigued, and fed most heartily on very coarse bread, anchovies, and eggs; but our beverage was Falernian wine, very justly celebrated by Horace: it is the growth of the *Monte Falerno*, one of the mountains that bounded our view: our eyes were feasted by the prospect. This *Albergo* is built on the margin of the

Bauli.

sea; before us we had in full view the bay. As the sun was setting, the various tints of purple and gold with which an assemblage of clouds were embellished, acquired new beauties when reflected in the waves, whose movement was just sufficient to vary their glowing colours. Stretched along the coast appeared the three ruined temples, gilt by the rays of the sun: the promontory of Capo Miseno, jutting out into the sea, was in deep shadow. The islands of Procida, Ischia, &c. rise finely out of the water, and are shaped in the most picturesque manner. Pozzuoli appeared to great advantage across the bay, with the ruins of Cicero's Academia, and the remains of a temple dedicated to Neptune. Near Bauli are the vestiges of a broken arch, part of a temple to Hercules. On the side of Baia our prospect was bounded by mountains covered with vines; producing the wine called Falernian.

After

After dinner we returned to Pozzuoli, and reached Naples before it was dark; the next day our visit was repeated to Baia, and from thence we went to Cuma, the weather still continuing very fine: but this second day's amusement, with other matters, I must reserve for my next letter, which I shall send by the next post; it goes out again in three days, at which time we shall be about to quit Naples on our return to Rome.

* * * * *

Adieu, &c.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

Naples, March 16.

I RECOLLECT that in my letter of yesterday I did not mention the road from Naples to Pozzuoli. The commencement lies through the *Grotta di Pausilippe*, which opens into one of the suburbs west of that city. This subterraneous passage is practised through a mountain: the height at the

From
Naples to
Pozzuoli
road.

Pausilippe
Grotta.

the entrance from Naples is at least sixty feet ; its width from eighteen to twenty, and paved quite through ; at the end towards Pozzuoli it decreases in height, not exceeding forty feet ; and is a mile in length.

This grotto is of very ancient date ; the best antiquarians attribute it to one Marcus Cocceius, a Roman * ; whoever it may be originally imputed to, its enlargement and paving were accomplished by two viceroys of Naples, one of Charles the Fifth, the other of Ferdinand, and it remains as they left it. In the midway is a small chapel dedicated to the Virgin. There are two perforations in the vault, which penetrate the whole thickness of the mountain, and admit sufficient light (as is asserted) of a calm day, to pass through without flambeaux ; but in case of a high wind, and that it happens to blow to-

* The common people are persuaded it was effected by the power of magic, and attribute it to Virgil, who they universally believe to have been a forcerer.

wards the opening, the dust is then extremely troublesome; nor is it safe, on account of meeting other carriages. We have often drove through this *grotta*, but never without flambeaux. It is plain this subterraneous passage has never suffered by the earthquakes and eruptions that have occasioned such devastation in the environs of Naples; its safety is probably due to the solidity of the rock, in which there does not appear any veins, or mixture of sulphur, or any kind of inflammable particles. Under this mountain is a large quarry, from which they dig stone that is frequently used in the buildings at Naples. On the side of the mountain next the sea, and amongst the rocks, grows the plant *Opuntia*, or Indian fig, on which is found the cochineal. Upon the top of this grotto are still some remains of an antique aqueduct, which conducted water from *Serino* to supply a reservoir called *Piscina mirabile*, of which I shall speak by and by.

The

Tomb of
Virgil.

The Tomb of Virgil is on this same mountain, over the entrance of the *grotta*, in a vineyard belonging to the Marquis Salcitro. This ruin resembles a broken square tower of a very inconsiderable height; but its walls are thick, and built of brick. It is to be lamented, that no antique inscription has been found in its vicinity to name it, beyond a doubt, the real monument wherein the ashes of Virgil were deposited. Over and about this ruin grow various plants, and amongst them an old bay-tree, celebrated in a Latin inscription near the ruin, and placed there by order of Peter of Arragon. You may be sure I am possessed of some of the leaves of this sacred tree; how happy should I be, if drinking a decoction of them would inspire me with Virgilian poetry. The mountain (Pausilippe) is covered with villas and gardens planted with evergreens, belonging to several noble families of Naples. Having passed through the subterraneous road, we entered a plain which
seems

seems closed in on every side by mountains. The ground under close cultivation; what is not ploughed is covered by vineyards and standard fruit-trees. The plain is intersected by a poor village called *Foro di Pozzuoli*; we passed through it, and then entered a very narrow road, which brought us to another valley, almost entirely under water. This lake is called *Lago d'Anagno*, at the distance of a mile and a half from that end of the *Grotta di Pausilippe*, at the extremity from where we entered it, and forms a large basin of a circular figure of about half a mile diameter, well furnished with water-fowl, which are preserved as royal game. On the margin of the lake is the famous *Grotta del Canè*. As we were approaching it, a man appeared leading a wretched dog by a cord; the poor creature shewed great apprehension and dread, knowing what was about to befall him. As M—— had seen this experiment already, having been here some days since,

Lago
d'Anagno.

Grotta
del Canè.

I desired the dog might not be put into the grotto for me, as I was not in the least degree curious to see the effect of the experiment; he therefore prevented the man from proceeding, who was prodigiously surpris'd at receiving a larger gratuity for not tormenting the animal, than he had usually done for his utmost exertions: the poor wretch when untied was at first almost stupid; upon finding himself really at liberty, he frisked about, and expressed his joy by running and rolling himself upon the grass; but I observed he shew'd not the least inclination to gambol towards the grotto; of which when he perceived the door to open, he stood aloof, and then slunk away as fast as his weak legs could carry him; for his strength seem'd to have been much impaired. The experiment is thus made, as M—— informed me: they hold the dog by the legs down close to the ground; in about two minutes he is seiz'd with a species of convulsions, which cause him to howl;

but

but presently his limbs and body stiffen, and he appears nearly expired, upon which, they throw him out of the grotto on the grass that borders the lake, and sometimes into it, when he recovers in a few minutes by degrees, as if just come out of a strong fit; but the dogs never get the better of these experiments; for when they have been thus treated for perhaps a dozen times, they are shortly after seized with a giddiness, and turning themselves round repeatedly, drop down dead: this happens more frequently to them in summer than in winter; and it is remarkable, that no dog has ever been known to survive this experiment above three months who has suffered it once only.

The grotto is very small, and resembles a deep and wide ditch, rather than a cave. At the entrance, a certain humidity is very perceptible; and stooping near the earth, you are still more sensible of a light, warm exhalation rising from the surface, some-

what like the effluvia from burning charcoal. A lighted flambeau is instantly extinguished when held near the ground. We did not continue to stand here any time, as numbnesses are frequently the consequences to those who imprudently linger near this dangerous spot. There is now a door to the entrance kept locked, and never opened but for strangers, or those who come to visit the grotto. The reason given for this precaution is, that a poor beggar-man, a stranger in the country, being benighted near this place, took shelter in the grotto, where he was found dead in a short time after. It appeared by the attitude in which he was found, that he had lain down to sleep.

It is surprising to find, that grass and various weeds grow luxuriantly about the entrance of this cave, and yet there hangs a kind of dew upon them, which, although not absolutely warm to the touch, is by no means cold.

Near

Near this place are vapour-baths, called *Stuffa di S. Germano*. A very hot vapour from the ground fills four chambers, round which are placed stone seats: on these the patients are laid, rolled up in blankets: when they come out of the baths, they go into bed; and in order to promote a second perspiration, eat ices, which never fail to procure the desired effect. The disorders commonly cured by these baths are rheumatisms, scurvies, and other scrophulous humours.

Vapour
baths.

Quitting the lake *d'Agnano*, we proceeded on our road to *Pozzuoli*, and came to the *Solfaterra*, about a mile from thence. It is an oval plain of no great extent, situated on a height, and surrounded by hills, except upon the side of the road by which you reach it.

Solfaterra.

The ancient name of the plain is *Phlegra*, and is supposed to be the place where Hercules defeated the giants. The soil is of a yellow cast, from the quantity of ful-

phur (no doubt) with which it is impregnated, and so hot in many places, that my shoes were scorched and shrivelled, which made the walking in them difficult for the rest of the day. In some places the heat is stronger, quite burning where the *moffets* or little volcanos flame up; this happens uncertainly, as to place and time, as also their extinguishment. In other places the ground feels quite cool, yet four inches below the surface is extremely warm. It is wonderful to see briars and brush-wood growing in this sulphureous soil.

Here are several small vents, from whence smoke constantly issues; one in particular emits it abundantly, accompanied by a rumbling noise. This has the quality of producing sal ammoniac in large quantities, which adheres to stones placed for the purpose at and about the opening.

In one part of the plain a spring boils up, forming a small rivulet; a stick or piece of paper being moved in it, catches fire immediately:

Burning
spring.

immediately : it seems like a juggler's trick, to light a piece of paper at a rivulet, and still as extraordinary, to find this spring at its source boil on one side only, the other being cool, which tempts one to conjecture that the ground being hollow, may possess near the source some Volcanian fire, which heats it thus partially.

The *Aqua di Pisciarelli* is a famous medicinal water in this country ; it is hot, and of a saltish taste ; its source near the lake *d'Agnano*, and behind the *Solfaterra*. Pozzuoli is about two miles and an half from hence, from which place we embarked in a little boat, and landed at Capo Mefino *, about three miles and an half from Pozzuoli and Cuma. Very little remains of the ruins of the ancient town. The principal antiquity is a cavern, called *Grotta Dragonara* : whether this was intended as a re-

Aqua di Pisciarelli.

Grotta Dragonara.

* So named from Eneas's friend, whom he buried here. See Virgil, book vi.

wine and provisions, to supply the fleet of Mesino, antiquarians have hitherto disputed. It at present consists only of a long winding subterraneous passage, with rooms on each side, but nothing curious or worthy of observation.

Having quitted this promontory, we proceeded towards Baia, in our way to Cuma; and here I must mention *Monte Nuovo*, a great natural curiosity on this coast, if the effect of a dreadful eruption may be so styled. The Lake Lucrine (now dry) after a violent agitation and noise, brought forth a mountain on the 30th day of September 1538, which sprung up from the midst of its waters. A violent earthquake at the same time entirely destroyed a village very near the lake, called Tripergola. Much damage was done in the environs to the vineyards, &c. The lake Lucrine was dried up, and great part of it filled by the New Mountain, formed of lava, pumice-stone, and such substances as appear to have
been

been half calcined. This fact of the mountain having been produced in the space of one day is attested by several authors of credit, amongst many others by *Pietro di Toledo*, in his Dialogue on the Earthquake of 1538, printed at Naples the year following, by *Leandro d'Alberti*, in his *Descrizione d'Italia*, &c. &c.

No bush or plant, nor even a blade of grass, grows upon *Monte Nuove*; which is judged to exceed in height two hundred feet.

About a mile north of Baia, and half as much from what was the lake Lucrine, is the lake Avernus, to which a narrow, winding road, with hedges on each side, conducted us. This lake is circular, of about half a mile diameter, furrounded with hills, which still throw such a shadow, as to give it a dark look; but when they were clothed with trees, must have caused the water to appear almost black. The noxious quality attributed to this lake,
and

Lake
Avernus.

and the sulphureous exhalations so fatal to birds who should attempt to fly over it, are particularly mentioned in the sixth Book of Virgil. At present it has no smell, nor does it produce any extraordinary vapour. The forests are destroyed, nor is there, I believe, a fibre remaining of the tree that bore the *golden bough*; however, our guide pointed to the gloomy entrance of a cave, close upon the borders of the lake, which he assured us was the antique descent into Hell, and that we must go through a narrow and steep passage with lighted flambeaux to see the famous cave of the Sybil, this being one end or opening of it; the other, he told us, we should see at Cuma. We apprehended the time would not suffice to reach that place if we remained longer here; and we knew there were some curious tombs worthy of observation in the road thither, so resolved to content ourselves with his description of the cave, which was as follows; that after descending

a bad

a bad staircase above an hundred feet deep cut in the rock, and which is also very winding, we should arrive at two square rooms, ornamented with stucco, much in the same manner as the interior of Agrippina's Tomb. I interrupted him, to say I had no inclination to proceed so far on the road to the infernal regions. We determined to continue our course, after having first taken a view of the famous Temple of Apollo, probably that so beautifully described by Virgil, and which is situated on the borders of the lake, opposite the Sybil's cave. Our guide assured us there is a subterraneous passage leading from the cave to the temple, but that it is very difficult to pass through, the ground having given way in many places : we took it for granted, not being disposed to make the experiment.

The Temple of Apollo appeared a very large ruin ; what remains is built entirely of brick : a great fragment of its dome is a majestic object ; but our guide assured us,

that

Temple
of Apollo.

that were we closer, we should not have so good a view of it as from where we were then posted, the masses of ruined walls being at a distance from each other, whereas at present the point of view grouped them well together: his reasons were plausible, and we continued our road.

It is really surprising to observe the natural taste of these poor people, and how much of history true and false they know, considering their education, &c.; though they are often bewildered and confused in regard to ancient dates and events, not having been informed accurately by reading, or by mixing legendary tales with historical facts, handed down to them by their forefathers. But not to lose time in digressions, having quitted the borders of the lake Avernus, we came again to that beautiful part of the country, the Elysian Fields, which I mentioned in my last letter. Here is a small lake, called *Mare Morto*, but styled by the peasants *Mercato di Sabato*; it is full of fish,

Mare
Morto.

fish, and joins on to the sea, by a narrow communication that admits of being dammed, so as to prevent the fish from returning thither. The famous *Acheron* is about a mile from hence; this is now called by the peasants *Lago Fusaro*: near it was situated the country-house of Servilius Vatia, mentioned by Seneca as *the only man who knew how to live*, who describes also the beauties of the situation and house.

Acheron.

Between the lake of *Mare Morto* and the sea-shore is a great antique building called *Piscina Mirabile*, which was probably a reservoir; it measures two hundred feet by one hundred and thirty; the roof is supported by forty-eight large pillars; you descend into it by two staircases, each of forty steps.

Piscina
Mirabile.

I believe you think we shall never arrive at Cuma; but the reason is, that these antiquities I have mentioned lie wide of each other, and are so situated, that they cannot be taken regularly, the roads to them frequently

quently out of repair, obliges you to double back the same ground over again; these reasons and others put it out of my power to give you a clear idea of their position with respect to each other, unless I could send you a map of the country, a convenience much wanted by strangers, but not to be had. In our way to Cuma we passed by Bauli, where we had dined the day before; these are about a mile's distance from each other.

Cuma.

Cuma is said to have been founded by a Greek people of an island now called Negropontis, the ancient Eubeans of the city of Calchis, a thousand years before the Christian æra. The ruins are spread over a large tract of ground, and many of them covered by the sea; yet easily perceived from a rock which juts out into the water near Bauli. Amongst those ruins upon *terra firma*, is a house, which we entered; the walls are surprisngly thick and strong; the roof, on the outside, is now even with
the

the ground, it is flat and stuccoed with a strong composition of pounded lava and pozzuolane; the rooms vaulted, but of small dimensions.

Here are some remains of the house of Lucullus, whose luxury cost him his life: the walls are of large bricks, built in a kind of mosaic; some of its lofty arches still witness its former splendour.

Lucullus's
house.

Arco Felice is the name of a great gateway, probably one of the entrances of the town; to this is joined on each side part of a strong and very thick brick-wall, sixty feet high.

*Arco
Felice.*

The Giants Temple is a building of twenty-nine feet long by twenty-five; the ceiling arched, and divided into compartments, in which are three square niches: What this building was designed for is not known, or why it is now called the Temple of the Giants. There is another vault of eighty feet long under ground, and near this temple, with niches in the walls, from
which

Temple
of the
Giants.

which it may be conjectured, with great appearance of probability, that it has been a catacomb or burial-place.

Sibyl's
Cave.

The entrance of the Sibyl's * Cave is by a broad and flat arch; it is so filled up with earth, which prevents your penetrating it farther than about twenty paces with ease. It really seems possible, that this should be the other end of the cavern on the side of Avernus. Our guide asserts strenuously, that he has gone the whole way himself, a great part of it upon his hands and knees, and constantly stooping more or less during the remainder of the passage; but we are not ready to believe that a man of his fort would under-

* The Cumean Sibyl was the seventh in the order of Sibyls; she was said to be the daughter of Glaucus, and priestess of Apollo, to have lived seven centuries, and was the same who offered Tarquin the Sibyls books, of which there were nine; she demanded a hundred pieces of gold, which was refused her; upon which she burned six of them, and the king regretting he had not purchased them all, and believing the remaining three might contain most important secrets, acquired them at the price she had asked for the whole.

take

take a pilgrimage of this nature from no other motive than that of curiosity. We entered the cave a few paces, but the arch and the ground were so near, that it soon became necessary to get upon our hands and knees; and as it seemed to become still more contracted, and the flambeaux grew dim, we retired with what speed we could; so judge you if it was possible for this man to have penetrated three miles in utter darkness. I filled my pockets with some handfuls of the earth, amongst which there are abundance of antique bits of mosaic, broken agate, &c.; and upon examination, found one intaglio of jasper; it represents the sign Scorpion, holding a crescent between the fore-claws, and has a star placed near the tail; it is perfect, but I was sorry it was not upon a fine gem. I have packed up a couple of deal-boxes, which contain some antiques and articles in natural history: they are to go to England by sea the first opportunity.

Burying-
places.

Monu-
ment of
J. Cæsar.

Having seen all that was worthy of observation at Cuma, we went to the burying-places in its neighbourhood, called by the peasants *Coll-imperia*. These depositories of the ashes of the dead resemble each other so nearly, that I shall describe but one of them, by which you may judge of all the others: it is that of Julius Cæsar; the plan is circular, the walls of brick, in these are little niches, each of them containing an urn, in which the ashes were deposited; these have been removed, our guide told us, to the Cabinet of Portici, but we cannot recollect having seen them there.

The plan is on a small scale; I should judge it not to exceed ten feet in diameter; the roof forms a dome; the architecture is of the most simple kind, without painting or stucco. We descended into it, for all these mausoleums are under ground.

We returned and dined at Pozzuoli, at our guide's house, who is a fisherman, and has a tolerable habitation. He is one of those people who at Naples are
called

called *Lazzaronis*. We had fresh butter, new-laid-eggs, bread, biscuits, anchovies, and wine; he shewed us great hospitality, and we rewarded him accordingly. When we were about to return to Naples, he asked me in the most humble manner, If I had any of the black silk English plaster, so sovereign for wounds? At first I did not comprehend what he applied for, but upon recollection, found it must be the black sticking court plaster. Luckily I had a bit in my pocket-book, which I gave him; he returned me a thousand thanks; and I learned from him, that Lady Sudley when at Naples had been so kind as to give him and others of the *lazzaroni* a good deal of it, which they had found an infallible remedy for the *colpæ di coltelli* they so frequently receive in brawls and quarrels with each other. The prejudice which prevails here to whatever comes from England is astonishing; and indeed the merest trifle cures these poor people, who

are almost in a state of nature. He mentioned to us several anecdotes of Lady Sudley, much to her honour. This lady's humanity, generosity, and every virtue, joined to a refined understanding, a most liberal education, and an elegant person, has made such an impression upon the hearts of the Neapolitans, from the court down to the *lazzaroni*, that whenever she is mentioned, they with difficulty restrain their tears; a grateful tribute to her memory in a foreign country!

Capo di
Monti.

Having now bid adieu to these delightful coasts, which I cannot expect to see again, I shall return to Naples, and to a farther description of that city and of *Capo di Monti*, which is situated in its suburbs. This old palace is not inhabited by the court; it has never been completed within, though begun in 1738. It contains a fine collection of books, pictures, antiques, and natural history. On the first floor is an apartment, consisting of twenty-four rooms,
filled

filled with pictures; the best are those which adorn the gallery called the Duke of Parma's. Of these, I shall mention but a few that pleased us most. I have not time at present to be minute, but shall abridge from the notes taken upon the spot as much as possible. A famous picture, though a copy; the original is at Florence, by Raphael. It is that wherein Leo X. is represented between two cardinals. This copy is so admirably done, that it deceived Giulio Romano, who shewed it to Andrea del Sarto (himself the author of the copy), and enlarged upon the beautiful touches of his master, which he pointed out to him, not forgetting many encomiums on his own strokes in the drapery, which he highly esteemed. Think how Andrea must have prided himself on having deceived so great a master.

Copy by
Andrea
del Sarto.

A Madonna, little Jesus, and St. John; St. Joseph in the back ground, with a wallet at his back; a duplicate of that famous

Raffaello.

small picture at the *Pallais Royal* at Paris, by Raffaello.

Annibal
Carracci.

Eight pictures by *Annibal Carracci*. A *Pieta*; the Virgin's character is noble, her attitude and expression truly affecting; the dead Christ finely done.

A small picture, representing St. Anne shewing a crown of thorns to the Virgin: the colouring quite fresh.

Hercules between Vice and Virtue; the three figures are not well grouped, being placed at too great a distance from each other; but the drawing is in a great manner.

Rinaldo and Armida; she is employed in adjusting her hair, he holds her a looking-glass; yet the painter might have made a better representation than he has done, from the passage in Tasso's *Jerusalem*, &c.

Corregio.

Titian.

Two Concerts, by *Corregio*; they are well done. The famous *Danae*, by *Titian*; I do not think it quite equal to that already mentioned in the possession of a private family at Florence.

Several

Several good pictures by the Bassans; one in particular so well done, that it turned my stomach: I began to fancy I smelt that odious faint smell which makes me sick if I go near raw meat. These brothers had an unaccountable taste in all their pictures; they never omit the disgusting circumstances attendant on kitchens, fish-markets, and dirty shops.

A beautiful *Madonna*, by *Carlo Dolce*, in his highest manner of finishing.

Several fine sketches, by *Raffaello*.

A small Crucifixion, by *Michael Angelo*.

Two Holy Families, by *Pietro Perugino*, in the usual style of this master.

A *Lucretia*, by *Novalone*: this is a charming picture, I think; but some *Grandi Virtuosi* assert the *Lucretia* to be too young (I do not know from what history they have been able to ascertain her age): if this be a fault, it is certainly on the right side; probably *Tarquin* was not of their opinion. The father and mother of *Lucretia* are both

in this picture: Brutus appears in the back ground, as if entering the house, accompanied by other Romans. M—— has found means to get this picture copied; it is the the only copy we have.

Venus dissuading Adonis from the fatal chace; the dogs are coupled, and as impatient as their master to be gone. Venus's figure is graceful, and full of the most tender anxiety. This picture is by Tiz-
 Tizziani. ziano.

A picture of a Party at Cards: three men in Spanish dresses at play: one understands and manages the game as artfully as Don A—t—o; the others are as deeply engaged, and express more anxiety for the event. It is an admirable piece, by Cara-
 Caravagio. vagio.

The portrait of a savage man, kept as a buffoon or *fool* in the court of a Duke of Parma; he is covered over with hair, like a beast: a baboon and a lap-dog are at play on his lap; on his shoulder is a mon-
 key

key feeding a parrot, by Corregio, and Corregio,
finely done, though not a pleasing picture.

Another admirable picture, of a man
reading, painted on stone, by a scholar of By a scho-
lar of
Raffaello. Raffaello.

A famous picture, and very deservedly
esteemed such; by Annibal Carracci: the Annibal
Carracci.
subject, an *Ecce homo*.

Several fine drawings of Raffaello and Drawings.
other great masters.

The small Magdalen, by Corregio, is an Corregio.
inimitable piece; it is but eight inches long;
she is prostrate and reading: this has been
often copied.

A Marriage of St. Catherine, by Guido, Guido.
bears the most graceful proofs of this ele-
gant painter.

A picture representing Hypocrisy in the
shape of a Capuchin friar, who would cheat
the World; but the World, described by
the figure of a vagabond inclosed in a sphere,
steals softly behind him and cuts away his
purse. There is much humour in this pic-
ture;

ture: and here are a great many other paintings worthy the attention of all lovers of the art, that my time will not permit me to mention.

In this fine collection are a profusion of curious antique inscriptions, sufficient in themselves to furnish a volume. Many admirable bas reliefs in marble, and carvings in wood. Several fresco-paintings of great merit, taken off the walls of Nero's palace at Rome; one in particular, representing a military charity, highly executed. A complete series of medals. A great number of cameos, intaglios, &c. on valuable gems, employed our attention so much, that we forgot the hour, but were so frequently reminded by the repeated importunity of our servants, who were impatient to go to dinner, that we at last quitted a place replete with curiosities, much against our will. I cannot believe we shall find any town in Italy so agreeable as Naples. There is nothing the most low-spirited

attribulaire

attribulaire can desire to content him, (were that possible) but may be found here. But this letter would not conclude for a week, was I to expatiate on the manners of the Neapolitans, the magnificence and brilliancy of their assemblies, the charms of their music, &c.; therefore I hasten to mention the royal palace, the theatre of St. Carlo, and some other objects, which, were I to omit, you would with justice reproach me.

The situation of the Palace is such, that Palace. one of the wide fronts looks on the sea. Its architecture is in a good style; there are twenty-two windows in front, and three great doors of entrance: it is decorated with three ranges of pilasters, one above the other, of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders; and the whole of the building is finished by a balustrade, on which are placed vases and pyramidical ornaments alternately. A magnificent staircase of a beautiful proportion conducts you to the apartments: these are
well

well furnished, and abound in gilding and looking-glasses. Here are also some pictures; but not one, in my opinion, worth mentioning after those of Capo di Monte.

Theatres.

In this city are three theatres, *Il Teatro di S. Carlo*, that of the *Fiorentini* (so called) and *Il Teatro Nuovo*, for the buffoon operas. *S. Carlo's* joins on to the palace, so that the court can pass from thence to the theatre under cover. The great entrance for the public is very convenient; a commodious double staircase leads to the boxes. The theatre is amazingly vast (considering it as modern). It is shaped nearly as that at Turin, but I think much larger. There are six ranges of boxes; the first consists of twenty-two, the others of twenty-four each: They contain from ten to twelve people very conveniently, and might hold many more, were they fitted up with benches or covered seats, as they are in England; but here *cabriolets* (French arm-chairs) are the only seats. These boxes are hung with
 silk,

silk, agreeable to the taste of their owners,
 and well illuminated. The front of each
 range is faced with looking-glasses, which on
 common occasions are covered with drapery
 curtains richly ornamented ; but upon *gala*
 days the drapery is removed, and the glasses
 being uncovered, produce an effect, which
 at first view persuades you all is enchant-
 ment. The lights, the company, the stage,
 are reflected from side to side, and conse-
 quently so often multiplied, that it con-
 founds a spectator. The pillars that sepa-
 rate the boxes are decorated with large sta-
 tues of genii, &c. finely gilt ; they sustain
 wax-candles of prodigious size, and make
 a dazzling appearance reflected from the
 looking-glasses behind them. The orche-
 stra is composed of about ninety excellent
 performers ; those that lead are capital ; and
 here, for the first time in my life, I was
 sensible, that it is possible for a number of
 musicians to fill each his part with such pre-
 cision and accuracy, that the whole har-
 mony

mony shall produce one perfect sound, as if one soul or mind guided them all. Music is here in the highest perfection. I had fancied I could have distinguished good music from bad, or even from indifferent; but since I have been here, I am quite convinced I really never heard perfect instrumental music before. They tell us, that there is as good an orchestra at Rome; and that at the Pope's chapel, during the *Santa Settimana*, the finest voices in Italy are to be heard: I shall soon be able to give you my opinion of these matters; but as this country produced a Corelli, a Jomelli, a Leo, a Pergoleze, a Galuppi, a Terradellas, &c. I think it might stand unrivalled in the science of music. Our singers here at present are not greatly esteemed; to me they seem charming. The decorations and dresses are extremely brilliant. The dances are chiefly of the grotesque kind. The Italians almost universally hate the serious dance. The famous Gabrieli is not here at this time; but
the

the Neapolitans boast so much of her talents, that I am inclined to believe her voice must exceed even what they assert it to be; they are all so extremely modest, in respect of every thing they particularly excel in, and never highly commend any artist in music or painting without the amplest foundation. The royal box makes a superb appearance, particularly when the Queen is present, at which time the ladies belonging to the court, and others, are full dressed, and covered with a profusion of jewels; but the Queen outshines them all, not only in magnificence of dress, (for that would be nothing extraordinary) but in a style of beauty, and gracefulness of air, peculiar to herself.

The *Teatro di Fiorentini* is a small theatre (for Italy), and built much in the French taste. The *opera buffa* (comic opera) is chiefly represented here; sometimes they perform comedies. The troop of comedians are for the greater number Florentines.

The

The *Teatro Nuovo* is by no means well constructed nor elegantly decorated. The comic opera, pantomimes, and *grotesque ballets* (a kind of interlude) are what this theatre represents: it is open during the whole of the summer.

I believe Naples is the only city in Italy, except Bologna, where all ecclesiastics, even monks, frequent the theatre. Speaking of priests reminds me of churches; but do not be alarmed, I shall mention but a few of the most curious, not having had time nor much inclination to explore the subaltern ones, which abound here.

Il Duomo
church.

Il Duomo, dedicated to St. Gennaro, is built in an old Gothic taste, on the ruins of a temple dedicated to Apollo. In this church are one hundred and ten pillars of African marble, and a great number of ornaments of stucco gilt. There are paintings in the roof by Santo Fede and Luc. Giordano; the colouring is too grey, and the figures want relief. The fount is antique;

tique: it is really a vase of *Basalte* or black marble, which by the bas relievos on its sides, plainly appears to have been sacred to the rites of Bacchus.

Here are some tolerable pictures by Luc. Giordano, Solimene, and the Chevalier Conca. That over the great altar is one of the best, the subject an Assumption; by Perugino.

Pictures.
L. Giordano.
Solimene.
Conca.

Perugino.

In a small chapel called the *Soccorpo*, reposes the body of St. Gennaro. Joining on to this church is another, Santa Restituta: there are fine antique columns here, taken from the Temple of Neptune near Puozoli. This church is remarkable for a chapel, containing the treasure of St. Gennaro, which is round, finely proportioned, and well ornamented with forty-two pillars of Brocattelli marble. Here are niches, in which are placed bronze statues of nineteen saints; they are by Gulio Finelli; but I think them very indifferently executed. Under these the relics of each saint are conserved

Santa
Restituta
Church.

Gulio
Finelli.

in hollow bustos and small silver statues. In the church is a large picture of St. Gennaro by Spagnolett: there are many valuable gifts preserved here; amongst a great number of others, the gold chalice ornamented with diamonds, is estimated at about four thousand pounds sterling; also many statues and silver bustos, &c. of very great value, and several of them enriched with precious stones. A nich behind the altar, to which there is a silver door, is the repository of two crystal phials, filled with the pretended blood of St. *Gennaro*, which they formerly asserted to have been collected by a Neapolitan lady, who was present at his martyrdom: but now the Neapolitans are much changed; and the ridiculous pretended miracle of the liquefaction of his blood upon certain days, &c. is grown almost universally contemptible at Naples, even in the eyes of the vulgar: for the poor man who sweeps the church said, that the Prince *Sansevero* had made a chymical preparation which

which exactly resembles St. Gennaro's blood, and caused it to liquefy in the same manner, by the warmth proceeding from his handling the phial, and turning it up and down. I am persuaded, that were the two holidays * in each year, and the pompous processions in honour of this saint, to be put down, the miracle would soon cease.

Another church in much estimation is St. Filippo di Neri: it is highly decorated with marble and painting. The whole history of the Saint is represented by Solimene, and tolerably well done. There is a cupola belonging to one of the chapels, which is painted in fresco by Simonetti. It is well done, the colouring good, and the composition ingenious: the subject is Judith shewing the head of Holofernes to the whole army, who all appear terrified at the sight. At the top of the cupola is a glory, with a blasphemous representation, but too common in Italian churches.

St. Filippo
di Neri
Church.

Simonetti

* The 6th of May and the 19th of September.

In another chapel is an admirable picture of St. *Francis* by *Guido*; the head and hands finely done: and a very affecting painting, representing St. *Alexis* expiring, with a glory, in which appears angels consoling him; the figures are all graceful, and of the most amiable character: it is by *Pietro da Cortona*. Over the great door of entrance, within the church, is a very large painting in distemper, by *Luc. Giordano*; the subject the buyers and sellers driven out of the temple. The size of this picture is enormous: there is great merit in the various expressions of the personages, and skill in the grouping.

One of the chapels contains three paintings relative to the history of St. *Filippo*. They are all by *Luc. Giordano*. That appears to me to have much merit, which represents an interview between the Saint and St. *Baromeo*. In another part of the church is a picture of St. *Andrew*, by *Spagnoletto*. A fine morcel.

I could say more of the churches ; but I will not, though I told you before, I have not seen them all ; and I own there is nothing more fatiguing than church-hunting, except perhaps (in your opinion) church-reading.

The palace and chapel with all its curiosities belonging to *il Principe de Sansevero D. Raimondo di Sangro*, being all set forth in a pamphlet which bears the above title, I shall omit mentioning any otherwise than by saying we have accurately examined it with the book in our hands, and of which you may have the perusal when we meet.

Do not expect any circumstantial account of Mount Vesuvius : Mr. Hamilton has wrote most ingeniously upon that mountain and volcanos in general ; his treatise will appear shortly in English. All I have to tell you is, that although there has been no irruption, properly so called, since we have been here, yet the mountain is always burning, and in a dark night makes a most

Mount
Vesuvius.

flaming appearance, seen from our windows. It bellows like distant thunder, frequently throws out flames to a prodigious height, and great stones red hot, which are plainly discernible at this distance.

I have several times observed the ashes thinly covering our balconies: they are as fine as sifted wood-ashes. If there should happen an irruption within this day or two, I do not think we should be able to resist the temptation of postponing our journey to see it: but I assure you, I have strictly complied with your injunctions, and have not attempted to go up the mountain; M—— indeed had, with great fatigue and difficulty, gained the mouth of the *cratere*; but the wind setting in his face, he was obliged to descend without being able to look down into it, the sulphureous smoke, stench, and ashes scarcely permitting him to breathe: however, I prevailed with him not to attempt it a second time, though he alleged he had not seen it to his liking. In my opinion,

nion, it is a most hazardous and dangerous undertaking: the ascent is very painful; and the ground, or rather ashes and lava, under your feet, is subject to open suddenly, whilst passing over them, and discover dreadful chasms, through which appear gulphs of liquid fire. Were I to expatiate on the danger of this exploit, I might mention many other matters; but shall only take notice, that stones red hot, many of them as large as a clothes-press or *commode*, are vomited out of the *cratere*, which falling down again with great violence, may easily crush the curious traveller, who perhaps is employed in the investigation of the lava, over which he is labouring with much pain and difficulty. Amongst the amusements of Naples, I believe I did not mention the *Corso*. Here the Neapolitans display a magnificence that amazes strangers, particularly on the *gala*-days. The coaches are painted, gilt, and varnished so admirably, as to exceed by many degrees in

Corso.

beauty the finest in Paris: they are lined with velvet or satin, fringed with gold or silver. The Neapolitan horses are the most beautiful I ever saw; large, strong, high-spirited, with manes and tails as fine as flax, of a great length, and in waves. Their harness is as brilliant as it is possible to make them; I shall only mention one set, by which you may judge of others: the whole was made of blue silk and silver; and the ornament that covered the top of the horses manes represented rows of convolvuluses formed of the same materials, and finely executed: on their heads they bore white ostrich-feathers and artificial flowers. On these *gala*-days, the Neapolitan ladies drive with six, and often with eight horses; besides, a kind of sumpter horse, which does not draw, but is fastened on the outside, between the leaders and the next pair. This creature, over and above a profusion of ornaments, is covered with an incredible number of little bells, of which

he

he seems very proud, kicking, prancing, and plunging from time to time, as with design to hear his bells jingle. This horse is called *Balerina*, I suppose from appearing to dance as he goes. Were I writing Italian, I must have wrote she, instead of he, in speaking of the *Balerina*; a manner of expressing respect in more instances than the Sumpter horse. I could not but reflect on the infinite pains and labour the dressing such a number of horses requires. I suppose *que la toilette des chevaux commence au point du jour comme celle de* * * *

The *Volantis* (running footmen) of whom, to each equipage, there are generally two, are as finely adorned as the horses, and I do suppose them to be the most alert in the world. The Neapolitans value themselves much on these ministers of luxury; they are all very elegant figures. I don't remember to have seen one homely young man amongst the hundreds that appear on *the Corso*. Footmen,
you

you may suppose, are not wanting; they are in great numbers in every noble family here: three or four go behind the coaches, and often more walk by the side of the equipages. We have frequently seen on the Corso from four to six hundred carriages. Lord Til—y, who gives fine assemblies, dinners, suppers, &c. and who lives in a magnificent style, rivals the Neapolitans on the Corso in the brilliancy of his equipage, and the expence of his liveries, volantis, &c. Need I add, that the ladies who are conveyed in these superb coaches are covered with jewels, and the finest cloaths that can be procured from Lyons. The silks manufactured in Italy are in no esteem. All the people of fashion wear those of Lyons. The embroidery of Naples is famous, but is generally done on French silks. In my opinion, the work is firmer, neater, and the drawing in a better taste, than the embroidery of Vienna.

After

After having passed the whole day and part of the night in writing this long letter, I am at last come to a conclusion.— You shall hear from me as soon as we shall have reached Rome * * * * *

I am as ever, &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

Rome, March 20th, 1771.

HERE we are safely arrived, in good health ; and extremely well lodged, at 16 sequins a month for our apartment, and two sequins our kitchen, in the *Strada della Cruce*, a street that goes out of the *Piazza di Spagna*. The house is precisely opposite Pio's, where we lodged before. Our apartment consists of a good anti-chamber, a drawing-room about 33 feet long by 30 wide, and 15 high, two very handsome bed-chambers, and a narrow slip of a room which I intend to use as a *salle à manger*. The rooms (except the anti-

antichamber) are hung with crimson damask, the chairs, beds, and sofas of the same. They are furnished with fine marble tables, and looking-glasses; we have also a good kitchen, and rooms for our servants. Our return hither has been attended with much fewer inconveniencies than our journey to Naples; for *il Signore Pignatelli* was so obliging as to furnish us with a written order signed by some people in power, which operated to curb the insolence, delays, &c. of the post-master's custom-house officers, and such kind of miscreants, who are the torment of travellers; yet he did not flatter us with the hope that this instrument for good order, good manners, &c. would be of much use; assuring us, that he himself, though armed with every authority that might be supposed conducive to his ease and convenience upon the road, and moreover vested with a public character from his government, which demands attention and respect, was

so

so ill treated and ill served by inn-keepers, &c. as to be obliged to prefer such complaints against them upon his return to Naples, as procured a suspension of some of the post-masters, &c. and a total disqualification of others from a continuance of their business.

I have often been agreeably surpris'd at finding, by your letters, that my great packets reach you safe. The posts in Italy (at least as far as we have been) are ill regulated, and the letters conveyed in so careless a manner, that I wonder they are not frequently lost. If they charged for double letters in these countries as in England, my letters would cost you an immense sum; but as they are paid for by weight, I scribble as close as I can, and you say, you never paid so much as nine livres but once, and then there was more than one packet. I think it a great deal of money for my epistles, though you make so light of it. I am now nearer to you than when

at

at Naples, so flatter myself I shall hear from you oftener. I am in daily expectation of some of your letters from Naples, and I do not question your having wrote to Rome immediately, on my first hinting our intention of quitting Naples. I have no reason to complain of neglect of writing on your part—your tender friendship *

* * * * *

We have already had the pleasure of seeing some of our English friends; many more are expected from Florence. Our Roman acquaintance will be very extensive. I wish we may have time to see this once mistress of the world, and all her curiosities; but is that practicable in the course of a few months? However, we shall be diligent, and apply ourselves to the study of the great objects which drew us hither; and endeavour to use our time with the best œconomy.

Upon looking over my notes taken at Naples, I find I did not mention some particulars

ticulars I had purposely marked for communication. In describing the *Corso*, I neglected to speak of the various amusements for the people, which continue the whole length of the suburb called the *Corso*.——Mountebanks, ballad-fingers, dancers, and even friars, who are mounted in pulpits, display their various talents to the vulgar. This is change of scene to the company also, who sometimes condescend to stop their coaches, in order to listen to the eloquence of a *Charlatan*, or the lamentable preachings and menaces proceeding from the pulpit in a dismal tone. The more the friar, with great vociferation, denounces damnation, flames, and devils to the public, the louder are the acclamations of the people. But the circles round the ballad-fingers and mountebanks, exceed those of the preachers.

The *Lazzaroni*, as they are here called, are of the lowest rank amongst the people. They are, in general, bred to no other business

Lazzaroni.

business than that of fishing and carrying burdens, and are of a different character from the other Neapolitans. Being a very extraordinary people, I assure you, they govern themselves by a point of honour, which is strictly observed—may be safely confided in to carry money and the most valuable goods ;—never betray a trust ;—rigidly perform their promise ;—protect, to the loss of their lives, whoever flies to them for shelter, whether against their creditors, or for any offence whatsoever. They are of a robust make and constitution, patient of fatigue.—Their women are handsome.—The men and boys remarkable for diving ; being accustomed to swimming from their earliest infancy. When past childhood, they wear a particular dress ;—a kind of short coat very thick, and impenetrable to rain ; which also protects them from the intense heats of the sun. This stuff is wove with certain long filaments of a dark brown colour, and
looks

looks like hair.—It grows to a shell-fish not larger than a small oyster. The fish contained in the shell is of a deep red colour, and has a sourish taste. The children, during the spring, summer, and autumn months, wear no clothes;—the women only a jacket and petticoat of a kind of callimanco, with a large piece of coarse linen over their heads, necks, and shoulders, to defend them from the sun; in which trim they sit at the doors of their habitations all day long, mending fishing-nets. They have, literally, no houses, but chambers practised in the rock, at a place called *Chiaia*, a suburb of Naples near the *Pausillippe*; in which they have either found, or formed themselves, many obscure retreats, that penetrate far into the cliff, where they can conceal themselves, or those who apply to them for protection, upon any emergency.

In this suburb (*Chiaia*) are some pretty new houses, where the English generally

chuse to reside, to the amazement of the Neapolitan gentry, who fancy they run great risk in so bad a neighbourhood; their prejudices not favouring the lazzaroni.

Of a gala-day, these people, of both sexes, are adorned with a quantity of broad gold and silver lace, with which the men's coats are trimmed, as also the women's jackets and petticoats, which, for these occasions, are of silk. These latter, upon such days, wear upon their heads a kind of *Callotte*, laced in the same manner, with gold ear-rings of a large size, pearl necklaces and bracelets.

When these people can save money enough to be able to appear at the sports on the Corso in *Gala*, their ambition is completely gratified. The poorest family amongst them have a kind of one-horse-chair, and a little horse.—In these tottering equipages do they drive through the streets, with surprising swiftness and dexterity.

We were very fond of conversing with this people, and have often gone into their houses, which are not dirty, but closely ornamented with bad pictures of saints, looking-glasses, some good shells, and fine coral, which they dive for, and find in great abundance near the coast, particularly on the side towards Sicily. We have bought several articles of various sorts from them, and never found one amongst them inclined to knavery or imposition. They pronounce themselves the descendants of the ancient inhabitants of Naples and its neighbourhood : and that the princely, and noble families, who are at present in possession of power and property, are not gentlemen compared to them, but of less ancient families. They are extremely sensible and entertaining in conversation, and when they have brought me shells, &c. to purchase, I used to make them sit down on the floor, (which is a great favour here) in order to hear their legendary accounts

of themselves and country. One thing is remarkable, that whether the descendants of the families they pretend to or not, they are the only Neapolitans whose features resemble the bustos and statues found at Herculaneum and Pompeia.

As to the government of Naples, it is despotic. The favourite minister's name is Tannucci,—his wife has admirable sense, and great political genius; but I believe, with some reason, that the Prince who really governs there, is the King of Spain; at least, such is the present generally received opinion. But I cannot enter into political matters at present, as I am threatened with the departure of the post; so must hasten to tell you, that Rome seems a desert after Naples; that 'tis so cold, we have great fires in all the rooms; that the spring is far from being so forward near this city as at Naples; and that we quitted some of our friends there with regret; being thoroughly sensible to, and grateful
for,

for, their civilities and friendship. There is something very shocking in leaving an agreeable place, and an amiable people, that one has not the least expectation of ever seeing more.—But these reflections are such as travellers must accustom themselves to dispose of in the best manner they are able. Adieu. I am tired after my journey. I shall write again as soon as I possibly can, for to-morrow we commence our *cours des curiosités*.

I am as ever, &c.

LETTER XL.

Rome, March 26, 1771.

JUST as I supposed;—I have received letters from you that had gone to Naples; and one addressed here, which our good friend Barrazzi hastened with himself. I like this old banker prodigiously;—there is a cordiality in him, and a desire to be really *serviable*. He hurries

C c 3

himself

himself to death to oblige us, and he knows he could not do it more effectually than by his kind attention in the delivery of our letters †. * * * *

* * * *

We have made an addition to our travelling library, which is of the greatest use to us; viz. a book entitled, *Antichita di Roma dell' Abute Ridolfino Venuti Cortonese*, &c. The author has, kindly for his readers, delineated the different quarters of Rome and its environs, with the ruins and other curiosities they contain, in such manner as to save a stranger much time and trouble; as by following his directions, it is easy to calculate how much may be seen in a morning. It is illustrated with accurate measurements, descriptions, and cuts; the latter, unfortunately, are but poorly executed. This work will shew you Rome at our return, much better than any de-

† A great part of this letter is omitted by the Editor, as it relates to matters and persons uninteresting to the Public.

scription I can give you; however, as you constantly wish me to continue a description of what I have seen, I will not quite disappoint your expectation, but shall so far comply, as to mention those particular palaces, churches, statues, pictures, ruins, that struck us most, though not in so circumstantial a manner as I have done in regard to other parts of Italy, less noticed in the books of travels. If you should wish to see more particulars than I give you, have patience, and at our return you shall have the perusal of a certain pocket-book, containing many notes and observations made upon the spot.— You see I respect your partiality.

I do not think Sadler's prints of the ruins of Rome sufficiently accurate after the originals. Piranese's are too confused to give a clear idea of them; he is so ridiculously exact in trifles, as to have injured the fine proportions of the columns of the portico to the pantheon, by inserting, in

his gravings, the papers stuck on them, such as advertisements, &c. Many other silly particulars of this nature have confused his designs; yet they are esteemed the best here; and we have made an ample collection of the most valuable of them.

The ruins we have seen, greatly exceed our ideas formed of them from books and prints.

Capitol. The capitol, or, as it is here called, Campidoglio, has employed us two long mornings. The approach is striking. The three flights of steps which conduct to it have a magnificent appearance; they are so built that a coach may be drove up them. The French call these flights of steps *un Escalier cordonné*, which expression sufficiently explains the practicability of a coach going up stairs.

Sphinxes. The two Sphinxes of Basalte, placed at the bottom of the stair-case, have great merit. They are of remote antiquity, and supposed

posed to be Egyptian. The capitol consists of three considerable buildings. The senator's palace in the middle; the two others at right angles with it. One is the *Palazzo di Conservatori*, the other the Museum. The architecture was designed and executed under the inspection of Michael Angelo. In the center of the Piazza stands the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. It is impossible to do this statue justice by any description I can give of it. What Carlo Maratti said to the horse, may give you an idea of its truth; *Why dost thou not walk? hast thou forgot that thou'rt alive!*

Architect
Michael
Angelo,

Statue.

The Senator's Palace does not contain any curiosities or antiques worthy the attention of a traveller: it is properly furnished, and has fine apartments suitable to the distinguished rank of the prince who occupies it. The *Pallazzo di Conservatori* is so called from the three magistrates denominated Conservators, who hold their
councils

Senator's
Palace.

Conser-
vatori Pa-
lace.

Statues.

counfels there. In the court belonging to this palace are feveral ftatues in bronze, and in marble; fome are antique, others modern; the moft remarkable are the hands and feet of a mutilated coloffal ftatue of Apollo*. It is faid to have been 41 feet high. We meafured a great toe, which was exactly 35 inches round the thickeft part. The lion tearing a horfe is originally of Greek fculture; it is not wholly antique; the parts wanting have been fupplied by Michael Angelo; the body of the horfe is antique, and very fine.

Famous Column.

At the foot of the ftair-cafe is a famous Column erected in honour of Dui-lius, the firft Roman who acquired a naval victory in the year of Rome 49. This column, no more than 12 feet high, is not beautiful, being interfefted by the representations of the prows of fhips, which give it a ftange appearance, and

* See Pliny for this ftatue and dimensions.

hurt the proportions. The sea-horses, in *bas-relief*, on the prows, are of good workmanship. Several curious morsels in sculpture ornament the walls of the stair-case. I must mention one of them, on account of the singular use to which it is put : it is in *bas-relief*, and antique. All the sturgeons that are brought to market are measured against this marble one. Such as are in length equal to the distance between the head and the first finns, and those that exceed, are the property of the Roman magistrates. This has been a custom from time immemorial. The inscription over the *bas-relief* is thus :

CAPITA PISCIVM, MARMOREO SCHEMATE, LONGITUDINE MAJORVM, VSQVE AD PRIMAS PENNAS INCLUSIVE, CONSERVATORIBVS DANTO, FRAVDEM NE COMMITTITO, IGNORANTIA EXCUSARI NE CREDITO.

The great Salloon is painted by the Cavalieri d'Arpino ; it represents the first great events of the Roman story ; in
Great Salloon.
D'Arpino.
fix

six pieces. The best is the battle of the Romans with the Veii. It is the only battle piece I have seen sufficiently distinct to give me an idea of a dreadful engagement between two hostile armies.

Busto M.
Angelo
Buona-
rotti.

In the second Salloon is an admirable busto in bronze, by Michael Angelo Buonarotti.

Columns.

Two beautiful columns of Verd Antique, eleven feet high.

Famous
She-wolf.
Bronze.

A She-wolf in bronze suckling Remus and Romulus. According to historians, this is the same which was placed in the ancient capitol, and was struck with lightning at the instant Brutus stabbed Cæsar. The wolf's side is opened with a long gash, and the edges of the metal appear really to have been burnt. It is a very fine thing, notwithstanding this injury. The countenance of the wolf is extremely interesting.—Maternal tenderness, and the importance of her office, are curiously blended in her physiognomy and gesture.

A statue

A statue in bronze, also, of a young man, occupied in extracting a thorn from his foot. This is as fine a piece of sculpture as any in Rome. It is supposed by some to represent Cneius Pecoravius, by others Martius.—The eyes are formed of a composition. Statues;

A busto of Brutus, the founder of the republic, and the first consul of Rome, 511 years before the Christian æra. The greatness of his mind displays itself in his countenance.

A beautiful statue of one of the Camilli. The eyes are of silver.

There are several other bustos, statues, measures, &c. &c.; but I wish to be as concise as possible in my letters from Rome, for the reasons I have already alleged.

The gallery of pictures, collected by pope Benedict XIV. by the advice of cardinal Valenti, the secretary of state, joins on to the Conservatorio. I shall mention
but

but a few of them, though there are many that merit the most accurate attention.

P. da
Cortona.

A rape of the Sabines by Pietro da Cortona. In one of the groups is a distress so striking—but judge of it yourself: an old man is endeavouring to rescue his daughter from a warrior. She clings about her father, whose age and weakness renders him incapable of protecting her.

Rubens.

A picture representing the suckling of Remus and Romulus—finely done by Rubens. Must not the partiality of the painter, however, raise a smile in every spectator; who introduces a Flemish peasant, trudging through the rushes, in order to discover the infants?

Subley-
raz.

A large miniature, by Madame Subleyraz, copied from one painted by her husband. The subject is the Magdalene washing the feet of Christ: the colouring is strong, the tints fresh, and a firmness in the design very rarely found in miniature paintings.

The

The Persian Sybil, by Guercino; the Guercino.
 head is remarkably graceful, and the
 countenance pensive, yet animated. But
 the colouring of this master inclines too
 much to the violet, as does his flesh, dra-
 pery, &c.

A picture which represents Vanity under
 the form of a woman, highly draped, lying
 on a bed, with a crown and sceptre at her
 feet. This piece is by Titian; the colour- Titian.
 ing very fine.

A Judith, by Guido; the painter has Guido.
 represented her in the moment of returning
 thanks to God for her having decapitated
 Holoernes. The attitude is good.

The goddess Fortune, by Guido; a beau- Guido.
 tiful figure — elegantly designed — not
 draped. She appears to be running round
 a globe, and, at the same time, turning
 (as for her amusement) a crown upon her
 fingers' ends. I considered this picture for
 a considerable time, and discovered, as I
 thought,

thought, new graces, both of invention and execution.

Annibal
Carracci.

A beautiful Madonna and Infant Jesus, with St. Francis in adoration, by Annibal Carracci.

The Samaritan, by the same; the colouring fine.

Salvator
Rosa.

Two pictures, by Salvator Rosa: one represents a soldier, resting himself at the foot of a tree; the other, a magician, forming a pact with infernal spirits; this last is admirable.

Guido.

There is a large painting, in fresco, by Guido, which entirely covers the wall at the end of the gallery. It represents Ariadne, to whom Venus presents Bacchus. This is greatly finished. Ariadne's attitude is worthy of Guido. The expression of Venus forms a fine contrast to the afflicted Ariadne; and the surprise and admiration in Bacchus is striking; the face and attitude of Venus animated, lively, and

and majestic. The Bacchanals are extremely well executed. One of the Bacchantes is a most graceful figure—and there are several children, whose variety of attitude and amusements are well expressed.

I shall mention but two more pictures in this collection, one on account of the singularity of the subject: It represents a happy soul under the figure of a winged genius, who, quitting the earth, is flying away into paradise. The composition of this piece is extremely curious, and equally meritorious, in my opinion, on the side of invention; for the upper part of the figure is seen through the brightness of the glory towards the top of the picture. Guido has shewn a skill in his colouring which surpasses any thing given us by Nature, following here an original image formed in his imagination only.

Guido.

A picture, by Jacopo Bassano; esteemed the best he ever did, representing a brasier's shop.—It is impossible to see brass porridge-pots and other culinary vessels better done

Jacopo
Bassano.

and in greater variety of situations.—What a strange genius had this painter, whose performances always smell of the kitchen.

Museum. In the Museum, (justly so styled) opposite to the Pallazzo of the Conservatorio, is contained a vast collection of antique statues, bas relievos, bustos, &c. I must not pass them all over in silence, though I might refer you to far abler descriptions than you must expect from me.

Statues. Opposite to the iron gate of entrance, and at the end of the court, appears the celebrated statue called Marforio; it was found in the place formerly the *Forum Martis*, near this spot. It is a colossal figure lying down, and without much merit; seeming to represent a sea or river god;—nor should I have noticed his godship, had it not been that against this were pasted the answers to those satyrical verses stuck upon another antique statue called *Pasquino*, from whence the term pasquinade, so frequently given to scurrilous and abusive poems. Under the

portico are a great number of statues, inscriptions, and sarcophaguses. Two very large Egyptian idols make a striking appearance; they are of *Basalte*: on their heads are mural crowns in the shape of towers; and in their left hands they hold branches of date trees. Various hieroglyphics are sculptured upon them. Another idol representing an isis of oriental red granite, has on her head the flower of the lotus tree. This plant, held in such high estimation by the Egyptians, is called by the botanists *Nenuphar*; but I must not digress here, or I could mention the wonderful effects ascribed, and many curious and rare stories in relation to it. Suffice it to say, that it grows commonly on standing pools of water; and happy were it for antiquarians, if a salad of lotus eat at each meal or immediately at going to rest, &c. could inspire them with science sufficient to comprehend the meaning of the hieroglyphics.

Antique
altars.

There are some antique Altars here, with curious bas-relievos; that on which Rhea and the Coribantes are represented, is one of the best for the workmanship.

In a room, at the foot of the stair-case, is a very fine collection of Egyptian deities: they are quite perfect.—Here is a beautiful busto of Isis with Apis at the back of her head;—he has white marble horns. The rest of his figure is of Basalte.

Stair-case.

The walls of the stair-case, on each side, are incrusted with an antique plan of Rome, engraved on white marble. This curiosity was found where the church of St. Come and St. Damien now stands, and in the quarter at this day called Campo-Vaccino, where the temple of Romulus and Remus was supposed to have been built. The graving is filled up with vermilion, which makes the distribution of ancient Rome distinctly perceptible.

Collec-
tion of
Curiosi-
ties.

Having ascended the stair-case, you are first shewn into an apartment (which contains the collection) consisting of six large
salloons,

salloons, and a gallery ornamented with statues, bustos, &c. The busto of Trajan is very good. An altar, decorated in a fine taste with festoons, formed of fruits, and fastened with ribbons to ox-heads, is admirably sculpted. In the salloon of the Miscellanea is a statue of red marble, representing Faunus; in his right hand he holds a bunch of grapes,—in the left a knotted crooked stick, and on that shoulder a goat-skin filled with fruits. On the other side of him is part of the trunk of a tree, to which hangs the Syringa. To the left is a goat, which rests one of its fore-feet on a basket. This group is truly admirable; the composition is of the most perfect proportions; the figure of Faunus greatly spirited; the limbs are not antique, but have been well restored by one Bracci.

A small Statue, in white marble, of an old fatyr walking.—Several Bustos, amongst which the following are remarkable: Domitius Enobarbus, Silvanus, Jupiter Ammon. An unknown busto, with

fine hair, executed in a great style. A head of Bacchus, and one of a woman, which I should think was meant for Ariadne; she wears across her forehead a linen fillet.

*Salla
Grande.*

In the *Salla Grande*; a colossal figure, of bronze, sitting; it is the statue of Innocent the Tenth, and well done, by Algardi.

The falling gladiator.—An Antinous, holding a small cane in his right hand: he appears to be about 20 years old;—his face is beautiful, and the air of the head perfectly graceful.

An Egyptian priest.—The dying gladiator; this famous statue exceeds the idea I had formed of it from the copies and descriptions. The countenance made such an impression upon me, that I believe I shall not easily forget it. That arm restored by Michael Angelo exceeds the antique arm in beauty.

Two Centaurs of black marble, found at the Villa of Adrian. The faces of these
centaurs

centaurs are replete with expression of wit and humour. There is a hardness in the sculpture of their bodies, but their character and movement is good.

Two curious Mosaicks, found at the villa Adrian. One represents a garland of fruits and flowers, with two goldfinches and two butterflies. The colours are lively, and the stones small. The other still more beautiful, is unquestionably the very same which Pliny mentions. The subject is four doves, sitting on the edge of a gold bowl, of elegant form and workmanship. Their attitudes are all different, and their feathers so finely expressed, that were they alive, they could not appear more natural. One, in particular, who is pluming herself; and the hollow she makes, by dividing her feathers with her bill, so imposed on me, that I could not resist the impulse of touching it, to convince myself that the surface was really smooth. This piece is copying for Lord B——e, by the famous workman surnam-

ed Quattri Occhi, from his wearing two pair of spectacles. They have had much trouble in the attempt, and have been obliged to recommence several times; the stones in the original which produce so fine an effect being of very irregular shapes, exceedingly small, and placed in an infinity of directions. But if one can form a judgment of what it will be when finished, by what is already done, I should think it may come near the original.

*Stanza di
Filoso-
phi.*

In the *Stanza di Filosofi*, are a series of illustrious men. The figure of Zeno is particularly striking; he is very ugly, and is so characteristic of the idea I had formed of him, that I am persuaded it must be extremely like what he was. Here are four friezes, ornamented with prows of ships, and instruments of sacrifice, well sculpted; taken from a temple of Neptune. Also, a more curious than beautiful representation, in *bas relief*, of the death of Meleager.

A very pretty *Basso Relievo*, of Etruscan antiquity, on which four women appear, preceded by a fawn: it is highly finished.

In the *Sala Imperatori* is a basso rilievo, representing the chase of the wild boar; there is great spirit and action in all the parties. Perseus rescuing Andromeda; Lalande observes, *qu'elle est belle, mais trop triste*. I wonder how she should be otherwise, when a dreadful monster is gaping to swallow her up.

Sala Imperatori.

The famous Flora, found also at the Villa Adriana. The sculpture is surprising, and the labour of the workman very great; yet the drapery is stiff.

A Venus, just out of the bath; her attitude is the same with that of the Venus of Medicis. By her side a piece of drapery and a perfuming vase. Her muscles are supple. She has a great share of grace, and is esteemed a perfect figure here. Yet I think, was she dressed, she would appear too plump for the present taste. Nor has she that incomparable sweetness

sweetness of face which the Venus of Medicis possesses.

The most remarkable bustos in this saloon are, Messalina, whose character is well expressed.—Julia, daughter to Titus.—Sabina, wife to Adrian, represented as a Ceres.—Faustina; this is a charming busto; she seems alive; her hair is beautifully dressed; she has a noble air of the head, without pride; and her countenance expresses what the French mean by *enjouement*, and which, by the way, I think is sometimes mistaken by the ladies of another country, when they mean to assume it.

Good bustos of Caligula, Nero, Lucius Verus, and Commodus.

Salla of
Hercules.

In the *Salla of Hercules* is a fine Apollo, with a lyre in one hand, leans upon a griffin; the other arm is turned over his head; this statue is most pleasing in its proportions.

Agrippina, seated in a curule chair; nothing can be more easy and graceful than her attitude. She is, also, finely draped.

A Cupid

A Cupid and Psyche. The most innocent and tender affection is expressed in this amiable group, and universally pleases every spectator; although *il grande Virtuosi* are eager to find a fault in the scull of the Cupid, which I am glad I had not sufficient *science* to discover. To me they appeared perfect in every particular, and that the artist had modelled them after the most beautiful natures, in body and mind, that could be found under the age of sixteen.

The *Salla del Vaso* is so called from its containing a most superb vase of white marble; the sides sculpted in the finest taste. The flowers, curiously executed, do not, in the least, by their quantity or protuberance, injure the proportions of the vase, in the form of which may be observed the full effect produced by the Serpentine line of beauty, and the waving line of grace, so much insisted on in Hogarth's *Analysis of Beauty*. It is placed upon a round altar, on the side of which are represented, in *basso rilievo*,
Jupiter,

Salla del
Vaso.

Jupiter, Vulcan, Neptune, Mercury, two women unknown, Mars, Diana, Apollo, Hercules, Minerva, Juno. These figures all seem walking one after the other, and are well executed.

A marble Masque, in a great style.—A small sarcophagus ; this is quite a study : the basso relievo appears to represent, symbolically, the life of man. It has been supposed to bear some allusion to the story of Diadumenianus, son of the Emperor Macrinus, who, by the cruel command of Heliogabalus, was put to death at the same time with his father, though but twelve years of age.

There is another vase in this collection of great beauty, though not equal to that above-mentioned ; it is of fine bronze, fluted, and in shape somewhat like flower-pots intended to ornament gardens. This was a favourite vase of Mithridates King of Pontus, who always had it carried, with his baggage, to encampments, and constantly drank out of it. Pompey took a like fancy to

to it, and brought it to Rome, where it was born in triumph. It holds more than six gallons, English measure: but to me seems of the most inconvenient shape imaginable for a drinking cup; no modern mouth could easily take the brim; the capacious jaws of Polypheme might fit it well; indeed, our *Ciceroni*'s eyes glistened at the thought of such a bumper of wine.—To-morrow begin the functions of the holy week.

We have received visits and the most kind civilities from the Princess Palestrina, the Duke of Montelibrette, her son, and his dutchess; the Duke D'Arce; the senator of Rome and his wife the Princess Rizzonico, sister to the Dutchess of Ter-moli at Naples; and many other persons of the first distinction. The cardinal de Bernis has been so obliging as to give us a general invitation to his table; but we declined accepting it, alleging the shortness of our stay at Rome, which would not admit our dining out often, as by that means

means our mornings would be so broke in upon as to make it impossible to visit the palaces, churches, ruins, &c. within the period of our continuance here. And we have determined ourselves not to give dinners, nor accept any invitation to dine, but such as are absolutely necessary, even from our own country-people; but in place thereof, to give a supper twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays, and to ask the English principally. Our table and our eating-room (the narrow slip I mentioned) can hold conveniently from twenty to twenty-three or twenty-four people, without crowding; now as there are fifty English at Rome of our acquaintance, we mean to ask them one half at a time alternately.

The Dutches of Montelibretti, in the politest manner imaginable, offered to conduct me to St. Peter's church every day of the holy week, and hoped her health would not deprive her of that pleasure, &c. I wondered at my own stupidity at not recollecting instantly that she is big with child;

child ; I replied, that I would not for the world she should have that trouble : but knowing the custom here, desired she would be so kind as to name another lady in her place, which she did, in the most obliging manner ; and carrying me with her, presented me to a friend of hers, the *Marchesa Massimi*.—We have engagements, without end, to various assemblies, at Easter ; the most brilliant are those of the Dutchess of Montelibretti, the Dutchess D'Arce, the Cardinal de Bernis, and his niece the Countess de Puimontbrun. The families of Verospi, Carpegni, Palombara, and many others, have been extremely civil. M—— is to be presented to his Holiness. The Pope waves the ceremony of kissing his slipper with those strangers who do not desire that honour. He declines the having women presented, as, he says, he does not know the proper compliments that ought to be paid to their sex ; his education and way of life never having admitted of any commerce with them.

them. However, a Polish Princess insisted lately upon it, and was presented, although she was conscious she gave the Pontiff a vast deal of trouble, as the etiquette required the ceremony should be performed at St. Peter's church, whither he went on purpose, to comply with this silly woman's vanity. Every body laughs at her accordingly.

Adieu. I shall not be able to write for some days, or rather I shall not send you a packet till I have ample matter for your entertainment. Continue your address, as before, to the care of Barazzi, who is the most punctual man alive.

P. S. I believe I forgot to mention, in its proper place, that the antiques contained in the Museum have been (for the greater part) found at Adrian's villa, and in the Campo Vaccino.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

